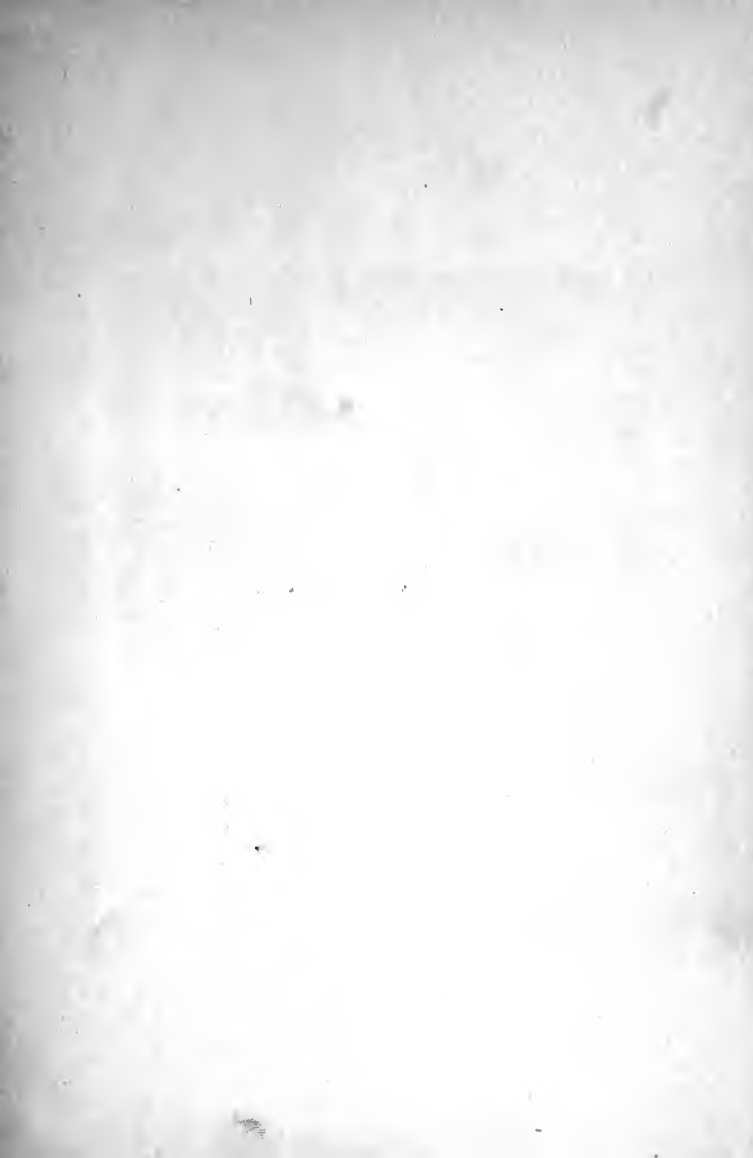



CATHOLIC CHURCH HYMNAL

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Catholic Church Hymnal

With Music

Edited by

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in Music of the Universities of Oxford and Durham;
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✠ JOHN M. FARLEY, D.D.

Archbishop

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PREFACE

This book is an earnest endeavor to bring together under one cover not only those hymns which, from long continued use, have endeared themselves to so many thousands of people, but to provide others of a more virile type expressed in the restrained language of the church's own song. With this end in view I have included the best translations I could find of the Breviary, or other ancient hymns from all sources suitable for general purposes. In several cases where more than one author's version has been available I have given it in order to provide for every possible individual need. No such large use has, I believe, hitherto been made of these mediæval hymns, nor have they been brought together in so great a number for practical purposes before; I trust, therefore, that the desire expressed by so many priests to have them included in a Catholic book will be found realized in this work.

In order to make the music as congregational as possible I have kept the compass of the tunes within the proper limits for unison singing. In a very few cases others will be found suitable only to a choir of trained voices; these, however, are always supplemented by simpler settings for use where the more elaborate ones are not wanted. I have inserted directions for the more intelligent and artistic rendering of the different hymns; whether these directions are followed or not will depend upon those who are in responsible positions of authority. It seems, however, reasonable to suppose that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and that some pains should be taken to bring out and emphasize the varying spirit of the words that are being sung.

I have not included the proper plain-chant melodies to the translated Breviary hymns, believing them to be unsuitable when sung to words in the vernacular. I have, on the other hand, retained several more or less traditional tunes, absolutely valueless and without merit from a musical point of view, but which seem to have become a necessity if a book is to appeal—as I hope this one will—to the varied needs of various churches.

I have to thank many of the clergy for their advice and kindly criticism during the task of compilation. In particular I am deeply indebted to the Rev. George Benson Tatum, M.A., and to Father C. Raymond-Barker, S. J., B. A., for the invaluable assistance they were ever ready to render, enabling me to profit by their experience and erudition in a manner which otherwise would have been impossible.

To the many composers who have written music expressly for this collection, and to those writers who have permitted the use of their copyright compositions I here tender my very grateful thanks. Their names will be found above their respective contributions.

I trust the united labors of so many zealous helpers will do much to further the cause this work is intended to promote.

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| O Jesu, King Most Wonderful | 24 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin of S. Bernard by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| O Jesu, Thou the Beauty Art | 22 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin of S. Bernard by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| O Jesus, Jesus, Dearest Lord | 201 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| O Jesus, Our Redemption | 176 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High | 203 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| O Mary, Dearest Mother | 97 | From a Private Collection. |
| O Mother, I Could Weep for Mirth | 113 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| O Mother Most Afflicted | 45 | Anon. |
| O Paradise, O Paradise | 168 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| O Purest of Creatures, Sweet Mother, Sweet Maid | 112 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| O Sacred Heart | 82 | Rev. F. Stanfield. |
| O Sinner, Lift the Eye of Faith | 42 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| O Thou, Eternal King Most High | 55 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Thou, Eternal Source of Love | 215 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Thou, Immortal Light Divine | 67 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Thou, of All Thy Warriors, Lord | 146 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Thou, Pure Light of Souls that Love | 57 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Thou, the Father's Image Blest | 191 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Thou, the Martyr's Glorious King | 149 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Thou, Who Thine Own Father's Breast | 5 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| O Vision Bright | 109 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| O'erwhelmed in Depths of Woe | 38 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| Oft as Thee, My Infant Saviour | 9 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| Oh, Come and Mourn With Me Awhile | 43 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Oh, Come to the Merciful Saviour, Who Calls You | 179 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Oh, it is Hard to Work for God | 192 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Oh, it is Sweet to Think | 137 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Oh, Turn to Jesus, Mother, Turn | 139 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Oh, What is this Splendor That Beams on Me Now | 133 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Oh, What the Joy and the Glory Must Be | 170 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| Omnipotent, Infinite Lord | 155 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev.E.Caswall. |
| Peaceful Eve, so Still and Holy | 17 | D. C. B. |
| Praise to the Holiest in the Height | 162 | Cardinal Newman. |

| First Line of Hymn. | No. | Composer, or Source of Tune. |
|---|-----|---|
| Now Let the Earth With Joy Resound | 142 | †G. F. Bruce. |
| Now With the Fast Departing Light | 222 | †W. Ratchliffe. |
| O Christ, Our King, Give Ear | 183 | †G. Leigh. |
| O Christ, the Beauty of the Angel Worlds | 158 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| O Christ, Thou Brightness of the Day | 213 | †Dr. C. Harford Lloyd. |
| O Christ, Thy Guilty People Spare | 132 | †H. Whitehead. |
| O God of Loveliness | 206 | †Dr. Ferris Tozer. |
| O God, Thy Soldiers' Crown and Guard | 148 | †W. A. B. Russell. |
| O Godhead Hid, Devoutly I Adore Thee | 76 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| O Gracious Lord, Creator Dear | 34 | †H. Whitehead. |
| O Heart of Jesus, Heart of God | 85 | †L. Behr. |
| O Jesu Christ, Remember | 184 | †G. F. Bruce. |
| O Jesu, King Most Wonderful | 24 | †H. Ware. |
| O Jesu, Thou the Beauty Art | 22 | †J. de Chastelain. |
| O Jesus, Jesus, Dearest Lord | 201 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| O Jesus, Our Redemption | 176 | †J. Francis. |
| O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High | 203 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| O Mary, Dearest Mother | 97 | †Dom A. P. Urquhart, O.S.B. |
| O Mother, I Could Weep for Mirth | 113 | i., †Rev. R. B. Sankey; ii., W. Pitts. |
| O Mother, Most Afflicted | 45 | †H. C. Nixon. |
| O Paradise, O Paradise | 168 | { i., †Dr. F. E. Gladstone; ii., †R. A. Turton. |
| O Purest of Creatures, Sweet Mother, Sweet Maid | 112 | †B. Luard Selby. |
| O Sacred Heart | 82 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| O Sinner, Lift the Eye of Faith | 42 | †J. C. Bowen. |
| O Thou, Eternal King Most High | 55 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| O Thou, Eternal Source of Love | 215 | †W. Hedwynd. |
| O Thou, Immortal Light Divine | 67 | †H. McClelland. |
| O Thou, of All Thy Warriors, Lord | 146 | †Dr. Ferris Tozer. |
| O Thou, Pure Light of Souls that Love | 57 | †J. Francis. |
| O Thou, the Father's Image Blest | 191 | †F. G. Sanders. |
| O Thou, the Martyr's Glorious King | 149 | †F. Lambert. |
| O Thou, Who Thine Own Father's Breast | 5 | †J. Brook Tozer. |
| O Vision Bright | 109 | †J. C. Bowen. |
| O'erwhelmed in Depths of Woe | 38 | †E. M. Lott. |
| Oft as Thee, My Infant Saviour | 9 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Oh, Come and Mourn With Me Awhile | 43 | { i., †B. Luard Selby; ii., Rt. Rev. Mgr. Crookall. |
| Oh, Come to the Merciful Saviour, Who Calls You | 179 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Oh, it is Hard to Work for God | 192 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Oh, it is Sweet to Think | 137 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Oh, Turn to Jesus, Mother, Turn | 139 | †R. R. Terry. |
| Oh, What is this Splendor That Beams on Me Now | 133 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Oh, What the Joy and the Glory Must Be | 170 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Omnipotent, Infinite Lord | 155 | †G. Leigh. |
| Peaceful Eve, so Still and Holy | 17 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Praise to the Holiest in the Height | 162 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |

| First Line of Hymn. | No. | Author, or Source of Hymn. |
|--|-----|--|
| Queen of the Holy Rosary | 114 | E. M. Shapcote. |
| Redeemer, Blest of All Who Live | 150 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall |
| Saint of the Sacred Heart | 131 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| See, Amid the Winter's Snow | 8 | Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Seek Ye a Patron to Defend | 127 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle | 40 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin of V. Fortunatus (VII Cent.) by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| Sing, My Tongue, the Saviour's Glory | 41 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Sing, My Tongue, the Saviour's Glory | 77 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Sing, Sing, Ye Angel Bands | 111 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Sing We the Peerless Deeds of Martyred Saints | 145 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| Sleep, Holy Babe | 13 | Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Souls of Men, Why Will Ye Scatter | 177 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Soul of My Saviour, Sanctify My Breast | 189 | <i>Tr.</i> from <i>Anima Christi</i> (XIV Cent.) |
| Sound the Mighty Champions Praises | 129 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Very Rev. J. D. Aylward, O.P. |
| Starry Hosts are Gleaming | 216 | E. L. Lee. |
| Stars of Glory, Shine More Brightly | 11 | Very Rev. Dr. Husenbeth. |
| Stars of the Morning, so Gloriously Bright | 156 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Greek by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| Storm and Terror, Grief and Error | 6 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin (c. VI Cent.) by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| Sweet Angel of Mercy | 154 | Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Sweet Jesus, Thou a Haven Art | 27 | Rev. F. Stanfield. |
| Sweet Mother, Turn Those Gentle Eyes | 94 | Anon. |
| Sweet Sacrament Divine | 71 | Rev. F. Stanfield. |
| Sweet Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go | 214 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| The Angel Spake the Word | 110 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| The Clouds Hang Thick O'er Israel's Camp | 115 | A. T. Drane. |
| The Day is Past and Over | 212 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Greek by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| The Darkness Fleets and Joyful Earth | 35 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| The Dawn was Purpling o'er the Sky | 51 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| The Eternal Gifts of Christ the King | 141 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| The First Noël the Angel Did Say | 16 | Traditional. |
| The Lamb's High Banquet We Await | 52 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| The Royal Banners Forward Go | 44 | { <i>Tr.</i> from V. Fortunatus (VII Cent.) by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| The Shadows of the Evening Hours | 221 | Adelaide Proctor. |
| The Snow Lay on the Ground | 14 | Anon. |
| The Sun is Sinking Fast | 220 | Rev. E. Caswall. |
| The Word, Descending from Above | 75 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| The World is Very Evil | 166 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin of Bernard of Cluny by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| This is the Image of Our Queen | 96 | Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Those Eternal Bowers | 134 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Greek by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| Thou Crown of All the Virgin Choir | 151 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |

| First Line of Hymn. | No. | Composer, or Source of Tune. |
|--|-----|---|
| Queen of the Holy Rosary | 114 | †Victor Hammerel. |
| Redeemer, Blest of All Who Live | 150 | V. Novello. |
| Saint of the Sacred Heart | 131 | †Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon Hall. |
| See, Amid the Winter's Snow | 8 | { i., Traditional Melody; ii., Old Eng- lish Melody. |
| Seek Ye a Patron to Defend | 127 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle | 40 | †J. P. Attwater. |
| Sing, My Tongue, the Saviour's Glory | 41 | †W. Ratcliffe. |
| Sing, My Tongue, the Saviour's Glory | 77 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Sing, Sing, Ye Angel Bands | 111 | { i., †Traditional Melody; ii., †F. N. Birtchnell. |
| Sing We the Peerless Deeds of Martyred Saints | 145 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Sleep, Holy Babe | 13 | †Jacob H. Schloeder. |
| Souls of Men, Why Will Ye Scatter | 177 | †S. P. Waddington. |
| Soul of My Saviour, Sanctify My Breast | 189 | Fr. Maher, S.J. |
| Sound the Mighty Champions Praises | 129 | †H. Whitehead. |
| Starry Hosts are Gleaming | 216 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Stars of Glory, Shine More Brightly | 11 | †H. Walther. |
| Stars of the Morning, so Gloriously Bright | 156 | †F. Armstrong. |
| Storm and Terror, Grief and Error | 6 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Sweet Angel of Mercy | 154 | †J. T. Field. |
| Sweet Jesus, Thou a Haven Art | 27 | †G. F. Cobb. |
| Sweet Mother, Turn Those Gentle Eyes | 94 | J. Richardson. |
| Sweet Sacrament Divine | 71 | †Rev. F. Stanfield, arr. by A. E. T. |
| Sweet Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go | 214 | { i., Traditional Melody; ii., †C. Mayland. |
| The Angel Spake the Word | 110 | †F. Armstrong. |
| The Clouds Hang Thick O'er Israel's Camp | 115 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| The Day is Past and Over | 212 | †J. P. Attwater. |
| The Darkness Fleets and Joyful Earth | 35 | †H. Dorman. |
| The Dawn was Purpling o'er the Sky | 51 | †F. Haworth. |
| The Eternal Gifts of Christ the King | 141 | †Fr. C. Raymond-Barker, S.J. |
| The First Noël the Angel Did Say | 16 | Traditional Melody. |
| The Lamb's High Banquet We Await | 52 | †W. A. B. Russell. |
| The Royal Banners Forward Go | 44 | †W. A. B. Russell. |
| The Shadows of the Evening Hours | 221 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| The Snow Lay on the Ground | 14 | i., ii., †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| The Sun is Sinking Fast | 220 | i., †R. R. Terry; ii., †L. Behr. |
| The Word, Descending from Above | 75 | †W. Ratcliffe. |
| The World is Very Evil | 166 | †Fr. C. Raymond-Barker, S.J. |
| This is the Image of Our Queen | 96 | †F. N. Birtchnell. |
| Those Eternal Bowers | 134 | †Elizabeth Raymond-Barker. |
| Thou Crown of All the Virgin Choir | 151 | †H. C. Nixon. |

| First Line of Hymn. | No. | Author, or Source of Hymn. |
|--|-----|---|
| Thou God, Whom Earth and Sea and Sky | 91 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| Thou Loving Maker of Mankind | 33 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Thy Sacred Race, O Lord, Is Run | 56 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by R. Campbell and J. C. Earle. |
| 'Tis the Day of Resurrection | 50 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Greek by Dr. J. M. Neale. |
| To Christ, the Prince of Peace | 81 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| To Jesus' Heart All Burning | 79 | <i>Tr.</i> by Fr. A. J. Christie, S. J. |
| To the Name that Brings Salvation | 26 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the German by Dr. J. M. Neal. |
| Virgin of All Virgins Blest | 46 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| We Come to Thee, Sweet Saviour | 182 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| What a Sea of Tears and Sorrow | 47 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by R. Campbell. |
| What Beauteous Sun-Surpassing Star | 20 | <i>Tr.</i> by R. Campbell. |
| When Day's Shadows Lengthen | 187 | Dr. F. G. Lee. |
| When Morning Gilds the Skies | 163 | Rev. E. Caswall. |
| When Softly Dawns the Golden Light | 80 | { From the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." |
| When the Loving Shepherd | 72 | Rev. E. Caswall. |
| When the Patriarch Was Returning | 78 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Who Can Paint that Lovely City | 135 | Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Why Art Thou Sorrowful, Servant of God | 190 | Very Rev. F. W. Faber. |
| Word of God to Earth Descending | 74 | <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin by R. Campbell. |
| Ye Sons and Daughters of the Lord | 49 | { <i>Tr.</i> from the Latin (c. XIII Cent.) by Rev. E. Caswall. |
| Ye Souls of the Faithful | 138 | Rev. E. Caswall. |

LATIN HYMNS.

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|---|
| Adeste, Fideles | 229 | { Sequence from the Cistercian Gradual XV-XVI Cent. |
| Adoremus in Aeternum | 238 | |
| Ave, Maris Stella | 234 | From the Breviary. |
| Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem | 231 | S. Thomas Aquinas (c. 1260). |
| O Salutaris Hostia | 236 | |
| Pange Lingua Gloriosi | 232 | S. Thomas Aquinas XIII Cent. |
| Stabat Mater Dolorosa | 230 | Jacopone da Todi, XIV Cent. |
| Tantum Ergo | 237 | |
| Te Deum Laudamus | 235 | Attributed to S. Augustine. |
| Veni Creator Spiritus | 233 | Ascribed to Charlemagne. |

| First Line of Hymn. | No. | Composer, or Source of Tune. |
|--|-----|---|
| Thou God, Whom Earth and Sea and Sky | 91 | †H. Ware. |
| Thou Loving Maker of Mankind | 33 | †F. G. Sanders. |
| Thy Sacred Race, O Lord, Is Run | 56 | †Dr. C. Harford Lloyd. |
| 'Tis the Day of Resurrection | 50 | †E. T. Cook. |
| To Christ, the Prince of Peace | 81 | †H. Whitehead. |
| To Jesus' Heart All Burning | 79 | { i., †Rev. R. B. Sankey; ii., Fr. Maher, S.J. |
| To the Name that Brings Salvation | 26 | C. Ett. |
| Virgin of All Virgins Blest | 46 | †Fr. C. Raymond-Barker, S.J. |
| We Come to Thee, Sweet Saviour | 182 | †S. P. Waddington. |
| What a Sea of Tears and Sorrow | 47 | †R. R. Terry. |
| What Beauteous Sun-Surpassing Star | 20 | †C. Schmidt. |
| When Day's Shadows Lengthen | 187 | †J. de Chastelain. |
| When Morning Gilds the Skies | 163 | †J. C. Bowen. |
| When Softly Dawns the Golden Light | 80 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| When the Loving Shepherd | 72 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| When the Patriarch Was Returning | 78 | †J. C. Bowen. |
| Who Can Paint that Lovely City | 135 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Why Art Thou Sorrowful, Servant of God | 190 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Word of God to Earth Descending | 74 | †G. Steiner. |
| Ye Sons and Daughters of the Lord | 49 | { i., Traditional French Melody; ii., Palestrina. |
| Ye Souls of the Faithful | 138 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |

LATIN HYMNS.

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-----|---|
| Adeste, Fideles | 229 | Traditional Melody. |
| Adoremus in Aeternum | 238 | †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Ave, Maris Stella | 234 | { i., Traditional Melody; ii., †A. Edmonds Tozer; iii., German; iv., †Fr. C. Raymond-Barker, S.J.; v., †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem. | 231 | { †R. A. Turton, M. Haydn, and †W. Hedwynd. |
| O Salutaris Hostia | 236 | { i., †A. Edmonds Tozer; ii., †E. A. Hedgcock; iii., †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Pange Lingua Gloriosi | 232 | { i., †Plain Chant, harm. by Fr. C. Raymond-Barker, S.J. ii., Plain Chant (Ratisbon) harm. by Egerton B. Hardinge. |
| Stabat Mater Dolorosa | 230 | { i., Traditional French Melody. ii., †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Tantum Ergo | 237 | { i., German; ii., Mgr. Newsham; iii., †A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Te Deum Laudamus | 235 | { †Plain Chant, harm. by A. Edmonds Tozer. |
| Veni Creator Spiritus | 233 | { †Plain Chant, harm. by Fr. C. Raymond-Barker, S.J. |

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Catholic Church Hymnal.

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All the hymns to the Most Holy Name, the Most Sacred Heart, the Most Holy Trinity, and the Most Blessed Sacrament are suitable for use throughout the year.

Syllables which have the sign \cup placed under them are sung to one beat of the music; any syllable having the sign \neg over it is sung to two beats.

HYMNS



Advent.

Veni, veni Emmanuel.

1

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

1.

1. *mf* Draw nigh, draw nigh, Em - man - u - el, And
 2. *f* Thou, the true East draw nigh, draw nigh, To
 3. *mf* Draw nigh, draw nigh, Thou Lord of Might, Who

loose Thy cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly
 give us com - fort from on high! *cres.* And drive a - way the
 to Thy flock on Si - na's height Didst give, of an - cient

ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear! *f* Re - joice! re -
 shades of night, Pierc - ing the clouds, and bring - ing light! *ff* Re - joice! re -
 times, Thy law *dim* In cloud, and maj - es - ty and awe. *ff* Re - joice! re -

joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el.
 joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el.
 joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el.

Advent.

Creator alme siderum.

H. FARMER. S.J.

2.

1. *mf* Cre - a - tor of the stars of night, Thy
 2. Thou, griev - ing that the an - cient curse Should
 3. *mf* Thou cam'st the Bridegroom of the Bride, As

people's ev - er - last - ing light, *p* Je - su, Re-deem - er,
 doom to death an un - i - verse, *cres.* Hast found the medi - cine
 drew the world to even - ing - tide; Pro - ceed - ing from a

save us all, And hear Thy servants when they call.
 full of grace To save and heal a ru - ined race. A - men.
 Vir - gin shrine, The spot - less vic - tim all di - vine.

4. *p* At Whose dread Name, majestic now,
 All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
cres. And things celestial Thee shall own,
 And things terrestrial, Lord alone.

5. *pp* O Thou Whose coming is with dread
 To judge and doom the quick and dead,
 Preserve us, while we live below,
 From every insult of the foe.

6. *Unison f* { To Him who comes the world to free,
 To God the Son, all glory be;
 To God the Father, as is meet,
 To God the blessed Paraclete.

Advent.

3

En clara vox redarguit.

H. WHITEHEAD.

3.

1. *mf* Hark, an aw-ful voice is sound - ing; "Christ is
 2. Start-led at the sol-lemn warn - ing, Let the
 *) 3. *f* Lo, the Lamb so long ex - pect - ed Comes with

nigh," it seems to say; "Cast a - way the dreams of dark -
 earth-bound soul a - rise; *f* Christ her Sun, all sloth dis - pell -
 par-don 'down from heaven; Let us haste with tears of sor -

ness, O ye child-ren of the day!"
 ing, Shines up - on the morn-ing skies. A - men.
 row, One and all to be for - given.

4. *p* So when next He comes with glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 May He then, as our Defender,
 On the clouds of heaven appear.

5. { Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
 To the Father and the Son,
Unison f { With the co-eternal Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

*) 3rd stanza may be sung in unison.

Advent.

Our Lady's Expectation.

B. LUARD SELBY.

4.

1. *f* Like the dawning of the morning On the mountains' golden heights,
 2. Thou wert hap-py, blessed Mother With the ver - y bliss of heaven,
 3. *mf* Thou hast wait-ed, child of David, ^{yes} And thy waiting now is o'er;

Like the break-ing of the moonbeams On the gloom of cloud-y nights,
 Since the an-gel's sal-u - ta-tion In thy rap - tured ear was given;
f Thou hast seen Him, blessed Moth-er, And wilt see__ Him ev - er - more.

Like a se - cret told by an-gels Getting known up-on the earth,
 Since the A - ve of that midnight When thou wert anoint-ed Queen.
 Oh, His hu - man Face and Features, They were passingsweet to see;

Is the Mother's ex-pec - ta-tion Of Mes - si - as' speed-y birth.
 Like a riv - er o - ver - flow-ing Hath the grace within thee been.
 Thou be-hold-est them this moment; *dim* Mother, show them now to me.

Advent.

5

Verbum supernum prodiens.

J. BROOK TOZER.

5.

1. *mf* O Thou, Who Thine own Father's Breast Forsaking, Word su-blime!
2. *pp* So when be-fore the judg-ment-seat The sinner hears his doom,

Didst come to aid a world distressed In Thy ap-point-ed time;
cres. And when a voice di-vine-ly sweet Shall call the righteous home;

Last stanza begins here.

cres. Our hearts en-light-en with Thy ray, And kin-dle with Thy love; That,
Safe from the black and fier-y flood That sweeps the dread a-byss, May

dead to earthly things, we may Live but to things a-bove. A-men.
we be-hold the Face of God In ev-er-last-ing bliss.

3. *Unison ff* { To God the Father, with the Son,
And Spirit evermore,
Be glory while the ages run,
As in all time before.

Advent.

Tandem fluctus, tandem luctus.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

6.

1. *f* Storm and ter - ror, grief and er - ror,
 2. *f* O true splen - dor bright and ten - der,
 3. *mf* Now Thou keep - est rest and sleep - est

Comes the sun to chase a - way: *cres.* And the morn - ing
 Sun of Right - eous - ness on high, Port Thou show - est,
 In that zo - diac of de - light: *cres.* Joy here - af - ter

fast a - dorn - ing All the sky pro - claims the day.
 source Thou ow - est To the Vir - gin's pu - ri - ty.
 shall with laugh - ter Hail the com - ing Mon - arch's sight.

4. *mf* Satan, gnashing, sees it flashing
 Through that cloud so pure and white:
 Thou endurest ever purest,
 Virgin Mother of the Light.

5. *f* Darkness scattered, hell-gates shattered,
 Victory to them draws nigh,
dim. Whom profession of transgression
 Justly had condemned to die.

6. *Unison f* { Earth rejoices, heavenly voices
 Render praise to God above;
 Now renewing and bedewing
 Every soul with fuller love.

Christmas.

7

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

W. RATCLIFFE.

7.

1. *f* Je - sus, Re - deem - er of the world! Be -
 2. Im - mor - tal Hope of all man - kind! In
 3. *p* Re - mem - ber, O Cre - a - tor Lord! That

fore the ear - liest dawn of light From ev - er - last - ing
 Whom the Fa - ther's Face we see; *dim.* Hear Thou the prayers Thy
 in the Vir - gin's sa - cred womb Thou wast conceived and

ag - es born, Im - mense in glo - ry as in might;
 peo - ple pour This day throughout the world to Thee. A - men.
 of her flesh Didst our mor - tal - i - ty as - sume.

4. *mf* This ever-blest recurring day
 Its witness bears that, all alone,
 From Thy own Father's bosom forth
 To save the world Thou camest down.

5. *Unison f* { O day! to which the seas and skies,
 And earth and heaven, glad welcome sing;
 O day! which healed our misery,
 And brought on earth salvation's King!

6. We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
 In Thy own fount of Blood divine,
 Offer the tribute of sweet song,
 On this dear natal day of Thine.

7. *Unison f* { O Jesus! born of Virgin bright,
 Immortal glory be to Thee;
 Praise to the Father infinite,
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

Christmas.

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

(First tune.)

8.

1. *f* See, a-mid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth be-low;
 2. Lo, with-in a manger lies He Who built the star-ry skies;
 3. Sacred In-fant all di-vine, What a ten-der love was Thine;

See, the ten-der Lamb ap-pears, Promised from e - ter - nal years!
 He Who throned in height su-blime, Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!
 Thus to come from high-est bliss, Down to such a world as this!

Unison.

Hail, thou ev - er - bless-ed morn, Hail, Redemption's hap-py dawn,

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le-hem.

4. *mf* Teach, oh teach us, holy Child,
 By Thy Face so meek and mild;
 Teach us to resemble Thee
 In Thy sweet humility.
 Hail, thou, &c.

5. *p* Virgin Mother, Mary blest,
 By the joys that fill thy breast,
 Pray for us that we may prove
 Worthy of the Saviour's love.
 Hail, thou, &c.

The first four lines of each stanza should be sung unaccompanied.

Christmas.

9

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn.

Second tune.

OLD ENGLISH MELODY.

8.

1. *f* See, a-mid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low;
 2. Lo, within a manger lies He Who built the star-ry skies;
 3. Sacred In-fant all di - vine, What a ten-der love was Thine;

See, the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Promised from e - ter - nal years!
 He Who throned in height su - blime, Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!
 Thus to come from high - est bliss, Down to such a world as this!

Unison.

Hail, thou ev - er - bless - ed morn, Hail, Redemption's hap - py dawn,

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.

4. *mf* Teach, oh teach us, holy Child,
 By Thy Face so meek and mild;
 Teach us to resemble Thee
 In Thy sweet humility.
 Hail, thou, &c.

5. *p* Virgin Mother, Mary blest,
 By the joys that fill thy breast,
 Pray for us that we may prove
 Worthy of the Saviour's love.
 Hail, thou, &c.

The first four lines of each stanza should be sung unaccompanied.

Christmas.

Parvum quando cerno Deum.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

9.

1. *f* Oft as Thee, my In-fant Sav-iour, In thy
 2. Hap-py Babe! and hap-py Moth-er! O how
 3. As the dawn from darkness spring-ing Breathes a

Moth-er's arms I view, Straight a thou-sand thrilling
 great your bliss must be! Each en-fold-ed in the
 charm o'er na-ture's face; So the Child to Ma-ry

rap-tures Pen-e-trate my heart a-new.
 oth-er, Sip-ping pure fe-lic-i-ty!
 cling-ing Decks her with di-vin-er grace.

4. *mf* As the limpid dew descending
 Lies impearled upon the rose;
 So their mutual beauty blending
 In transporting union glows.
5. As when early spring advances,
 Flowers unnumbered throng the mead;
 Such the countless loving glances
 That in turn from each proceed.
6. Lovely Jesus! gentle Brother!
 How I wish a smile from Thee,
 Meant for Thy immortal Mother,
 Only might alight on me!

Christmas.

11

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

OLD FRENCH MELODY.

10.

1. *f* Angels we have heard on high, Sweet-ly sing-ing o'er our plains,
2. Shepherds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your rapturous strain prolong?
3. Come to Beth-le - hem, and see Him Whose birth the angels sing;

And the mountains in rep-ly Ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.
 What the glad-some tid-ings be Which in-spire your heaven-ly song?
p Come, a-dore on bend-ed knee Christ the Lord, the new-born King.

Unison.

"Glo -

- ri - a in ex-cel-sis De - o!"

4. See Him in a manger laid,
 Whom the choirs of angels praise
 Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
 While our hearts in love we raise.
 "Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

Christmas.

Shepherds at the Manger.

H. WALTHER.

11.

1. *f* Stars of glo - ry, shine more bright - ly,
 2. See a beau - teous an - gel soar - ing,
 3. See the shep - herds quick - ly ris - ing,

Pur - er be the moon - light's beam, Glide ye hours and
 In the bright ce - les - tial blaze, On the shep - herds,
 Hastening to the hum - ble stall, And the new - born

mo - ments light - ly, Swift - ly down time's deep - ning stream:
 low a - dor - ing, Rest his mild, ef - ful - gent rays:
 In - fant priz - ing, As the might - y Lord of all;

Bring the hour that ban-ished sad-ness,
 "Fear not!" cries the heaven-ly stran-ger,
p Low-ly now they bend be-fore Him

Brought re-demp-tion down to earth, When the shep-herds
 "Him Who an-cient seers fore-told, Weep-ing in a
 In His help-less in-fant state, Firm-ly faith-ful

heard with glad-ness Tid-ings of a Sav-iour's birth.
 low-ly man-ger, Shep-herds, haste ye to be-hold!"
 they a-dore Him And His great-ness ce-le-brate.

4. { Hark the swell of heavenly voices
 Peals along the vaulted sky;
 Angels sing, while earth rejoices—
Unison ff { "Glory to our God on high;
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace to humble men on earth;
 Joy to these and bliss is given
 In the great Redeemer's birth!"

Christmas.

Children's hymn to the holy Child.

F. N. BIRTCHNELL.

12.

1. *p* Je - sus, teach us how to pray,
 2. Let me not be rude or wild—
 3. When I work or when I play,

Send dis - trac - tions far a - way, Suf - fer not our
 Make me hum - ble, meek and mild, Pure as an - gels
 Be Thou with me through the day, Teach me what to

thoughts to stray, Sweet, ho - ly Child.
 un - de - filed, Sweet, ho - ly Child.
 do and say, Sweet, ho - ly Child.

4. Make me love Thy Mother blest,
 Safe beneath her care to rest,
 As a bird within its nest,
 Sweet, holy Child.

5. *pp* When the hour of death is nigh,
 Then may Mary, standing by,
 Take me in her arms to die,
 Sweet, holy Child.

6. *f* So, through all eternity
 Will I bless their charity
 Who first led my steps to Thee,
 Sweet, holy Child.

Christmas.

15

Sleep, holy Babe.

JACOB H. SCHLOEDER.

13.

1. *p* Sleep, ho - ly Babe, — Up - on Thy Moth - er's
 2. Sleep, ho - ly Babe, — Thine an - gels watch a -
 3. Sleep, ho - ly Babe, — While I with Ma - ry

breast; The Lord of earth and sea — and sky, How
 round, All bend - ing low with fold - ed wings Be -
 gaze — *cres.* In joy — up - on that Face — a - while, Up -

sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest!
 fore the in - car - nate King of kings In reve - rent awe pro - found.
 on the be - a - ti - fic smile Which there di - vine - ly plays.

4. *p* Sleep, holy Babe,
 O snatch Thy brief repose:
 Too quickly will Thy slumber break,
dim. And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
pp Which death alone shall close.

6. Then must that Brow
 Its thorny crown receive;
 That Cheek more lovely than the rose,
 Be drenched with Blood, and marred
 with blows,
 That I thereby may live.

8. O Jesu Lord,
 By Thy sweet Childhood's years,
 Blot out from their terrific page
 My sins of youth and later age
 In these my contrite tears.

5. *p* Then must those Hands
 Which now so small I see,
 Those Feet so lovely and divine,
 That Flesh so delicately fine,
 Be pierced and rent for me.

7. O Lady blest,
 To Thee I suppliant cry;
 Forgive the wrong that I have done
 In causing by my sins thy Son
 Upon the Cross to die.

9. *f* So may I sing
 Immortal praise to Thee,
 Who, once a Babe of human birth,
cres. Now reignest Lord of heaven and
 earth

ff Through all eternity.

Christmas.

Children's Christmas carol.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

(First tune.)

14.

1. *mf* The snow lay on the ground, The
 2. 'Twas Ma - ry, daugh - ter pure Of
 3. She laid Him in a stall At

stars shone bright, When Christ our Lord was
 ho - ly Anne, That brought in - to this
 Beth - le - hem; The ass and ox - en

born On Christ - mas night.
 world The God made Man. A men.
 shared The roof with them.

4. Saint Joseph too was by
 To tend the Child;
 To guard Him, and protect
 His Mother mild.

6. *mf* And then that manger poor
cres. Became a throne;
 For He Whom Mary bore
f Was God the Son.

5. The angels hovered round,
 And sang this song:
dim. "Venite adoremus
 Dominum."

7. *Unison ff* O come then, let us join
 The heavenly host,
 To praise the Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost.

Christmas.

17

Children's Christmas carol.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

(Second tune.)

14.

1. *mf* The snow lay on the ground, The
 2. 'Twas Ma - ry, daugh - ter pure Of
 3. She laid Him in a stall At

stars shone bright, When Christ our Lord was
 ho - ly Anne, That brought in - to this
 Beth - le - hem; The ass and ox - en

born On Christ - mas night.
 world The God made Man. A - men.
 shared The roof with them.

4. Saint Joseph too was by
 To tend the Child;
 To guard Him, and protect
 His Mother mild.

6. *mf* And then that manger poor
cres. Became a throne;
 For He Who Mary bore
f Was God the Son.

5. The angels hovered round,
 And sang this song:
dim. "Venite adoremus
 Dominum!"

7. *ff* O come then, let us join
 The heavenly host,
 To praise the Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost.

The above arrangements may be used singly or alternately.

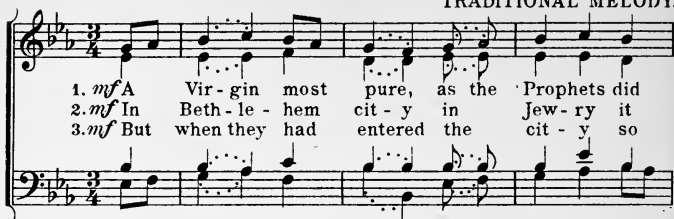
The first is written for the usual four-part choir, the second for children's voices alone.

Christmas.

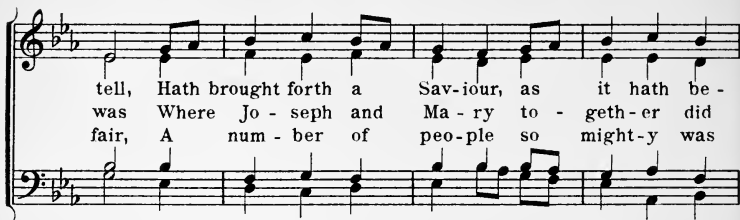
An old Christmas carol.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

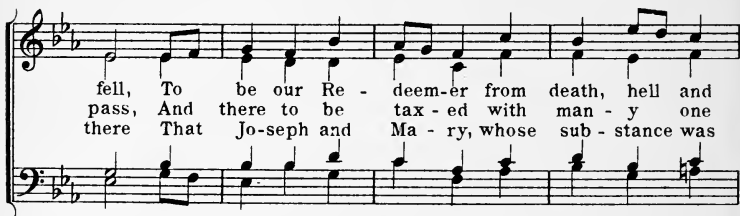
15.



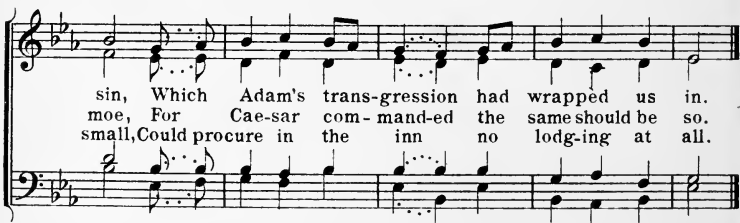
1. *mf* A Vir - gin most pure, as the Prophets did
 2. *mf* In Beth - le - hem cit - y in Jew - ry it
 3. *mf* But when they had entered the cit - y so



tell, Hath brought forth a Sav - iour, as it hath be -
 was Where Jo - seph and Ma - ry to - geth - er did
 fair, A num - ber of peo - ple so might - y was



fell, To be our Re - deem - er from death, hell and
 pass, And there to be tax - ed with man - y one
 there That Jo - seph and Ma - ry, whose sub - stance was



sin, Which Adam's trans - gression had wrapped us in.
 moe, For Cae - sar com - mand - ed the same should be so.
 small, Could procure in the inn no lodg - ing at all.

Chorus in unison (ad lib.)

f Re - joice and be mer - ry, set sor - row a -

side, Christ Je - sus our Saviour was born on this tide.

4. *mf* Then they were constrained in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used there to tie;
Their lodging so simple they held it no scorn,
cres. But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
f Rejoice and be, &c.

5. *mf* The King of glory to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought;
When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
dim. Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
f Rejoice and be, &c.

6. *mf* Then God sent an angel from heaven so high
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And charged them no longer in sorrow to stay,
cres. Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
f Rejoice and be, &c.

7. *mf* Then presently after the shepherds did spy
A number of angels appear in the sky;
cres. Who joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
f "To God be all glory, our heavenly King!"
ff Rejoice and be, &c.

Christmas.

A traditional Christmas carol.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

16.

1. *mf* The first No - ël the
 2. *mf* They look - ed up and
 3. *mf* And by the light of

an - gel did say, Was to three poor shep-herds in
 saw a star, Shin-ing in the east, be -
 that same star, Three wise men came from

fields as they lay; In fields where they
 yond them far, And to the
 coun - try far; To seek for a

lay keep - ing their sheep On a
 earth it gave great light, And a
 King was their in tent, And to

cold win - ter's night with snow so deep.
so it con - tinued both day and night.
fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.

Unison (ad lib).

ff
No - ël, No - ël, No - ël, No - ël.

ff
Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

4. *mf* This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Noël, &c.

5. *p* They entered in, these wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Noël, &c.

6. *f* Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord
Who hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
Noël, &c.

Christmas.

Peaceful eve, so still and holy.

(For a choir only.)

Andante con moto.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

17.

1. *p* Peace - ful eve, so still and ho - ly,
 2. *mf* Who can view with - out e - mo - tion
 3. *mf* So would we with ho - ly dar - ing,

When in sta - ble mean and low - ly, *poco cresc.* Ra - diant
 That fond Moth - er's deep de - vo - tion? *cres.* All her
 Through this Christmas - tide be shar - ing In thy

stood the Moth - er - Maid. Yearn - ing love her
 soul with glad - ness sings. For she knows that
 joy, O Moth - er dear. Christ we claim as

heart is fill - ing; Won - der deep her
earth - ly Moth - er; Blest is she be -
our pos - ses - sion: By thy might - y

soul is thrill - ing, *dim.* While in sleep her
yond all oth - er; She hath borne the
in - ter - ces - sion Keep us in this

rit. Babe is laid. Pil - lowed on her vir - gin
King of kings. *piu f* See re - demp - tion's work be -
love and fear. And when death's dark gates are

rit. *a tempo*

breast, *p* God the Son doth gent - ly rest.
gun! Ma - ry bears both God and Son.
passed, *cres.* Lead us to His Feet at last.

Christmas.

The Infant Jesus.

R. A. TURTON.

18.

1. *p* Dear lit - tle One, how sweet Thou art, Thine
 2. When Ma - ry bids Thee sleep Thou sleep'st, Thou
 3. When Jo - seph takes Thee in his arms And

Eyes how bright they shine, So bright they al - most
 wak - est when she calls: Thou art con - tent up -
 smoothes Thy lit - tle Cheek, Thou look - est up in -

seem to speak When Ma - ry's look meets Thine!
 on her lap, Or in the rug - ged stalls.
 to his face So help - less and so meek.

p How faint and fee - ble is Thy cry, Like
mf Sim - plest of babes, with what a grace Thou
 Yes, Thou art what Thou seem'st to be, A

plaint of harm-less dove, When Thou dost mur-mur in Thy
 dost Thy Mother's will; Thine in - fant fashions well be -
 thing of smiles and tears: Yet Thou art God, and heaven and

pp molto ritard.
 sleep Of sor - row and of love.
 tray The God-head's hid - den skill.
 earth A - dore Thee with their fears.
pp molto ritard.

4. *mf* Yes, dearest Babe, those tiny Hands,
 That play with Mary's hair,
 The weight of all the mighty world
 This very moment bear.
 Art Thou, weak Babe, my very God?
cres. O I must love Thee then,
 Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
 Among forgetful men.

Epiphany.

Crudelis Herodes.

A. EDMONDS TOZER,

19.

1. *mf* How vain the cru - el He - rod's fear, When
 2. The East - ern sag - es saw from far *cres.* And
 3. *mf* With - in the Jor - dan's sa - cred flood The

told that Christ the King is near! *cres.* He takes not earth - ly
 fol - lowed on His guid - ing star; By light their way to
 heaven - ly Lamb in meek - ness stood, That He, to Whom no

realms a - way, Who gives the realms that ne'er de - cay.
 Light they trod, And by their gifts con - fessed their God. A - men.
 sin was known, Might cleanse His peo - ple from their own.

4. And Oh, what miracle divine,
 When water reddened into wine!
 He spake the Word, and forth it flowed
 In streams that nature ne'er bestowed.

5. *f* All glory, Jesus, be to Thee
 For this Thy glad Epiphany:
 Whom with the Father we adore
 And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Epiphany.

27

Quæ stella sole pulchrior.

C. SCHMIDT.

20.

1. *f* What beauteous sun-sur - pass-ing star O'er Bethlehem's lone-ly
2. While thus the star its light imparts, A ray with - in doth
3. Je - su, bright morning Star, our hearts cleanse with Thy light with-

road, Re - veals a ris-ing brighter far, And shows the cradled God!
shine, Which leads a few but faith-ful hearts, To seek the glorious sign.
in; And suf - fer not the tempter's arts To lure us back to sin.

The star from Ja - cob see a - rise, By prophets long fore -
No dan - gers can their pur - pose shake; Love suf - fers no de -
The Light of Gen - tile lands a - dore, The Day-spring from on

told; Ye Eastern nations, in the skies His mes-senger be - hold!
lay; Home, kindred, country, they for-sake; God calls, and they o - bey.
high, *f* A - like the Father ev - er-more, And Spir - it magni - fy.

Epiphany.

O sola magnarum urbium.

J. FRANCIS.

21.

1. *f* Beth - le - hem! of no - blest cit - ies
 2. Fair - er than the sun at morn - ing
 3. By its lam - bent beau - ty guid - ed,

None can once with thee com - pare; Thou a - lone the
 Was the star that told His birth; To the lands their
 See, the East - ern kings ap - pear; *dim.* See them bend, their

Lord from heav - en Didst for us In - car - nate bear.
 God an - nounc - ing, Hid be - neath a form of earth. A - men
 gifts to of - fer, Gifts of in - cense, gold and myrrh.

4. *mf* Solemn things of mystic meaning!

Incense doth the God disclose;

Gold a royal Child proclaimeth;

dim. Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.5. *mf* Holy Jesus! in Thy brightness*cres.* To the gentile world displayed!*f* With the Father and the Spirit,

Praise to Thee be ever paid.

Most Holy Name of Jesus.

29

Jesu, decus angelicum.

J. de CHASTELAIN.

22.

1. *f* O Je - su, Thou the beau - ty art Of
 2. *mf* For Thee I yearn, for Thee I sigh; When
 3. O Je - su, love un - change-a - ble, For

an - gel worlds a - bove; Thy Name is mu - sic
 wilt Thou come to me, *cres.* And make me glad e -
 Whom my soul doth pine! O fruit of life ce -

to the heart, En - chant - ing it with love.
 ter - nal - ly With the blest sight of Thee?
 les - - tial, O sweet - ness all di - vine!

4. Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
 Who eat Thee hunger still;
 Who drink of Thee still feel a void
 Which naught but Thou canst fill.
5. *p* O loving Jesu, hear the sighs
 Which unto Thee I send;
 To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
 My being's hope and end.
6. Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
 Illume the soul's abyss;
 Dispel the darkness of our night,
cres. And fill the world with bliss.

Most Holy Name of Jesus.

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

(First tune.)

23.

1. *mf* Je - sus, the on - ly thought of Thee With
 2. No sound, no har - mo - ny so gay, Can
 3. Je - sus, our hope, when we re - pent, Sweet

sweet - ness fills my breast; *cres.* But sweet - er far it
 art of mu - sic frame; No words nor ev - en
 source of all our grace; Sole com - fort in our

is to see, And on Thy beau - ty feast.
 thought can say, The sweets of Thy blest Name.
 ban - ish - ment, Oh, what when face to face!

4. *Unison f* { Jesus, that Name inspires my mind
 With springs of life and light;
 More than I ask in Thee I find,
 And languish with delight.

5. *mf* No art or eloquence of man
 Can tell the joys of love;
cres. Only the saints can understand
 What they in Jesus prove.

6. *f* Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesu, be Thou our glory now
 And through eternity.

* The first word in the first lines of the 1st, 3rd, 4th & 5th stanzas can begin on the first beat of the bar if desired.

Most Holy Name of Jesus.

31

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

(Second tune.)

R. A. TURTON.

23.

1. *mf* Je - sus, the on - ly thought of Thee With
2. *f* No sound, no har - mo - ny so gay, Can
3. Je - sus, our hope, when we re - pent, Sweet

sweet-ness fills my breast; But sweet-er far it
art of mu - sic frame; No words, nor ev - en
source of all our grace; Sole com-fort in our

is to see, And on Thy beau - ty feast.
thought can say, The sweets of Thy blest Name.
ban - ish - ment, Oh, what when face to face.

4. *Unison f* { Jesus, that Name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light;
More than I ask in Thee I find,
And languish with delight.

5. *mf* No art or eloquence of man
Can tell the joys of love;
cres. Only the saints can understand
What they in Jesus prove.

6. *f* Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

*) Omit this chord in the 1st, 3rd & 4th stanzas.
J. F. & B. 2725-

Most Holy Name of Jesus.

Jesu, Rex admirabilis.

H. WARE:

24.

1. *f* O Je - su, King most won - der - ful, Thou
 2. Thee may our tongues for ev - er bless, Thee
 3. O Je - su, Light of all be - low, Thou

Con - que - ror re - nowned, Thou Sweet-ness most in -
 may we love a - lone; And ev - er in our
 Fount of life and fire, Sur - pass - ing all the

eff - a - ble, In Whom all joys are found.
 lives ex-press The im - age of Thine own. A - men.
 joys we know, And all we can de - sire.

4. *mf* O may each heart confess Thy Name,*p* And ever Thee adore;*cres.* And seeking Thee, itself inflame

To seek Thee more and more.

5. *f* O King of glory, King of might,
 From Whom all graces come,

O Beauty, Honor infinite

Of our celestial home.

6. O Jesu, spotless virgin flower,

Our life and joy; to Thee

Unison f Be praise, beatitude, and power
 Through all eternity.

Most Holy Name of Jesus.

33

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

J. P. ATTWATER.

25.

1. *mf* Je - su! The ver - y thought is sweet! In that dear
2. *f* No word is sung more sweet than this: No name is
3. Je - su! the hope of souls for-lorn! How good to

Name all heart-joys meet; ^{eyes.} But sweet-er than the hon-ey
heard more full of bliss: No thought brings sweeter com-fort
them for sin that mourn! To them that seek Thee, oh how

far The glimpses of His pre-sence are.
nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God most high. A - men.
kind! But what art Thou to them that find?

4. No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness:
Alone who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus! what Thou art.

5. O Jesu! King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

6. { All honor, laud, and glory be,
Unison. { O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee!
{ All glory, as is ever meet,
{ To Father and to Paraclete.

Most Holy Name of Jesus.

Gloriosi Salvatoris.

C. ETT.

26.

1. To the Name that brings sal-va-tion Hon-or, worship let us pay,
 2. Name of glad-ness, Name of pleasure, By this tongue in - ef-fa-ble,
 3. 'Tis the Name for ad-o-ra-tion, 'Tis the Name of vic-to-ry,

Which for many a ge-ner-a-tion Hid in God's fore-know-ledge lay,
 Name of sweetness pass-ing measure, To the ear de-lec-ta-ble,
 'Tis' the Name for med-i-ta-tion In this vale of mis-e-ry,

But with ho-ly ex-ul-ta-tion We may sing a-loud to-day.
 'Tis our safe-guard and our treasure, 'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.
 'Tis the Name for ven-e-ra-tion By the cit-i-zens on high.

4. 'Tis the Name that whoso preaches
 Finds it music to the ear;
 Who in prayer this Name beseeches
 Sweetest comfort findeth near;
 Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
 Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5. *Unison f* { 'Tis the Name by right exalted
 Over every other name;
 That when we are sore assaulted
 Puts our enemies to shame;
 Strength to them who else had halted,
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6. *p* Jesu, we Thy Name adoring
cres. Long to see Thee as Thou art:
p Of Thy clemency imploring
 So to write it in our heart
cres. That hereafter upward soaring
 We with Angels may have part.

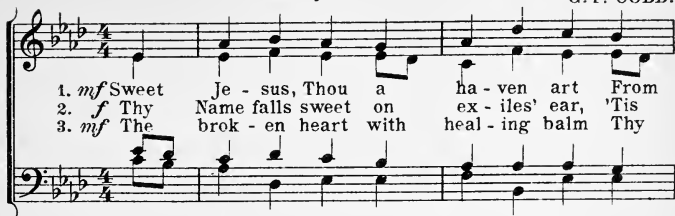
Most Holy Name of Jesus.

35

Haven of rest.

G. F. COBB.

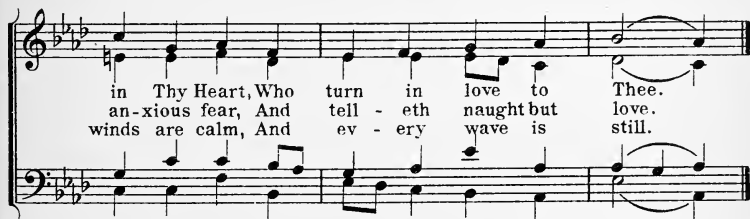
27.



1. *mf* Sweet Je - sus, Thou a ha - ven art From
 2. *f* Thy Name falls sweet on ex - iles' ear, 'Tis
 3. *mf* The brok - en heart with heal - ing balm Thy



life's tem - pes - tuous sea; *cres.* All find a ref - uge
 mu - sic from a - bove; It stays the mourner's
 change-less love doth fill: Thou say - est "Peace," the



in Thy Heart, Who turn in love to Thee.
 an - xious fear, And tell - eth naught but love.
 winds are calm, And ev - ery wave is still.

4. *f* Oh, hope and joy of life's lone way
 May Thy sweet peace arise
 Which turns the night to blissful day,
 And earth to paradise.

5. *p* Sweet Jesu, when death's night shall fall,
 By Thine own love so blest,
 May longing exiles hear Thee call
 The weary to their rest.

Before Septuagesima.

Alleluia, dulce carmen.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

28.

1. *Unison* *f* Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy, ce -
 2. Al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful moth - er Of the blest, Je -
 3. *mf* Al - le - lu - ia we de - serve not Here to chant for

les - tial lay, Al - le - lu - ia is the glo - ry
 ru - sa - lem! Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them
 ev - er - more: *dim.* Al - le - lu - ia our trans-gres - sions

Of the choirs in heaven-ly day, Which the An - gels
 That full well be - fit - teth them, *dim.* While to sad - ness
p Make us for a while give o'er: For the ho - ly

sing, a - bid - ing In the house of God for aye.
 Ba - bel's riv - ers *p* Ex - iles on the earth con - demn.
 time is com - ing That would have us sin de - plore.

4. *mf* Wherefore supplicate we, lauding
 Thee, O Blessed Trinity,
Unison. *cres.* We at last may keep our Easter
 In Thy home beyond the sky,
f There to Thee our Alleluia
 Singing everlastingly.

Lent.

37

Pater, audi nos.

H. WHITEHEAD.

Unison.

29.

1. *p* Now are the days of humblest prayer, When consciences to
2. *p* Now is the sea-son, wise-ly long, Of sadder thought and
3. *mf* The feast of pe-nance— Oh, so bright, With true con-version's

God lie bare, And mer-cy most de-lights to spare.
 grav-er song, *cres.* When ail-ing souls grow well and strong.
 heav-en-ly light, *cres.* Like sun-rise af-ter storm-y night.

Harmony.

p Oh, hearken when we cry; chas-tise us with Thy fear;

Yet, Father, in the mul-ti-tude of Thy com-passions, hear.

4. *p* Oh, happy time of blessed tears,
 Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,
 Undoing all our evil years.
 Oh, hearken &c.
5. We, who have loved the world, must learn
 Upon that world our backs to turn,
cres. And with the love of God to burn.
 Oh, hearken &c.

Lent.

Hymn for a happy death.

R. R. TERRY.

30.

1. Je - sus, ev - er - lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou didst live and
 2. When the last dread hour approaching Fills my guilt - y
 3. Je - sus, when in cru - el an - guish Dy - ing on the

die for me; *cres.* Liv - ing I will live to love, Thee,
 soul with fear, All my sins rise up be - fore me,
 shame - ful Tree, All a - ban - doned by Thy Fa - ther,

dim Dy - ing I will die for Thee: *pp* Je - sus, Je - sus,
 All my vir - tues dis - ap - pear: Je - sus, Je - sus,
 Thou didst hang in ag - o - ny: Je - sus, Je - sus,

a tempo By Thy life and death of sor - row, Help me in my ag - o - ny.
 Turn not Thou in an - ger from me; Ma - ry, Jo - seph, then be near.
 By those three long hours of sor - row Thou didst purchase hope for me. *rall.*

a tempo 4. O, by all that Thou didst suffer,
 Grant me mercy in that day;
 Help me, Mary, my sweet Mother;
 Holy Joseph, near me stay:
 Jesus, Jesus,
 Let me die my lips repeating
 "Jesus, mercy; Mary, pray!" *rall.*

This hymn is suitable for use at meetings of the Confraternity of the "Bona Mors!"
 J. F. & B. 2725-

Lent.

39

Jesu, Ave.

H. WHITEHEAD.

31.

1. *mf* Je - sus, all hail, Who for my sin Didst
 2. *f* Je - sus, from out Thine o - pened Side Thou
 3. Je - sus, Who at this ver - y hour At

die, and by that death didst win E - ter - nal life for me.
 hast the thirs - ty world supplied With end - less streams of love.
 God's right hand in pomp and power Our na - ture still dost wear;

Send me Thy grace, good Lord, that I Un -
 Come ye who would your sick - ness quell, Draw
poco dim. O let Thy Wounds still in - ter - cede, And

to the world and flesh may die, And hide my life with Thee.
 free - ly from that sa - cred well, Its heaven - ly vir - tues prove.
 by their sim - ple si - lence plead Thy count - less mer - its there.

4. *mf* Jesus, Who shalt in glory come
 With angels to the final doom,
 Men's works and wills to weigh,
p Since from that pomp I cannot flee,
dim. Be pitiful, great Lord, to me
pp In that tremendous day.

Lent.

Solemne nos jejunii.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

32.

1. *p* A - gain the time ap - point - ed see, That
 2. But vain all out - ward form of grief, And
 3. The fore - head pros - trate in the dust, The

calls to fast and sigh; Let priest and peo - ple
 vain the word of prayer, Un - less the heart de -
 hair and gar - ments torn, Can nev - er stay the

bend the knee, And loud for mer - cy cry.
 sire re - lief, And pe - ni - tence be there.
 ven - geance just, Un - less the con - science mourn.

4. Then let us to the Lord draw near
 With tears that contrite flow;
 By reverence and godly fear
 We may escape the woe.

5. *pp* O holy Judge, O Christ, relent,
 Thine Arm uplifted stay;
 And grant a season to repent,
 A time in which to pray.

6. *f* Great Three in One, Thy Name we bless,
 Thy praises ever sing;

dim. Oh, grant that fruits of righteousness
 From lenten tears may spring.

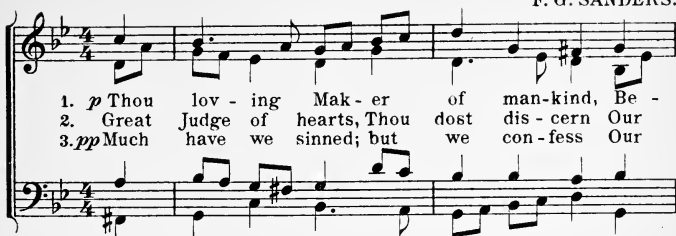
Lent.

41

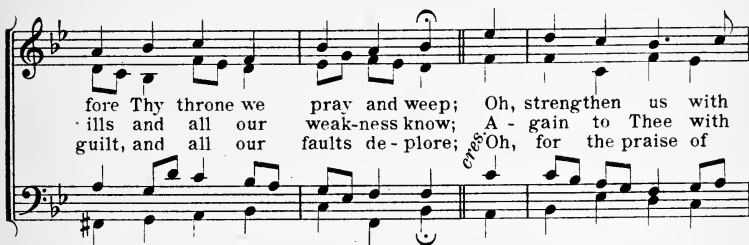
Audi, benigne Conditor.

F. G. SANDERS.

33.



1. *p* Thou lov - ing Mak - er of man-kind, Be -
 2. Great Judge of hearts, Thou dost dis - cern Our
 3. *pp* Much have we sinned; but we con - fess Our



fore Thy throne we pray and weep; Oh, strengthen us with
 ills and all our weak-ness know; A - gain to Thee with
 guilt, and all our faults de - plore; *cres.* Oh, for the praise of



grace di - vine, Du - ly this sa - cred time to keep.
 tears we turn, A - gain to us Thy mer - cy show.
 Thy great Name, Our faint - ing souls to health re - store.

4. *p* And grant us, while by fasts we strive
 This mortal body to control,
 To fast from all the food of sin,
 And so to purify the soul.
5. Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest;
 Sole Unity, to Thee we cry;
 Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
 To reap immortal fruit on high.

Lent.

Audi, benigne Conditor.

H. WHITEHEAD.

34.

1. *p* O gra - cious Lord, Cre - a - tor dear, In
 2. Thou, Who our se - cret thoughts canst trace, And
 3. Black is our guilt and great our shame; But,

mer - cy lend a pity - ing ear Un - to the mourn - ful
 know'st the frail - ty of our race— Like wandering sheep we
 for the glo - ry of Thy Name, For - give the wick - ed -

prayer we pour In this our sol - emn Lent - en hour.
 went a - stray— Oh, take us back, we meek - ly pray.
 ness we own, And heal the wounds for which we groan.

4. Grant us by holy abstinence
 To mortify each carnal sense;
mf That so our souls, from sin set free,
 May rise all-holy unto Thee.
5. Blest Three in One, with grief sincere
 Before Thy footstool we appear;
 Oh, bless our fast, that it may prove
 The source of pardon, peace and love.

Lent.

43

O Sol salutis intimis.

H. DORMAN.

35.

1. *f* The dark-ness fleets, and joy-ful earth Wel -
 2. *mf* Thou, who dost give the ac-cept-ed time, Give
 3. That foun-tain whence our sins have flowed Shall

comes the new-born day; Je - sus, true Son of
 tears to pu - ri - fy, Give flames of love to
 soon in tears dis - till, If but Thy pen - i -

hu-man souls! Shed in our souls Thy ray.
 burn our hearts As vic-tims un-to Thee. A - men.
 ten-tial grace Sub-due the stub-born will.

4. *cres.* The day is near when all re-blooms,
 Thy own blest day, O Lord;

f We too would joy, by Thy right Hand
 To life's true path restored.

5. *Unison ff* { All glorious Trinity! to Thee
 Let earth's vast fabric bend;
 And evermore from souls renewed
 The saints' new song ascend.

Lent.

Jesu dulcis, amor meus.

Slow.

C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J.

36.

1. *p* Je - sus! as though Thy - self wert here, I
 2. Hail, aw - ful Brow! hail thorn - y wreath! Hail,
 3. *mf* And hail to thee, my Sav - iour's Side; And

draw in trembling sor-row near: And, hang-ing o'er Thy
 Coun-te-nance now pale in death, Whose glance but late so
 hail to thee, thou Wound so wide: Thou Wound more rud - dy

Form di - vine, Kneel down to kiss these Wounds of Thine.
 bright - ly blazed, That an - gels tremb-led as they gazed.
 than the rose, True an - ti - dote of all our woes.

4. *pp* Oh, by those sacred Hands and Feet
 For me so mangled! I entreat,
 My Jesus, turn me not away,
 But let me here for ever stay.

Lent.

45

The Cross.

ELIZABETH RAYMOND-BARKER.

37.

1. *p* Are thy toils and woes in - creas - ing?
2. Dost thou fear that strict - est tri - al?
3. Di - a - bo - lic le - gions press thee?

Are the foe's at - tacks un - ceas - ing? Look with faith un -
Tremblest thou at Christ's de - ni - al? Nev - er rest with -
Thoughts and works of sin dis - tress thee? *cres.* It shall chase all

cloud - ed, Gaze with eyes un - shrouded On the Cross.
out it, Clasp thine arms a - bout it, That dear Cross.
ter - ror, It shall right all er - ror, That sweet Cross.

4. *pp* Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river?
Should'st thou tremble? need'st thou quiver?
cres. No! if by it lying, —
No! if on it dying, —
On the Cross!

5. *piu f* Say then, Master, while I cherish
That sweet hope, I cannot perish!
cres. After this life's story
Give Thou me the glory,
For the Cross!

Passion-Tide.

Saevo dolorum turbine.

E. M. LOTT.

38.

1. *p* O'erwhelmed in depths of woe, Up - on the tree of scorn
 2. Hark, with what aw - ful cry His Spir - it takes Its flight;
 3. The sun withdraws his light; The midday heavens grow pale;

Hangs the Redeem - er of mankind, With racking anguish torn.
 That cry, it smote His Moth - er's heart, And wrapth'er soul in night.
 The moon, the stars, the u - niverse, Their Mak - ers death be - wail.

See, how the nails those Hands And Feet so ten - der rend;
 Earth hears, and to its base Rocks wild - ly to and fro;
 Shall man a - lone be mute? Come, youth and hoar - y hairs;

See, down His Face and Neck and Breast His sacred Blood de - scend.
 Tombs burst; seas, riv - ers - mountains quake; The veil is rent in two.
 Come, rich and poor; come, all man - kind, And bathe those Feet in tears.

4. Come, fall before His Cross,
 Who shed for us His Blood;
 Who died the Victim of pure love
 To make us sons of God.
f Jesu, all praise to Thee,
 Our joy and endless rest:
 Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
 Our crown amid the blest.

Passion-Tide.

47

Litany of our Lord's Passion.

J. RICHARDSON.

39.

1. *p* By the Blood that flowed from Thee In Thy bit-ter ag-o-ny;
2. By the thorn that crowned Thy Head; By Thy sceptre of a reed;
3. By the nails and point-ed spear; By Thy people's cru-el jeer;

By the scourge so meek-ly borne; By Thy pur-ple robe of scorn,
By Thy Foot-step faint and slow, Weighed beneath Thy cross of woe,—
By Thy dy-ing prayer which rose Begging mer-cy for Thy foes,—

Unison (ad lib).

Je-su, Saviour, hear our cry; Thou wert suffering once as we;

Hear the lov-ing lit-a-ny We Thy children sing to Thee.

4. By the darkness thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight;
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield Thy parting Breath,—
Jesu, Saviour, &c.
5. By Thy weeping Mother's woe;
By the sword that pierced her through,
When, in anguish standing by,
On the Cross she saw Thee die.
Jesu, Saviour, &c.

Passion-Tide.

Pange lingua gloriosi Lauream.

J. P. ATTWATER.

40.

1. *f* Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle, with com -
2. *mf* Thir - ty years a - mong us dwell - ing, His ap -
3. *p* He en - dured the shame and spit - ting, Vin - e -

plet - ed vic - t'ry rife, And a - bove the Cross - 's
point - ed time ful - filled; Given for this, He meets His
gar and nails and reed; As His bless - ed Side is

tro - phy Tell the tri - umph of the
Pas - sion, For that this He free - ly
open - ed, Wa - ter thence and Blood pro -

Unison (ad lib.)

strife, How the world's Re-deem-er con- quered By sur-
willed; On the Cross the Lamb is lift- ed, On Whose
ceed: Earth, and sky, and stars, and o- cean, By that

render- ing of His life.
death our hope we build. A - men.
flood are cleansed in - deed.

4. *mf* Faithful Cross! above all others
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit compares with thee:
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight sustaining free.
5. Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold;
For a shipwrecked world preparing
Harbor, like the Ark of old;
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the wounded Lamb that rolled.
6. *Unison f* { Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Passion-Tide.

Pange lingua gloriosi Lauream.

W. RATCLIFFE.

41.

1. *f* Sing, my tongue, the Sav-iour's glo-ry;
 2. *mf* Eat-ing of the tree for-bid-den,
 3. Such the or-der God ap-point-ed

Tell His tri-umph far and wide; *dim.* Tell a-loud the
 Man had sunk in Sa-tan's snare, When his pit-y -
 When for sin He would a-tone; To the ser-pent

fa-mous sto-ry Of His Bod-y cru-ci-fied;
 ing Cre-a-tor Did this se-cond Tree pre-pare;
 thus op-pos-ing Schemes yet deep-er than his own;

How up - on a Cross a Vic - tim,
Des - tined, man - y ag - es lat - er,
Thence the rem - e - dy pro - cur - ing,

cres. Van - quish - ing in death, He died.
That first e - vil to re - pair. A - men.
Whence the fa - tal wound had come.

4. So when now at length the fullness
Of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son Who moulded all things
Left His Father's throne on high;
From a Virgin's womb appearing,
Clothed in our mortality.
5. All within a lowly manger,
Lo, a tender Babe He lies!
See His gentle Virgin Mother
Lull to sleep His infant cries!
While the Limbs of God Incarnate
Round with swathing-bands she ties.
6. *Unison f* { Honor, blessing everlasting
To the immortal Deity!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise be paid co-equally!
Glory through the earth to heaven
To Trinity in Unity!

Passion-Tide.

Ecce Homo.

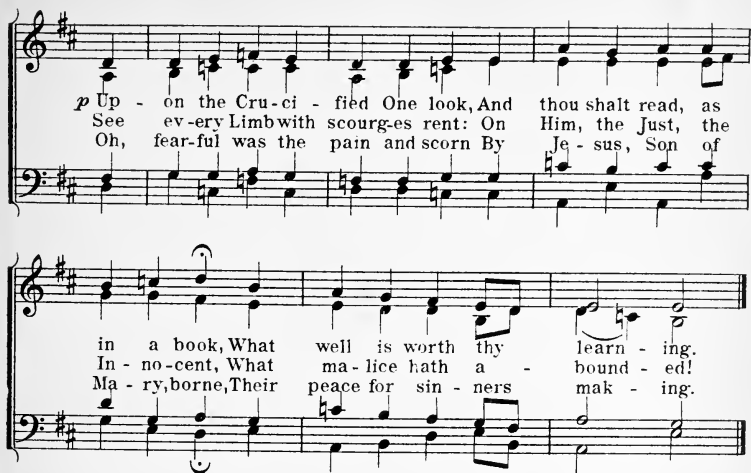
J. C. BOWEN.

42.

1. *mf* O sin - ner, lift the eye of faith, To
 2. *pp* Look on His Head, that bleed - ing Head, With
 3. 'Tis not a - lone those Limbs are racked, But

true re - pen - tance turn - ing; *dim.* Be - think thee of the
 crown of thorns sur - round - ed; Look on His sa - cred
 friends too are for - sak - ing; And, more than all, for

curse of sin, Its aw - ful guilt dis - cern - ing;
 Hands and Feet Which pierc - ing nails have wound - ed;
 thank - less man That ten - der Heart is ach - ing;



p Up - on the Cru-ci - fied One look, And thou shalt read, as
 See ev-ery Limb with scourg-es rent: On Him, the Just, the
 Oh, fear-ful was the pain and scorn By Je - sus, Son of

in a book, What well is worth thy learn - ing.
 In - no-cent, What ma - lice hath a - bound - ed!
 Ma - ry, borne, Their peace for sin - ners mak - ing.

4. None ever knew such pain before,
 Such infinite affliction,
 None ever felt a grief like His
 In that dread crucifixion:
 For us He bore those bitter throes,
 For us those agonizing woes,
 In oft-renewed infliction.
 5. O sinner, mark, and ponder well
 Sin's awful condemnation;
 Think what a sacrifice it cost
 To purchase thy salvation;
 Had Jesus never bled and died,
 Then what could thee and all betide
 But uttermost damnation?
 6. Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
 And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
 And from those everlasting flames
 For evil ones preparing.
- più f.* Jesus, we thank Thee, and entreat
 To rest for ever at Thy Feet,
 Thy heavenly glory sharing.

Passion-Tide.

Amor meus crucifixus est.

B. LUARD SELBY.

(First tune.)

43.

1. *p* Oh, come and mourn with me a - while; See,
 2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, While
 3. What was Thy crime, my dear - est Lord? By

Ma - ry calls us to her side; Oh, come and let us
 sol-diers scoff and Jews de - ride? *pp* Ah, look how pa - tient-
 earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried, And guilt - y found of

mourn with her: } *pp* Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.
 ly He hangs: }
 too much love: }

pp poco rall.

4. *mf* Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!

Thy weak self-love and guilty pride

His Pilate, and His Judas were:

pp Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5. Come take thy stand beneath the Cross,

And let the Blood from out that Side

Fall gently on thee drop by drop:

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6. O love of God, O sin of man,

In this dread act your strength is tried;

cres. And victory remains with love,

pp For He, our Love, is crucified.

Passion-Tide.

55

Amor meus crucifixus est.

(Second tune.)

Rt. Rev. Mgr. CROOKALL.

43.

1. *p* Oh, come and mourn with me a-while; See Ma-ry calls us
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, While soldiers scoff and
3. What was Thy crime, my dear-est Lord? By earth, by heaven, Thou

to her side; Oh, come and let us mourn with her:
Jews de-ride? *pp* Ah, look how pa-tient-ly He hangs:
hast been tried, *cres.* And guilt-y found of too much love:

pp Je-sus, our Love, Je-sus, our Love, is cru-ci-fied.

4. *mf* Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!

Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate, and His Judas were:

pp Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5. Come take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6. O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
cres. And victory remains with love,
pp For He, our Love, is crucified.

The first three words of the last line in each stanza are repeated (In the last stanza the first four words.)

Passion-Tide.

Vexilla regis prodeunt.

W.A.B. RUSSELL.

44.

1. *f* The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go: The
 2. *p* Where deep for us the spear was dyed, Life's
 3. *f* Ful - filled is all that Da - vid told In

Cross shines forth with mys - tic glow: Where he in Flesh, our
 tor - rent rush - ing from His Side: To wash us in the
 true pro - phet - ic song of old: A - midst the na - tions

flesh Who made, Our sen - tence bore, our ran - som paid.
 pre - cious flood Where ming - led wa - ter flowed and Blood. A - men.
 God, saith he, Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.

4. O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
 O Tree with royal purple dight!
 Elect upon whose faithful breast
 Those holy Limbs should find their rest!

5. O Cross, our one reliance, hail!
 This holy Passiontide, avail
 To give fresh merit to the saint,
 And pardon to the penitent.

6. From every spirit praises be
 To God the blessed Trinity:
 Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
 Preserve and govern evermore.

Passion-Tide.

57

Mater dolorosa.

H. C. NIXON.

45.

1. *pp* O Moth-er! most af-flict-ed, Stand-ing beneath that Tree.
 2. Thy heart is well nigh break-ing, Thy Je-sus thus to see,
 3. His liv-id Form is bleed-ing, His soul with sor-row wrung,

Where Je-sus hangs re-ject-ed On the hill of Cal-va-ry.
 De-rid-ed, wounded, dy-ing, In great-est ag-o-ny.
 Whilst thou, af-flict-ed Moth-er, Shar'st the torments of thy Son.

O Ma-ry! sweetest Moth-er, We love to pit-y thee;

Oh for the sake of Je-sus Let us thy children be.

4. O Mary! Queen of Martyrs,
 The sword has pierced thy heart,
 Obtain for us of Jesus
 In thy grief to bear a part.
 O Mary! sweetest Mother &c.

5. O dear and loving Mother!
 Entreat that we may be,
 Near to, thee and thy dear Jesus
 Now and eternally.
pp O Mary! sweetest Mother &c.

Passion-Tide.

Virgo virginum præclara.

C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S. J.

46.

1. *p* Vir - gin of all vir - gins blest! Lis - ten
 2. *pp* Wounded with His ev - ery wound, Steep my
 3. *p* Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence, Be Thy

to my fond re - quest: Let me share thy grief di - vine;
 soul till it hath swooned In His ver - y Blood a - way;
 Moth - er my de - fence, Be Thy Cross my vic - to - ry;

Let me, to my lat - est breath, In my bod - y
 Be to me, O Vir - gin, nigh, Lest in flames I
 While my bod - y here de - cays, *cres.* May my soul Thy

bear the death Of that dy - ing Son of thine.
 burn and die, In His aw - ful Judg - ment day. A - men.
 goodness praise, *f* Safe in Par - a - dise with Thee.

Passion-Tide.

59

O quot undis lacrimarum.

R. R. TERRY.

47.

1. *p* What a sea of tears and sor-row Did the soul of
2. Oh that mournful Vir - gin-Moth-er, See her tears how
3. Oft and oft His Arms and Bo-som Fond-ly strain-ing

Ma - ry toss To and fro up - on its bil - lows,
fast they flow Down up - on His mang-led Bod - y,
to her own; Oft her pal - lid lips im-print-ing

cresc.
While she wept her bit - ter loss; In her arms her
Wound - ed Side, and thorn - y Brow; While His Hands and
On each Wound of her dear Son; Till at last, in

dim. rall. *pp*
Je - sus hold - ing, Torn so new - ly from the Cross.
Feet she kiss - es, Pic - ture of im - mor - tal woe.
swoons of an-guish, Sense and con-scious - ness are gone.

dim. rall. *pp*
4. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and troubles sore;
By the death of thy dear Offspring,
By the bloody Wounds He bore;
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.

Palm Sunday.

Gloria, laus, et honor.

ELIZABETH RAYMOND-BARKER.

48.

1. *f* All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To
 2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou
 3. *f* The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are

Thee, Re - deem - er, King, To Whom the lips of
 Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name
 prais - ing Thee on high, And mor - tal men and

child - ren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. _____
 com - est, The King and bless - ed one. _____
 all things Cre - a - ted make re - ply. _____

Unison.

ff

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To

ff

Thee, Re-deem - er, King, To Whom the lips of

child - ren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

4. *f* The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went;
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
 All glory, &c.
5. *f* To Thee before Thy Passion
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee now high exalted
 Our melody we raise.
 All glory, &c.
6. *mf* Thou didst accept their praises,
 Accept the prayers we bring,
cres. Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, &c.

Easter.

O filii et filiae.

TRADITIONAL FRENCH MELODY.

49.

(First tune.)

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - - - le - lu - - ia! *Fine.*

1. *f* Ye sons and
2. All in the
3. Then straight-way

daugh - ters of the Lord, The King of glo - ry,
ear - ly morn - ing grey Went ho - ly wom - en
One in white they see, Who saith, "Ye seek the

King a - dored, This day Him - self from
on their way, To see the tomb where
Lord; but He Is risen, and gone to



4. That self-same night, while out of fear
 The doors were shut, their Lord most dear
 To His apostles did appear.

Alleluia.

5. *mf* But Thomas, when of this he heard,
 Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
cres. Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

Alleluia.

6. *p* "Thomas, behold My Side," saith He;
 "My Hands, My Feet, My Body see,
 And doubt not, but believe in Me."

Alleluia.

7. *mf* When Thomas saw that wounded Side,
 The truth no longer he denied;
f "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.

Alleluia.

8. Oh, blest are they who have not seen
 Their Lord, and yet believe in Him:
 Eternal life awaiteth them.

Alleluia.

9. { Now let us praise the Lord most high,
Unison ff { And strive His Name to magnify
 { On this great day, through earth and sky,
 Alleluia.

Easter.

O filii et filiae.

PALESTRINA.

49.

(Second time.)

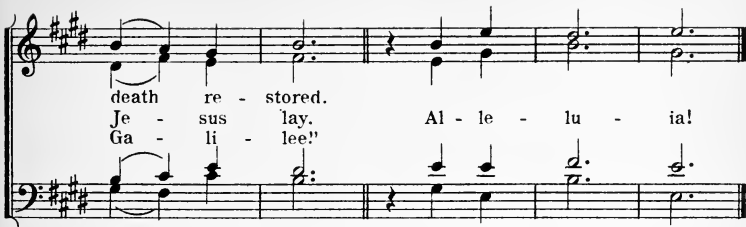
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu -

ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1. *f* Ye sons and daugh - ters
2. All in the ear - ly
3. Then straightway One in

of morn - ing white they Lord, grey see, The King of glo - ry,
Went ho - ly wom - en Who saith, "Ye seek the

King a - dored, This day Him - self from
on their way, To see the tomb where
Lord; but He Is risen, and gone to



4. That self-same night, while out of fear
 The doors were shut, their Lord most dear
 To His apostles did appear.
 Alleluia.
5. *mf* But Thomas, when of this he heard,
 Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
cres. Wherefore again there comes the Lord.
 Alleluia.
6. *p* "Thomas, behold My Side," saith He;
 "My Hands, My Feet, My Body see,
cres. And doubt not, but believe in Me."
 Alleluia.
7. *mf* When Thomas saw that wounded Side,
 The truth no longer he denied;
f "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
 Alleluia.
8. Oh, blest are they who have not seen
 Their Lord, and yet believe in Him:
 Eternal life awaiteth them.
 Alleluia.
9. *Unison ff* { Now let us praise the Lord most high,
 And strive His Name to magnify
 On this great day, through earth and sky.
 Alleluia.

Easter.

Dies resurrectionis.

E. T. COOK.

50.

1. *f*'Tis the Day of Re-sur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad;
 2. Our hearts are pure from e-vil, That we may see a-right
 3. *Unison* *ff* Now let the heavens be joy-ful, And earth her song be-gin,

The Pass-o-ver of glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God!
 The Lord in rays e-ter-nal Of Re-sur-rec-tion-light;
 The round world keep high tri-umph, And all that is there-in;

From death to life e-ter-nal, From earth un-to the sky,
 And, listen-ing to His accents, May hear so calm and plain
 Let all things seen and un-seen Their notes of gladness blend,

Our Christ hath brought us o-ver With hymn of vic-to-ry.
 His own "All hail," and, hear-ing, May raise the vic-tor strain.
 For Christ the Lord is ris-en, Our joy that hath no end.

Easter.

67

Aurora caelum purpurat.

F. HAWORTH.

51.

Unison ff The dawn was pur-pling o'er the sky; With
 2. When our most val-iant might-y King From
 3. When He, Whom stone and seal and guard Had

al-le-lu-ias rang the air; Earth held a glo-rious
 death's a-byss, in dread ar-ray, Led the long-pris-oned
 safe-ly to the tomb consigned, Tri-um-ph-ant rose, and

ju-bi-lee; Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce despair:
 Fa-thers forth In-to the beam of life and day: A-men.
 bu-ried death Deep in the grave He left behind.

4. "Calm all your grief, and still your tears,"
 Hark, the descending angel cries;
 "For Christ is risen from the dead,
 And death is slain, no more to rise?"

5. *p*O Jesu, from the death of sin
 Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
cres. The everlasting paschal joy
 Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

6. *Unison ff* { To God the Father, with the Son
 Who from the grave immortal rose,
 And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise
 While age on endless ages flows.

Easter.

Ad cœnam Agni providi.

W. A. B. RUSSELL.

52.

1. *f* The Lamb's high ban-quet we a - wait, In
 2. Up - on the al - tar of the Cross His
 3. That pas - chal eve God's arm was bared: The

snow-white robes of roy - al state: And now, the Red Sea's
 Bod - y hath re - deemed our loss: And tast - ing of His
 de - vas - tat - ing ang - el spared: By strength of hand our

channel past, To Christ our Prince we sing at last.
 roseate Blood, Our life is hid with Him in God. A - men.
 hosts went free From Pharaoh's ruth - less tyr - an - ny.

4. Now Christ, our Paschal Lamb is slain,
 The Lamb of God that knows no stain,
 The true Oblation offered here,
 Our own unleavened bread sincere.
5. O Thou, from Whom hell's monarch flies,
 O great, O very Sacrifice,
 Thy captive people are set free,
 And endless life restored in Thee.
6. *Unison* { For Christ, arising from the dead,
 From conquered hell victorious sped:
 And thrust the tyrant down to chains,
 And Paradise for man regains.
7. To Thee, Who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, Lord, Thy people give;
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete.

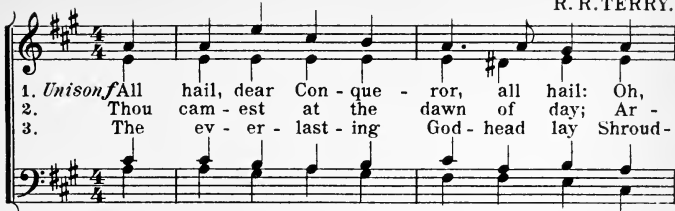
Easter.

69

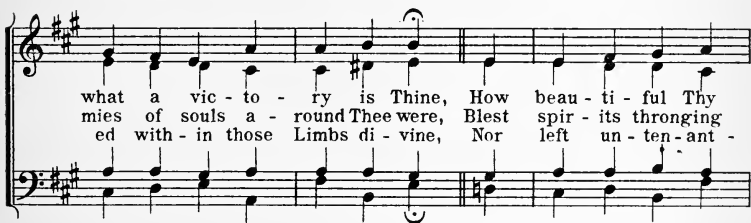
Tu victor Rex.

R. R. TERRY.

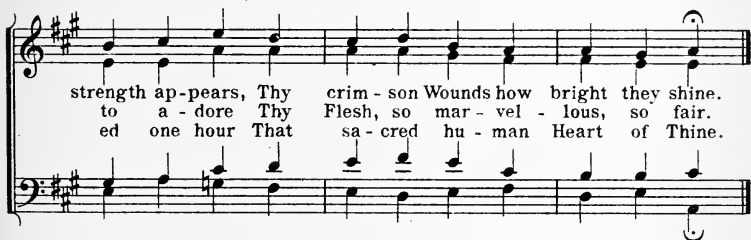
53.



1. *Unison* All hail, dear Con - que - ror, all hail: Oh,
2. Thou cam - est at the dawn of day; Ar -
3. The ev - er - last - ing God - head lay Shroud -



what a vic - to - ry is Thine, How beau - ti - ful Thy
mies of souls a - round Thee were, Blest spir - its thronging
ed with - in those Limbs di - vine, Nor left un - ten - ant -



strength ap - pears, Thy crim - son Wounds how bright they shine.
to a - dore Thy Flesh, so mar - vel - lous, so fair.
ed one hour That sa - cred hu - man Heart of Thine.

4. They worshipped Thee, those ransomed souls,
With the fresh strength of love set free;
They worshipped joyously, and thought
Of Mary, while they looked on Thee.

5. They worshipped, while the beauteous soul
Paused by the Body's wounded Side:
Bright flashed the cave before them stood
The living Jesus glorified.

6. *dim.* Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread;
cres. O sin, thou art undone by love;
f O death, thou art discomfited.

Easter.

Aurora cælum purpurat.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

54.

1. *f* Light's glit-tering morn be-decks the sky, Heaven
 2. While He, the King of glo-rious might, Treads
 3. Fast barred be-neath the stone of late, In

thun-ders forth its vic-tor cry; The glad earth shouts its
 down death's strength in death's despite, And trampling hell by
 watch and ward where sol-diers wait, Now shin-ing in tri-

tri-umph high, And groan-ing hell makes wild re-ply.
 vic-tor's right, Brings forth His sleep-ing Saints to light. A - men.
 umphant state, He ris-es vic-tor from death's gate.

4. Hell's pains are loosed, and tears are fled;
 Captivity is captive led;
 The Angel, crowned with light, hath said:
 "The Lord is risen from the dead."
5. The Apostles' hearts were full of pain
 For their dear Lord so lately slain,
 That Lord His servants wicked train
 With bitter scorn had dared arraign.
6. We pray Thee, King with glory decked,
 In this our paschal joy protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransomed flock, Thine own elect.
7. To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, Lord, Thy people give:
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete.

Ascension-Tide.

71

Aeterne Rex altissime.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

55.

1. *ff* O Thou e-ter-nal King most high! Who didst the world re -
2. *p* There, seat-ed in Thy maj-es-ty, To Thee sub-mis-sive
3. *mf* There, wait-ing for Thy faith-ful souls, Be Thou to us, O

deem And, conquering death and hell, receive A dig-ni-ty su-preme.
bow The heaven of heavens, the earth beneath, The realms of hell be-low.
Lord! Our Joy of joys while here we stay, In heaven our great re-ward.

Thou, through the star-ry orbs, this day, Didst to Thy throne as-cend; Thence-
With trem-bling there the angels see The changed es-tate of man; The
p Re-new our strength, our sins forgive, Our mis-e-ries ef-face; And

forth to reign in sovereign power, And glo-ry without end.
flesh which sinned by Flesh redeemed; Man in the Godhead reign. A-men.
lift our souls a-loft to Thee, By Thy ce-les-tial grace.

4. *mf* So, when Thou shinest on the clouds,
With Thy angelic train,

dim. May we be saved from deadly doom

And our lost crown regain.

Unison f { To Christ returning gloriously
With victory to heaven,
Praise with the Father evermore
And Holy Ghost be given.

Ascension-Tide.

Opus peregristi tuum.

Dr. C. HARFORD LLOYD.

56.

1. *f* Thy sa - cred race, O Lord, is run, Thy
 2. The gates of heaven o - bey the call, And
 3. And she who from Thy o - pened Side Her

work is wrought, Thy vic - tory won; The glo - ry Thou didst
 o - pen to the Lord of all; His throne receives the e -
 be - ing took, Thy ho - ly Bride, Still nour - ished from Thy

leave re - quires Thy pres - ence in su - per - nal choirs.
 ter - nal Son, Both God and Man for - ev - er One.
 Side sur - vives, And life and all from Thee de - rives.

The clouds Thy char - iot, earth a - far Be -
Thou Me - di - a - tor and High-Priest, Fresh
Hence, in the thick - est of the fight, Thy

neath Thy feet, a lit - tle star; Ten thou-sand thou-sand
from the sac - ri - fice re - leased, By love constrained doth
war - riors win their heaven - ly might; And hence Thy mar - tyr

angels sing, To wel-come their re - turn - ing King.
hith-erbring Thy smit-ten Heart's best of - fer - ing. A - men.
sing their psalms, And joy - ous wave tri - umphal palms.

4. Where Thou, the Head art gone, Thy voice
Calls all Thy members to rejoice;
Ah, let them cleave the shining way
Thy footprints through the ether fray.

Unison { To Thee be glory, conquering King,
Who unto heaven Thy way dost wing,
Great Son of the eternal Sire,
Whose Spirit is our one desire.

Ascension-Tide.

Salutis humanæ Sator.

J. FRANCIS.

57.

1. *f* O Thou pure Light of souls that love, True
 2. *mf* What won-drous pit-y Thee o'er-came To
 3. *Unison ff* Thou, burst-ing Ha-des op-en wide, Didst

joy of ev-ery hu-man breast, Sow-er of life's im-
 make our guilt-y load Thine own, And sin-less suf-fer
 all the cap-tive souls un-chain; And thence to Thy dread

mor-tal seed, Our Mak-er and Re-deem-er blest!
 death and shame, For our trans-gres-sions to a-tone.
 Fa-ther's side With glo-rious pomp as-cend a-gain.

4. *p* Oh, still may pity Thee compel
 To heal the wounds of which we die;
 And take us in Thy light to dwell,
 Who for Thy blissful presence sigh.

5. *mf* Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
 Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
 Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
 In death our everlasting Prize.

Whitsun-Tide.

75

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

A. MURLEY.

58.

1. *p* Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it! Vis -
 2. *mf* Who Pa - ra - clete art call - ed, The
 3. Of God's right hand the fin - ger, The

it these souls of Thine; The hearts of Thy cre -
 gift of God a - bove; The ho - ly fire, pure
 Fa - ther's pro - mise true; Who seven-fold gifts be -

at - ing Fill Thou with grace di - vine
 unc - tion, And fount of life and love. A - men.
 stow - est, Who dost the tongue en - due.

4. *p* Pour light upon our senses,
 Our hearts with love inflame,
 And with Thy might supernal
 Make strong our mortal frame.
5. From ghostly foes defend us,
 Thy peace in us fulfil;
 So, Thou before us leading
 We may escape each ill.
6. Through Thee may we the Father
 And Son most high, receive,
 In Thee, from Both proceeding,
 Through endless time believe.
7. (All praise be to the Father,
 Praise to the Son Who rose,
 And praise to Thee, blest Spirit,
 While age on ages flows.
- Unisf*

Whitsun-Tide.

Veni, sancte Spiritus.

S. WEBBE.

(First tune.)

59.

1. *mf* Ho - ly Spir - it, come and shine On our souls with
 2. Come, Con - so - ler, kind - est, best, Come, our bo - som's
 3. O di - vin - est, Light, im - part Un - to ev - ery

beams di - vine, Is - suing from Thy ra - diance bright.
 dear - est guest, Sweet re - fresh - ment, sweet re - pose.
 faith - ful heart Plen - teous streams from love's bright flood.

Come, O Fa - ther of the poor, Ev - er boun - teous
 Rest in la - bor, cool - ness sweet, Tem - per - ing the
 But for Thy blest De - i - ty, Noth - ing pure in

of Thy store, Come, our hearts' un - fail - ing Light.
 burn - ing heat, Tru - est com - fort of our woes.
 man could be, Noth - ing harm - less, noth - ing good.

4. Wash away each sinful stain;
 Gently shed Thy gracious rain
 On the dry and fruitless soul.

Heal each wound and bend each will,
 Warm our hearts benumbed and chill,
 All our wayward steps control.

5. Unto all Thy faithful just,
 Who in Thee confide and trust,
 Deign the seven-fold gift to send.
 Grant us virtue's blest increase,
 Grant a death of hope and peace,
 Grant the joys that never end.

Whitsun-Tide.

77

Veni, sancte Spiritus.

E. M. LOTT.

(Second tune.)

59.

1. *mf* Ho - ly Spir - it, come and shine — On our
2. Come, Con - so - ler, kind - est, best, — Come, our
3. O di - vin - est Light, im - part — Un - to

souls with beams di - vine, Is-suing from Thy ra-diance bright.
bo-som's dear-est guest, Sweet re - fresh-ment, sweet re - pose.
ev - ery faith-ful heart Plenteous streams from love's bright flood.

Come, O Fa-ther of the poor, Ev-er boun-teous of Thy
Rest in la-bor, cool-ness sweet, Tem-per - ing the burn-ing
But for Thy blest De-i ty, Noth-ing pure in man could

store, Come, our hearts' un - fail - ing Light.
heat, Tru-est com - fort of our woes.
be; Noth-ing harm - less, noth - ing good.

4. Wash away each sinful stain,
Gently shed Thy gracious rain
On the dry and fruitless soul.
Heal each wound and bend each will.
Warm our hearts benumbed and chill,
All our wayward steps control.

5. Unto all Thy faithful just,
Who in Thee confide and trust,
Deign the seven-fold gift to send.
Grant us virtue's blest increase,
Grant a death of hope and peace,
Grant the joys that never end.

Whitsun-Tide.

Veni, sancte Spiritus.

Fr. MAHER, S.J.

60.

1. *mf* Come, Ho - ly Ghost, send down those beams Which
 2. O Thou, of com - fort - ers the best; O
 3. Thrice - bless - ed Light, shoot home Thy darts And

sweet - ly flow in si - lent streams From
 Thou, the soul's de - light - ful guest, The
 pierce the cen - tres of those hearts Whose

last st. The

Thy bright throne a - bove;
 pil - grim's sweet re - lief;
 faith as - pires to Thee;

sev - en gifts of Thy Spir - it.

O come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor; O
Thou art true rest in toil and sweat, Re -
With out Thy God - head noth - ing can Have

come, Thou source of all our store;
fresh - ment in the ex - cess of heat,
an - y price or worth in man,
last st. And

Come, fill our hearts with love.
And sol - ace in our grief.
Noth - ing can harm - less be.
end - less joy in - her - it.

4. Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Refresh from heaven our barren clay,
Our wounds and bruises heal;
To Thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with Thy fire our hearts of snow,
Our wandering feet repeal.

5. Grant to Thy faithful, dearest Lord,
Whose only hope is Thy sure word,
The seven gifts of Thy Spirit;
Grant us in life Thy helping grace,
Grant us at death to see Thy Face,
And endless joy inherit.

Whitsun-Tide.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

A. E. BAKER.

61.

1. *mf* Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it blest, And in our
 2. Great Par-a - clete, to Thee we cry, O high - est
 3. Thou in Thy seven-fold gifts art known; The fin - ger

souls take up Thy rest; Come with Thy grace and heavenly
 gift of God most high, O fount of life, O fire of
 of God's hand we own; The pro-mise of the Fa - ther

aid, To fill the hearts that Thou hast made.
 love, And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove. A - men.
 Thou, Who dost the tongue with power en - dow.

4. Our senses kindle from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.
5. Drive far from us the foe we dread,
 And grant us Thy true peace instead;
 So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
 Turn from the path of life aside.
6. O may Thy grace on us bestow
 The Father and the Son to know,
cres. And Thee through endless times confessed
 Of both the eternal Spirit blest.

7. *Unison ff* { All glory while the ages run,
 Be to the Father, and the Son
 Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
 O Holy Ghost eternally.

Whitsun-Tide.

81

Spiritus sancte Deus.

C. MAYLAND.

62.

1. *mf* Grace in - cre - ate! From Whose vi - vif - ic
 2. *f* Hail, Life of life! Hail, Par - a - clete di -
 3. *mf* Thou in the Blood Of Him Who died for

fire All acts that to im - mor - tal
 vine! All jus - tice, sanc - ti - ty, o -
 men, By sac - ra - men - tal el - e -

glo - ry tend Their force ac - quire!
 be - dience, love, And truth are Thine.
 ment ap - plied, Dost wash us clean.

4. Thou to the deeds
 Of every passing hour
 In Thee performed, impartest merit new
 And heavenly power.

5. *più f* From grace to grace
 Oh, grant me to proceed;
cres. And with assisting hand my faltering steps
 To Sion lead!

6. *mf* So may I mount
 In peace the holy hill;
cres. And safe at last by life's eternal fount,
 There drink my fill!

Whitsun-Tide.

Veni, dator numerum.

W. SCHULTHES.

63.

mf Ho - ly Ghost, come down up - on Thy chil - dren,

Give us grace and make us Thine; Thy ten - der fires with-

in us kind - le, Bless - ed Spir - it, Dove di - vine. *Fine.*

1. For all with - in us good and ho - ly
 2. For Thou to us art more 'than fa - ther,
 3. *p* Oh, we have grieved Thee, gra - cious Spir - it,



Is from Thee, Thy pre-cious gift; In all our joys, in
 More than sis - ter, in Thy love So gen - tle, pa-tient
 Way - ward, wan - ton, cold are we; And still our sins, new

all our sor - rows, Wist - ful hearts to Thee we lift.
 and for-bear - ing, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove!
 ev - ery morn - ing, Nev - er yet have wear - ied Thee.

4. *mf* Dear Paraclete, how hast Thou waited
 While our hearts were slowly turned;
 How often hath Thy love been slighted
 While for us it grieved and burned.
 Holy Ghost, &c.

5. Now if our hearts do not deceive us,
 We would take Thee for our Lord;
 O dearest Spirit, make us faithful
 To Thy least and lightest word.
 Holy Ghost, &c.

Whitsun-Tide.

I am Christus astra ascenderat. H. NOBLE POTTLE.

64.

1. *f* A - bove the star - ry spheres To where He was be - fore
 2. *mf* And now had ful - ly come, On mystic cir - cle borne
 3. When, as the A-postles knelt At the third hour in prayer,

Christ had gone up, soon from on high The Father's gift to pour;
 Of seven times seven re - volving days, The Pente - costal morn: A - men.
 A sud - den rush - ing sound proclaimed The God of glo - ry near.

4. Forthwith a tongue of fire
 Alights on every brow;
 Each breast receives the Father's light,
 The Word's enkindling glow.
5. The Holy Ghost on all
 Is mightily outpoured,
 Who straight in divers tongues declare
 The wonders of the Lord.
6. While strangers of all climes
 Flock round from far and near,
 And with amazement, each at once
 Their native accents hear.
7. But faithless still, the Jews
 Deny the Hand divine,
 And madly jeer the Saints of Christ,
 As drunk with new-made wine.
8. Till Peter in the midst
 Stood up, and spake aloud;
 And their perfidious falsity
 By Joel's witness showed.
9. { Praise to the Father be!
 Praise to the Son Who rose!
 Praise, holy Paraclete, to Thee,
 While age on ages flows!

Unison f

Most Holy Trinity.

85

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus.

E. T. COOK.

65.

1. *mf* Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the Saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! though the dark-ness hide Thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
 Cast - ing down their gol - den crowns a - round the glas - sy sea;
 Though the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! — mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 Che - ru - bim and Ser - aph - im — fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly: — there is none be - side Thee

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.

4. *cres.* Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

f All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
poco dim. Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!

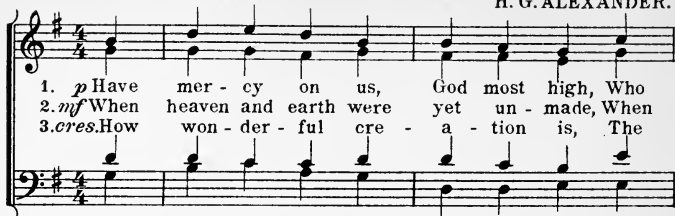
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Most Holy Trinity.

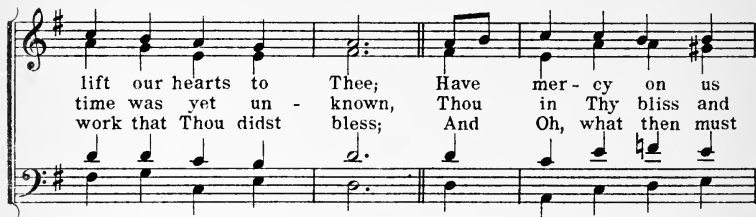
Prayer to the most holy Trinity.

H. G. ALEXANDER.

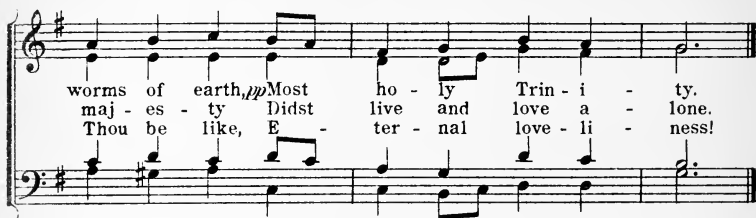
66.



1. *p* Have mer - cy on us, God most high, Who
 2. *mf* When heaven and earth were yet un - made, When
 3. *cres.* How won - der - ful cre - a - tion is, The



lift our hearts to Thee; Have mer - cy on us
 time was yet un - known, Thou in Thy bliss and
 work that Thou didst bless; And Oh, what then must



worms of earth, *pp* Most ho - ly Trin - i - ty.
 maj - es - ty Didst live and love a - lone.
 Thou be like, E - ter - nal love - li - ness!

4. *p* O Majesty most beautiful,
 Most holy Trinity,
 On Mary's throne we climb to get
 A far-off sight of Thee.

5. Oh listen, then, most pitiful,
 To Thy poor creature's heart;
cres. It blesses Thee that Thou art God
 That Thou art what Thou art.

6. *p* Most ancient of all mysteries,
 Before Thy throne we lie;
 Have mercy now, most merciful,
pp Most holy Trinity.

Most Holy Trinity.

87

Aeterna lux, divinitas.

H. M^c CLELLAND.

67.

1. *mf* O Thou im-mor-tal Light di-vine! Dread
 2. Fa-ther! in maj-es-ty en-throned! Thee
 3. As from the Fa-ther in-cre-ate, His

Trin-i-ty in U-ni-ty! Al-might-y One! Al-
 we con-fess with Thy dear Son; Thee, Ho-ly Ghost! e-
 Son and Word e-ter-nal came; So, too, from each the

might-y Trine! Give ear to Thy cre-a-tion's cry.
 ter-nal Bond Of love, u-nit-ing Both in One. A-men.
 Par-a-cte Pro-ceeds, in De-i-ty the same.

4. Three Persons!-among Whom is none
 Greater in majesty or less;
 In substance, essence, nature, One;
 Equal in might and holiness.
5. Three Persons, -One Immensity
 Encircling utmost space and time!
 One Greatness, Glory, Sanctity,
 One everlasting Truth sublime!
6. O Lord, most holy, wise, and just!
 Author of nature! God of grace!
 Grant that as now in Thee we trust,
 So we may see Thee face to face.

7. *Unison f* { To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Triunal Lord of earth and heaven!
 From earth and from the heavenly host
 Be everlasting glory given!

Most Holy Trinity.

Tu Trinitatis Unitas.

H. WHITEHEAD.

68.

1. *mf* Blest Three in One and One in Three, Great
 2. What - e'er in us hath been de - cayed By
 3. *mf* O Light of light, with Thy blest ray, Di -

ru - ler of the world, to Thee Thy sup-pliant peo-ple kneel;
 Sa-tan's fraud, Lord, with Thy aid As - sist us to re - new;
 rect our steps through-out this day We hum-bly Thee im - plore;

Oh, list-en from Thy throne on high, And grant of Thy great
 With bod-ies pure and kin-dling hearts, And shield-ed from temp-
 Praise we the Fa - ther, praise the Son, And Ho - ly Ghost, blest

clem-en - cy Thy balm our wounds to heal.
 ta - tion's darts, May we our path pur - sue. A - men.
 Three in One, Both now and ev - er - more.

Most Holy Trinity.

89

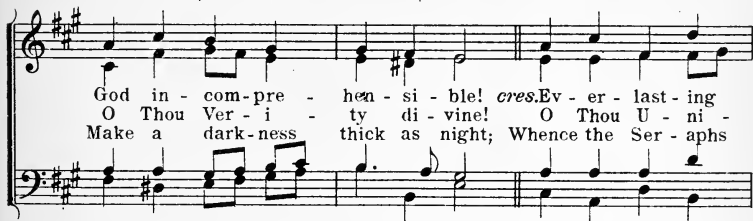
Ter sancte, ter potens Deus.

H. MC CLELLAND.

69.



1. *mf* Lord thrice ho - ly! Lord of might!
 2. O Thou Love for ev - er new!
 3. *mf* All a - round Thee count - less rays



God in - com-pre - hen - si - ble! *cres.* Ev - er - last - ing
 O Thou Ver - i - ty di - vine! O Thou U - ni -
 Make a dark-ness thick as night; Whence the Ser - apha



liv - ing light, Fount of joys in - ef - fa - ble!
 ty most true! Ev - er One, yet ev - er Trine!
 turn their gaze, Blind - ed with ex - cess of light!

4. Born in Thy triunal Name,
 Born in Thee to grace anew,
cres. Thee the sons of men proclaim,
 And extol with glory due!
5. *mf* Thee, the Lord of earth and skies,
 Owning here in faith and love;
cres. E'en on earth they taste the joys
 Stored for happy souls above.
6. *p* Make us, Holy Ghost, to will,
 Teach us, only Son, to know,
 Grant us, Father, to fulfil,
 All Thou wilt us to do!

Most Holy Trinity.

Prayer to the most holy Trinity.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

70.

1. *mf* God the Fa - ther, Who didst make me
 2. *mf* Je - sus Christ, Who didst re - deem me
 3. *mf* Ho - ly Ghost, Whose grace de - scend - ed

p To a - dore and wor - ship Thee, *cres.* Who would'st have me,
 From e - ter - nal mis - er - y, *dim.* Who didst shed Thy
 Sev - en - fold to strengthen me, *cres.* By which grace my

soul and bod - y, Thine for ev - er - more to be;
 Blood to save me On the Cross of Cal - va - ry;
 soul was cleansed From a dark i - niq - ui - ty;

p Oft - en from Thy ways I've wan - dered,
p Oh, what sor - row there I caused Thee,
mf Man - y gifts of Thine I've slight - ed,

E'en each day and ev - ery hour; Time so pre - cious
 Yes, I caused Thine ag - o - ny; By that Cross I
 Gifts be - stowed so lov - ing - ly; But, for love so

spent and squan - dered, Let me con - trite now de - plore.
 now be - seech Thee Look in pit - y down on me.
 un - re - quit - ed, Faith - ful now at last I'll be.

4. *f* Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,

Ever Blessed Trinity,

Oh, what love from me They merit

For such wondrous charity.

cres. Thou, O God, hast made and saved me,

Thou alone my Lord shalt be;

Take me then to serve and love Thee

Now, and in eternity.

Corpus Christi.

Gesù sacramentato.

Rev. F. STANFIELD.

71.

1. *p* Sweet Sa-cra-ment di-vine! Hid in Thine earth-ly home,
 2. *mf* Sweet Sa-cra-ment of peace! Dear home of ev-ery heart
 3. *p* Sweet Sa-cra-ment of rest! Ark from the o-c-ean's roar,

Lo! round Thy low-ly shrine, With sup-pliant hearts we come;
 Where rest-less yearnings cease, And sor-rows all de-part;
 With-in Thy shel-ter blest, Soon may we reach the shore.

Je-sus, to Thee our voice we raise, In songs of love and
 There in Thine ear, all trust-ful-ly, We tell our tale of
 Save us, for still the tem-pest raves, Save, lest we sink be-

heart-felt praise, Sweet Sa-cra-ment di-vine! Sweet Sacrament di-vine!
 mis-er-y, Sweet Sa-cra-ment of peace! Sweet Sacrament of peace!
 neath the waves, Sweet Sa-cra-ment of rest! Sweet Sacrament of rest!

4. *mf* Sweet Sacrament divine!
 Earth's light and jubilee,
 In Thy far depths doth shine
 Thy Godhead's Majesty:
 Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray,
 That earthly joys may fade away,
 Sweet Sacrament divine.

The last line of last stanza is repeated.

Corpus Christi.

93

To Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. A. EDMONDS TOZER.

72.

1. *mf* When the lov - ing Shep - herd, Ere He left the earth,
2. *mf* Ere He makes us part - ners Of His realm on high,
3. *f* Je - sus, food of an - gels, Mon - arch of the heart;

dim. Shed to pay our ran - som, *p* Blood of price - less worth -
cres. Hap - py and im - mor - tal With Him in the sky—
Oh, that I could nev - er From Thy Face de - part;

These His lambs so cher - ished, Pur - chased for His own,
f Love im - mense, stu - pen - dous, Makes Him here be - low
Yes, Thou ev - er dwell - est Here for love of me,

cres. He would not a - ban - don In the world a - lone.
Part - ner of our ex - ile *dim.* In this world of woe.
dim. Hid - den Thou re - main - est God of Maj - es - ty.

4. *f* Soon I hope to see Thee,
And enjoy Thy love,
cres. Face to face, sweet Jesus,
In Thy heaven above.
But on earth an exile,
My delight shall be
Ever to be near Thee,
dim. Veiled for love of me.

Corpus Christi.

*The Blessed Sacrament.**(First tune for a choir only.)*

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

73.

1. *mf* Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all! —
 2. *f* Had I but Ma - ry's sin - less heart —
 3. *mf* Oh see! with - in a crea - ture's hand —

How can I love Thee as I ought? —
 To love Thee with, my dear - est King, —
 The vast Cre - a - tor deigns to be, —

And how re - vere this won - drous gift, —
 Oh, with what bursts of fer - vent praise —
 Re - pos - ing in - fant - like, as though —

So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?
Thy good - ness, Je - sus, would I sing!
On Jo - seph's arm, or Ma - ry's knee.

p Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore,
p Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore,
p Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore,

O make us love Thee more and more.
O make us love Thee more and more.
O make us love Thee more and more.

4. *mf* Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all,
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
f For all Thou hast and art are mine.
p Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

5. *ff* Sound, sound His praises higher still
And come, ye angels, to our aid;
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God
Whose power both men angels made.
p Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

Corpus Christi.

The Blessed Sacrament.

G. HERBERT.

(Second tune.)

73.

1. *mf* Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all!
 2. *f* Had I but Ma - ry's sin - less heart
 3. *mf* Oh see! with - in a crea - ture's hand

How can I love Thee as — I ought?
 To love Thee with, my dear - est King,
 The vast Cre - a - tor deigns to be,

And how re - vere this won - drous gift,
 Oh, with what bursts of fer - vent praise
 Re - pos - ing in - fant - like, as though

So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?
Thy good - ness, Je - sus, would I sing!
On Jo - seph's arm, or Ma - ry's knee.

p Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore,
p Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore,
p Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore,

O make us love Thee more and more.
O make us love Thee more and more.
O make us love Thee more and more.

4. *mf* Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all,
O mystery of love divine!

I cannot compass all I have,

f For all Thou hast and art are mine.

p Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,

O make us love Thee more and more.

5. *Unison ff* { Sound, sound His praises higher still
And come, ye angels, to our aid;
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God
Whose power both men and angels made.
p Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

This hymn may at all times appropriately precede the Benediction Service, and for the sake of variety the two tunes may be sung to alternate stanzas. Should this plan be adopted, the hymn may begin with either tune, but the first should be sung in parts by the choir, and the second in unison by the congregation.

Corpus Christi.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

G. STEINER.

74.

1. *p* Word of God to earth de - scend - ing,
 2. Well the trai - tor's kiss fore - know - ing—
 3. Ho - ly Bod - y, Blood all pre - cious,

With the Fa - ther pres - ent still, Near His earth - ly
 Mir - a - cle of love di - vine See His Hands Him -
 Given by Him to be our Food, *cres.* With them Both He

jour - ney's end - ing Hastes His mis - sion to ful - fil.
 self be - stow - ing In the hal - lowed Bread and Wine. A - men.
 doth re - fresh us, Formed like Him of flesh and blood.

4. *mf* Born, a Brother dear He gave us;
 At His board the Banquet He;
 On the Cross He died to save us;
 Reigneth our felicity.

5. *piu f* Mighty Victim, earth's Salvation,
 Heaven's own gate unfolding wide,
p Help Thy people in temptation,
 Feed them from Thy bleeding Side.

6. *f* Unto Thee, the hidden Manna,
 Father, Spirit, unto Thee
 Let us raise the loud hosanna,
rit. e dim. And adoring bend the knee.

Corpus Christi.

99

Verbum supernum prodiens.

W. RATCLIFFE.

75.

1. *mf* The Word, de - scend - ing from a - bove, Though
 2. *p* He short - ly to a death ac - cursed By
 3. *mf* Him - self in ei - ther kind He gave; He

with the Fa - ther still on high, Went forth up - on His
 a dis - ci - ple shall be given; But, to His twelve dis -
 gave His Flesh, He gave His Blood; Of flesh and blood all

work of love, *dim.* And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.
 ci - ples, first He gives Him - self, the Bread from heaven.
 men are made; And He of man would be the Food.

4. At birth our Brother He became;
 At meat Himself as food He gives;
 To ransom us He died in shame;
cres. As our reward, in bliss He lives.

Corpus Christi.

Adoro te devote latens Deitas.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

76.

1. *p* O God-head hid, de - vout - ly I a -
 2. Sight, touch, and taste in Thee are each de -
 3. *mf* God on - ly on the Cross lay hid from

dore Thee, Who tru - ly art with -
 ceiv - ed; The ear a - lone most
 view, — But here lies hid at

in the forms be - fore me; To Thee my heart I
 safe - ly is be - liev - ed: *cres.* I trust to all the
 once the Man-hood too; — And I, in both pro -

bow with bend - ed knee, — As fail - ing
 Son of God hath spok - en; Than Truth's own
 fess - ing my be - lief, — Make the same

quite in — con - tem - plat - ing Thee. —
 word there is no tru - er tok - en.
 prayer as — the re - pent - ant thief. —

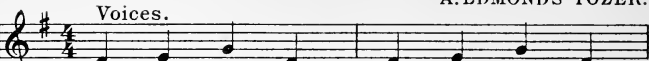
4. Thy Wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see,
cres. Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be;
 Make me believe Thee ever more and more;
 In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.
5. *pO* Thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying;
cres. O living Bread, to mortals life supplying;
 Make Thou my soul henceforth on Thee to live,
 Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.
6. *pO* loving Pelican; O Jesu, Lord!
 Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy Blood;
 Of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,
cres. Can purge the universe from all its guilt.
7. *pp* Jesu, Whom for the present veiled I see,
 What I so thirst for, Oh, vouchsafe to me;
cres. That I may see Thy Countenance unfolding,
 And may be blest Thy glory in beholding.

Corpus Christi.

Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

Voices.



1. *f* Sing, my tongue, the Sav - iour's glo - ry,
 2. *Trebles.* Of a pure and spot - less Vir - gin
 3. *Men. mf* On the night of that Last Sup - per,

77.



Organ.

Of His Flesh the mys - tery sing; Of the Blood, all
 Born for us on earth be - low, He, as man with
 Seat - ed with His chos - en band, He, the pas - chal

price ex - ceed - ing, Shed by our im - mor - tal King,
 man con - vers - ing, Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;
 vic - tim eat - ing, First ful - fils the law's com - mand:

Des - tined for the world's re - demp - tion,
dim. Then He closed in sol - emn or - der
 Then as Food to all His breth - ren

From a no - ble womb to spring.
 Won - drous - ly His life of woe. A - men.
 Gives Him - self with His own Hand.

4. *Trebles.* Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
 By His word to Flesh He turns;
 Wine into His Blood He changes:-
 What though sense no change discerns?
 Only be the heart in earnest,
 Faith her lesson quickly learns.

5. *Men. p* Down in adoration falling,
 Lo, the sacred Host we hail;
 Lo, o'er ancient forms departing,
 Newer rites of grace prevail;
cres. Faith for all defects supplying,
 Where the feeble senses fail.

6. *Full. ff* To the everlasting Father,
 And the Son Who reigns on high,
 With the Holy Ghost proceeding
 Forth from Each eternally,
 Be salvation, honor, blessing,
 Might and endless majesty.

The directions for antiphonal singing are optional.

Corpus Christi.

Hoste dum victo triumphans.

J. C. BOWEN.

78.

1. *mf* When the Pa-triarch was re-turn-ing Crowned with tri-umph
 2. On the truth thus dim-ly shadowed La - ter days a
 3. Wondrous Gift! The Word Who fashioned All things by His

from the fray, Him the peace - ful king of Sa - lem
 lus-tre shed; When the great High - Priest e - ter - nal,
 might di - vine, Bread in - to His Bod - y chang-es,

Came to meet up - on his way; Meek - ly bear-ing
 Un - der forms of wine and bread, For the world's im -
 In - to His own Blood the wine; What though sense no

bread and wine, Ho - ly priest-hood's aw - ful sign.
 mor-tal Food Gave His Flesh and gave His Blood.
 change per - ceives, Faith ad-mires, a - dores, be - lieves.

4. He Who once to die a Victim
 On the Cross did not refuse,
 Day by day upon our altars
 That same Sacrifice renews;
 Through His holy priesthood's hands, Faithful to His last commands.
5. While the people all uniting
 In the Sacrifice sublime,
 Offer Christ to His high Father,
 Offer up themselves with Him;
 Then together with the priest
 On the living Victim feast.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

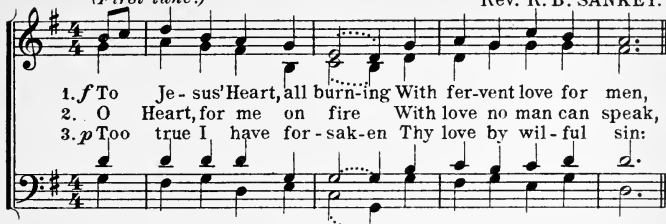
105

Cor amoris.

(First tune.)

Rev. R. B. SANKEY.

79.



1. *f* To Je - sus' Heart, all burn-ing With fer-vent love for men,
 2. O Heart, for me on fire With love no man can speak,
 3. *p* Too true I have for-sak-en Thy love by wil-ful sin:

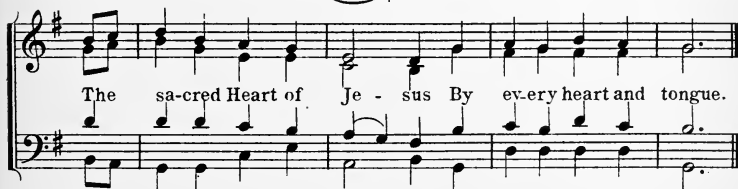


My heart with fon-dest yearn-ing Shall raise its joy-ful strain.
 My yet un - told de - sire God gives me for Thy sake.
 Yet now let me be tak-en Back by Thy grace a - gain.

Unison (ad lib).



While ag-es course a - long, Blest be with loud-est song.



The sa-cred Heart of Je - sus By every heart and tongue.

4. *mf* As Thou art meek and lowly,
 And ever pure of heart,
 So may my heart be wholly
 Of Thine the counterpart.
f While ages &c.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Cor amoris.

Fr. MAHER, S.J.

(Second tune.)

79.

1. *f* To Je - sus' Heart, all burn - ing With
 2. O Heart, for me on fire With
 3. Too true I have for - sak - en Thy

fer - vent love for men, My heart with fon - dest
 love no man can speak, My yet un - told de -
 love by wil - ful sin: Yet now let me be

yearn - ing Shall raise its joy - ful strain.
 sire God gives me for Thy sake.
 tak - en Back by Thy grace a - gain.

Unison.

While ag-es course a - long, Blest be with loud-est song

The sa-credHeart of Je - sus By ev-ery heart and tongue,

The sa-credHeart of Je - sus By ev-ery heart and tongue.

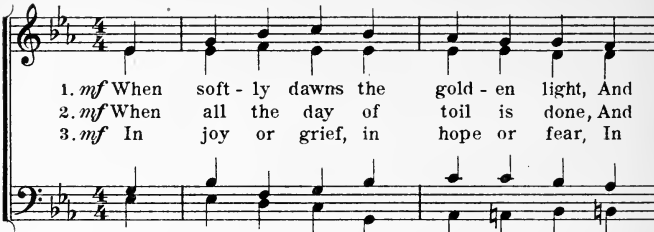
4. *mf* As Thou art meek and lowly,
 And ever pure of heart,
 So may my heart be wholly
 Of Thine the counterpart.
 While ages course along,
 Blest be with loudest song
 The sacred Heart of Jesus
 By every heart and tongue.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

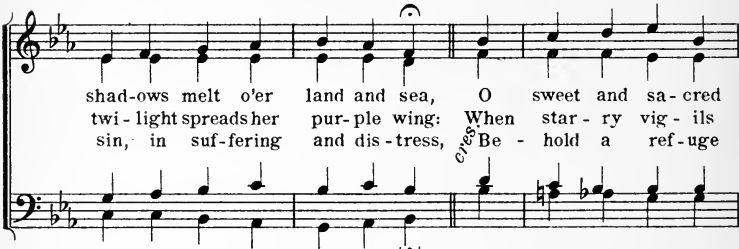
I sleep, but My Heart watcheth.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

80.



1. *mf* When soft - ly dawns the gold - en light, And
 2. *mf* When all the day of toil is done, And
 3. *mf* In joy or grief, in hope or fear, In



shad-ows melt o'er land and sea, O sweet and sa - cred
 twi - light spreads her pur - ple wing: When star - ry vig - ils
 sin, in suf - fer - ing and dis - tress, Be - hold a ref - uge



Heart of Christ, We con - se - crate our souls to Thee!
 have be - gun Be - fore the Eu - char - ist - ic King,
 ev - er near, To heal, to com - fort, and to bless.

p Be - fore Thine al - tar's ho - ly throne, The
cres. As earth's poor lov - ers at the tryst With
piu f In light or dark - ness, life and death, In

while we hum-bly kneel and pray, We bring to Thee, to
 ar - dor to the loved one flee, O true and ten - der
 Time and in E - ter - ni - ty, De - vot - ed Heart, with

Thee a - lone, The of - fer - ing of the new - born day.
 Heart of Christ, *dim.* We haste to give the night to Thee!
 trust - ing faith, We con - se - crate our all to Thee!

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Summi Parentis Filio.

H. WHITEHEAD.

81.

1. *f* To Christ, the Prince of Peace, And
 2. *p* Deep in His Heart for us The
 3. *mf* O Je - su, Vic - tim blest, What

Son of God most high, The Fa - ther of the
 Wound of love He bore; That love, where - with He
 else but love di - vine Could Thee con - strain to

world to come, Sing we with ho - ly joy.
 still in - flames The hearts that Him a - dore. A - men.
 o - pen thus That sa - cred Heart of Thine?

4. *Unison* *f* { O Fount of endless life
 O Spring of waters clear,
 O Flame celestial, cleansing all
 Who unto Thee draw near.

5. *mf* Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
 For hither do I fly;
 There seek Thy grace through life, in death
 Thine immortality.

6. *Unison* *f* { Praise to the Father be,
 And sole begotten Son;
 Praise, holy Paraclete, to Thee,
 While endless ages run.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

111

O Cor Jesu.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

82.

1. *mf* O sa - cred Heart! Our home lies deep in
 2. *mf* O sa - cred Heart! Thou fount of con-trite
 3. *più f* O sa - cred Heart! Our trust is all in

Thee, *cres.* On earth Thou art an ex - ile's rest, In
 tears, *cres.* Where - 'er those liv - ing wa - ters flow, New
 Thee; For though earth's night be dark and drear, Thou

heaven the glo - ry of the blest, O sa - cred Heart!
 life to sin - ners they be - stow, O sa - cred Heart!
 breath - est rest where Thou art near, O sa - cred Heart!

4. *p* O sacred Heart!

dim. When shades of death shall fall,
 Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care,
 And save us from the tempter's snare;
 O sacred Heart!

5. *mf* O sacred Heart!

Lead exiled children home,
cres. Where we may ever rest near Thee,
 In peace and joy eternally:
 O sacred Heart!

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Piercing of the sacred Heart.

A. BARCLAY.

83.

1. *mf* Love, thou dost all ex - cel; From
 2. 'Tis there that I would meet ^{eyes} Those
 3. *mf* There al - so would I greet Those

that dear Heart's most deep re-cess The last, last drop flowed
 who to me most glad-ness bring, Round whom my heart's af -
 who per-chance de - spise me here; *p* Those who have caused a

out, to bless The earth where - on it fell. _____
 fec-tions cling In ten - der - ness most sweet. _____
 pang, a tear; Then peace would be com - plete. _____

Oh, char - i - ty im - mense; And
No be - ing on this earth In
Calm ref - uge of the soul! Oh,

we, with - in that wound-ed Side, As in a sa - cred
our warm love should claim a part, Save in and through the
that we might Thy shelt-er win From the dread wea - ri -

home may hide Our joys, our pen - i - tence.
sa - cred Heart, Which gives to love its worth.
ness of sin, Whose waves so wild - ly roll!

4. There we might ever dwell;
It is not, Lord, Thy love that fails;
But when the evil one assails,
Alas, we strive not well.

poco cres. Yet, pardon us once more:

Let us for ever hide in Thee;
mf So shall life's pain and misery
cres. And weariness be o'er.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Auctor beate sæculi.

E.A. HEDGCOCK.

84.

1. *f* Je - su, Cre - a - tor of the world, Of
 2. That self-same love which made the sky, Which
 3. O Je - su, in Thy Heart di - vine Shall

all man-kind Re - deem-er blest; True God of God, in
 made the sea, and stars, and earth, Took pit - y on our
 that same love for ev - er glow, For ev - er mer - cy

Whom we see The Fa-ther's im-age clear ex-pressed:
 mis - er - y, And broke the bond-age of our birth. A - men.
 to man-kind From that ex-haust-less fount-ain flow.

4. *p* For this Thy sacred Heart was pierced,
 And both with Blood and Water ran;
cres. To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
f And be the hope and strength of man.

5. *Unison ff* { To God the Father and the Son,
 All praise and power and glory be,
 With Thee, O holy Paraclete,
 Henceforth through all eternity.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

115

Fons amoris.

L. BEHR.

85.

1. *f* O Heart of Je-sus, Heart of God, O source of boundless love,
 2. *mf* The poor-est, saddest heart on earth May claim Thee for its own;
 3. *mf* The ver-y sound of those sweet words The "Sacred Heart," can give

By an-gels praised, by Saints a-dored, From their bright thrones a - bove!
 O burning, throb-bing Heart of Christ, Too late, too lit - tle known!
 To the most lone and bur-den-ed soul Strength to en - dure and live.

4. *p* A mother may forget her child,
 A father prove untrue;
 A brother or a sister turn
 Unkind and thankless too.
5. The hearts of men are often hard
 And full of selfish care:
cres. But in the sacred Heart we find
 A refuge from despair.
6. *mf* To Thee, my Jesus, then I come,
 A poor and helpless child;
 And on Thine own words, "Come to Me,"
 My only hope I build.
7. *p* The world is cold, and life is sad,
 I crave the blessed rest
 Of those who lay their weary heads
 Upon Thy sacred Breast.
8. *cres.* For love is stronger far than death,
 And who can love like Thee,
 My Saviour, Whose appealing Heart
dim. Broke on the Cross for me?
9. *mf* The purest, deepest earthly love,
 What is it, Lord, to Thine?
cres. A single drop from that great fount,
 Eternal and divine.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Cor amans.

C. SCHMIDT.

86.

1. *mf* I dwell a cap - tive in this Heart, In -
 2. It is the Heart of God's own Son, In
 3. *mf* Here like the dove with - in the ark Se -

flamed with love di - vine; 'Tis here I live a -
 His Hu - man - i - ty, Who, all en - am - ored
 cure - ly I re - pose; *cres.* Since now the Lord is

lone in peace, *cres.* And con - stant joy is mine.
 of my soul, Here burns with love of me.
 my de - fence, I fear no earth - ly foes.

4. *mf* What though I suffer, still in love
cres. I ever true will be;

My love of God shall deeper grow
 When crosses fall on me.

5. * From every bond of earth, O Lord,
 Thy grace hath set me free;

cres. My soul delivered from the snare
 Enjoys true liberty.

6. *f* Naught more can I desire than this,
 To see Thy Face in heaven;

And this I hope since He on earth
 His Heart in pledge hath given.

Most Precious Blood of Jesus.

117

Viva, viva Gesù.

(First tune.)

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

87.

1. *mf* Hail, Je - sus, hail, Who for my sake Sweet
2. *Unison* To end - less ag - es let us praise The
3. *Menof* O sweet - est Blood, that canst im-plore Par -

Blood from Ma-ry's veins didst take And shed it all for me;
precious Blood, whose price could raise The world from wrath and sin;
don of God, and heaven re-store, The heaven which sin had lost;

cres. Oh, bless - ed be my Sa-viour's Blood, *f* My life, my light, my
Whose streams our in-ward thirst ap-peace, And heal the sin-ner's
While A - bel's blood for ven-geance pleads, *cres.* What Je - sus shed still

on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
worst dis - ease, If he but bathe there in.
in - ter - cedes For those who wrong Him most.

4. *più f* Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood excels
Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.

5. *ff* Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
Unison. When this sweet song we raise:
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The precious Blood to praise.

Most Precious Blood of Jesus.

Viva, viva Gesù.

V. NOVELLO.

(Second tune.)

87.

1. *mf* Hail, Je - sus, hail, Who for my sake Sweet
 2. *Unison f* To end - less ag - es let us praise The
 3. *meno f* O sweet - est Blood, that canst im-plore Par-

Blood from Ma - ry's veins didst take And shed it all for
 pre-cious Blood, whose price could raise The world from wrath and
 don of God, and heaven re - store, The heaven which sin had

me, — And shed it all for me; —
 sin, — The world from wrath and sin; —
 lost, — The heaven which sin had lost; —

cres. Oh, bless - ed be my Sa - viour's Blood, My
 Whose streams our in - ward thirst ap - pease, And
 While A - bel's blood for ven - geance pleads, *cres.* What

life, my light, my on - ly good, My life, my light, my
 heal the sin - ner's worst dis - ease, And heal the sin - ner's
 Je - sus shed still in - ter - cedés, What Je - sus shed still

on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
 worst dis - ease, If he but bathe there - in.
 in - ter - cedés For those who wrong Him most.

4. *pizz.* *f* Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
 Of Christ's own sacred Blood excels
 Earth's best and highest bliss:
 The ministers of wrath divine
 Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
 With those red drops of His.

5. *Unison ff* { Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,
 And hell's despairing courage faints
 When this sweet song we raise:
 Oh, louder then, and louder still,
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
 The precious Blood to praise.

When this hymn is sung to the 2nd tune, third and fifth lines in each stanza must be repeated.

Most Precious Blood of Jesus.

Salvete, Christi vulnera.

G. L. EATON.

88.

1. *f* Hail Wounds! which through e - ter - nal years The
 2. More pre - cious than the gems of Ind, Than
 3. Through you is o - pened to our souls A

love of Je - sus show; Hail Wounds! from whence un -
 all the stars more fair; Nor hon - ey - comb, nor
 ref - uge safe and calm, Whith - er no rag - ing

fail - ing streams Of grace and glo - ry flow.
 fra-grant rose, Can once with you com - pare. A - men.
 en - e - my Can reach to work us harm.

4. *p* Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
 His Blood for us He drains;
 Till for Himself, O wondrous love!
 No single drop remains.

Oh, come all ye on whom abide
 The deadly stains of sin!
 Come! wash in this encrimsoned tide,
 And ye shall be made clean.

5. *Unison f* { Praise Him Who with the Father sits
 Enthroned upon the skies;
 Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt,
 Whose Spirit sanctifies.

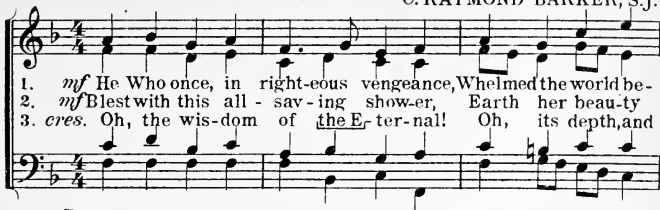
Most Precious Blood of Jesus.

121

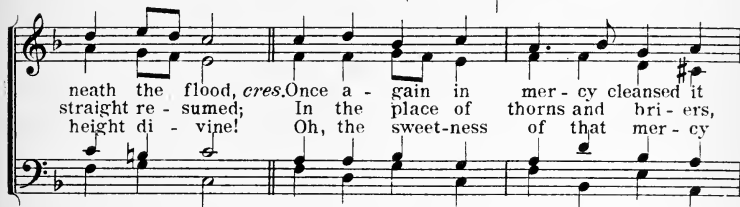
Ira justa Conditoris.

C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J.

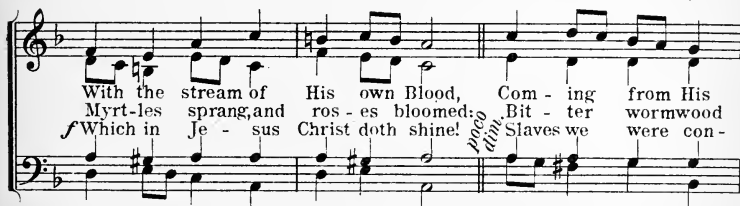
89.



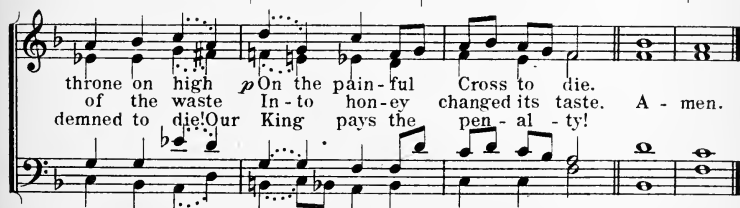
1. *mf* He Who once, in right-eous ven-gence, Whelmed the world be-
 2. *mf* Blest with this all - sav-ing show-er, Earth her beau-ty
 3. *cres.* Oh, the wis-dom of the E-ter-nal! Oh, its depth, and



neath the flood, *cres.* Once a - gain in mer - cy cleansed it
 straight re - sumed; In the place of thorns and bri - ers,
 height di - vine! Oh, the sweet-ness of that mer - cy



With the stream of His own Blood, Com - ing from His
 Myrt-les sprang, and ros-es bloomed, Bit - ter wormwood
f Which in Je - sus Christ doth shine! *poco dim.* Slaves we were con -



throne on high *p* On the pain-ful Cross to die.
 of the waste In - to hon-ey changed its taste. A - men.
 demned to die! Our King pays the pen - al - ty!

4. *pp* When before the Judge we tremble, 5. *f* Prince and Author of Salvation!

Conscious of His broken laws,
 May this Blood, in that dread hour,
 Cry aloud, and plead our cause:
 Bid our guilty terrors cease,
 Be our pardon and our peace.

Lord of majesty supreme!
 Jesus! praise to Thee be given
 By the world Thou didst redeem;
 Who with the Father and the Spirit,
 Reignest in eternal merit.

Most Precious Blood of Jesus.

Viva, viva Gesù.

(First tune.)

E. NORTON.

90.

1. *f* Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Who in bit - ter pains
 2. *Unison f* Grace and life e - ter - nal In that Blood I find;
 3. Blest through end-less ag - es Be the pre-cious stream,

p Poured for me the life - Blood From His sa - cred Veins.
 Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind!
 Which from end-less tor - ment Doth the world re - deem.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 4. There the fainting spirit Drinks of life her fill; There, as in a fountain, Laves herself at will. | 5. O the Blood of Christ! it Soothes the Father's ire; Opes the gate of heaven, Quells eternal fire. |
| 6. <i>mf</i> Abel's blood for vengeance Pleaded to the skies; <i>cres.</i> But the Blood of Jesus For our pardon cries. | 7. <i>mf</i> Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilty hearts, <i>cres.</i> Satan in confusion Terror-struck departs. |
| 8. <i>f</i> Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high, Hell with terror trembles, Heaven is filled with joy. | 9. <i>ff</i> Lift ye, then, your voices, <i>Unison.</i> Swell the mighty flood; Louder still, and louder Praise the precious Blood! |

Most Precious Blood of Jesus.

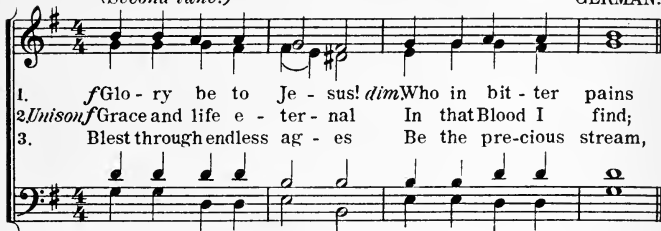
123

Viva, viva Gesù.

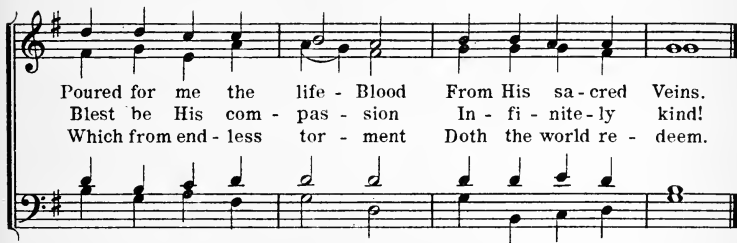
(Second tune.)

GERMAN.

90.



1. *f* Glo - ry be to Je - sus! *dim* Who in bit - ter pains
 2. *Unison* *f* Grace and life e - ter - nal In that Blood I find;
 3. Blest through endless ag - es Be the pre - cious stream,



Poured for me the life - Blood From His sa - cred Veins.
 Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind!
 Which from end - less tor - ment Doth the world re - deem.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 4. There the fainting spirit Drinks of life her fill; There, as in a fountain, Laves herself at will. | 5. O the Blood of Christ! it Soothes the Father's ire; Opes the gate of heaven, Quells eternal fire. |
| 6. Abel's blood for vengeance Pleaded to the skies; <i>cres.</i> But the Blood of Jesus For our pardon cries. | 7. <i>mf</i> Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilty hearts, <i>cres.</i> Satan in confusion Terror-struck departs. |
| 8. <i>f</i> Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high, Hell with terror trembles, Heaven is filled with joy. | 9. <i>ff</i> Lift ye, then, your voices, <i>Unison.</i> Swell the mighty flood; Louder still, and louder Praise the precious Blood! |

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Quem terra, pontus, sidera.

H. WARE.

91.

1. *mf* Thou God, Whom earth, and sea and sky, A -
 2. How blest that Moth - er, in whose shrine The
 3. Blest in the mes - sage Ga-briel brought, Blest

dore, and laud, and mag - ni - fy; Who o'er their three - fold
 world's Cre - a - tor, Lord di - vine, Whose Hand con - tains the
 by the work the Spir - it wrought; From whom the great de -

fab - ric reigns, The Vir - gin's spot - less womb contains.
 earth and sky, Vouch - safed, as in His ark, to lie. A - men.
 sire of earth Took hu - man flesh and hu - man birth.

4. *Unison f* { All honor, laud and glory be
 O Jesu, Virgin-born to Thee;
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

125

Ave, maris stella.

J. RICHARDSON.

92.

1. *f* Hail, thou re-splend-ent Star, — That
 2. Hail, hap-py gate of bliss, — Greet -
 3. *mf* Loos - en the sin - ners bands; All

shin - est o'er the main, Blest Moth - er of our
 ed by Ga-briel's tongue E - stab - lish us in
 ev - ils drive a - - way; Bring light un - to the

God, And ev - er - Vir - gin Queen.
 peace, And can - cel E - va's wrong. A - men.
 blind; And for all grac - es pray.

4. Exert a Mother's care,
 And us thy children own;
 To Him convey our prayer
 Who chose to be thy Son.
5. O pure and spotless Maid,
 Whose virtues all excel;
 Oh, make us chaste and mild,
 And all our passions quell.
6. Preserve our lives unstained,
 And guard us on our way,
cres. Until we come with thee
 To joys that ne'er decay.
6. (Praise to the Father be,
 With Christ His only Son,
 And to the Holy Ghost,
 Thrice-blessed Three in One.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Quickly. *Stella Maris.*

Trebles & Altos.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

93.

1. A-ve Ma-ri-a! thou Vir-gin and Mother, Fond-ly thy
 2. A-ve Ma-ri-a! the nightshades are fall-ing, Soft-ly our
 3. A-ve Ma-ri-a! thy chil-dren are kneeling Words of en-

chil-dren are call-ing to thee; Thine are the grac-es, un-
 voic-es a-rise un-to thee! Earth's lone-ly ex-iles for
 dear-ment are whis-pered to thee; Soft-ly thy spir-it up-

claimed by an-oth-er, Sinless and beau-ti-ful-Star of the Sea.
 suc-cor are call-ing, Sinless and beau-ti-ful-Star of the Sea.
 on us is steal-ing, Sinless and beau-ti-ful-Star of the Sea.

4. *cres.* Ave Maria! thy arms are extending,
 Gladly within them for shelter we flee;
 Are thy sweet eyes on thy lonely ones bending?
 Sinless and beautiful-Star of the Sea.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

127

Stella Maris.

J. RICHARDSON.

94.



1. *p* Sweet Moth-er, turn those gen-tle eyes Of pit - y
 2. In dark temp - ta - tion's drear-y hour To thee, bright
 3. Through all my joys and cares, sweet Maid! May I still

down on me; — Oh! hear thy suppliant's tear-ful cries, My
 Queen, we flee; — Oh! then ex - ert thy Moth-er's power When
 look on thee — Who bore the price our ran-som paid, And

hum-ble prayers do not de-spise, Star of the path-less sea.
 storms are rough, and tem-pests lour, Star of the ra - ging sea.
 ne'er the suppliant's cry hath stayed, Star of the az - ure sea.

4. *pp* And when my last expiring sigh
 My soul from earth shall free;
poco cres. Do thou, bright Queen of saints, stand nigh,
 And bear it up to God on high,
 Star of the boundless sea.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

"I am the Immaculate Conception."

LOURDES PILGRIMS' TUNE.

95.

1. *f* Im - ma - cu - late Ma - ry! Our hearts are on fire;
 2. *mf* We pray for God's glo - ry, May His king - dom come;
 3. *mf* We pray for our Moth - er, The Church up - on earth,

That ti - tle so won - drous Fills all our de - sire!
 We pray for His Vi - car, Our Fa - ther in Rome.
 And bless, sweetest La - dy, The land of our birth.

Org.

Unison.

A - ve, A - ve, A - ve, Ma - ri - a!

ff

ad lib.

A - ve, A - ve, Ma - ri - a! A - men.

In the chorus to this hymn, as arranged above, the Latin words receive their proper accent, or quantity. The "popular" rendering of the melody, as sung in other countries, makes this impossible.

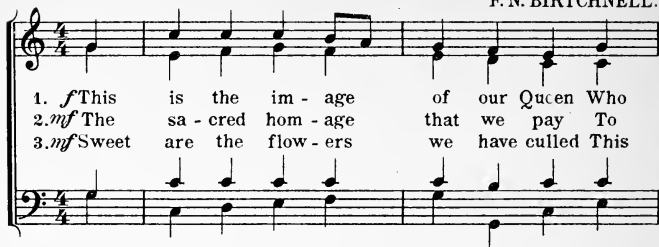
4. *mf* We pray for all sinners,
And souls that now stray
From Jesus and Mary
In heresy's way.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!
5. *p* For poor, sick, afflicted,
Thy mercy we crave;
And comfort the dying,
Thou light of the grave!
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!
6. *mf* There is no need, Mary,
Nor ever hath been,
Which thou canst not succor
Immaculate Queen.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!
7. *mf* In grief and temptation,
In joy, or in pain,
cres. We'll seek thee, our Mother,
f Nor seek thee in vain.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!
8. *mf* O bless us, dear Lady,
With blessings from heaven,
And to our petitions
Let answer be given.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!
9. *pp* In death's solemn moment,
Our Mother, be nigh;
As children of Mary
O teach us to die!
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!
10. *mf* And crown thy sweet mercy
With this special grace,
cres. To behold soon in heaven
f God's ravishing Face.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!
11. *f* Now to God be all glory
And worship for aye,
And to God's Virgin Mother
An endless Ave.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

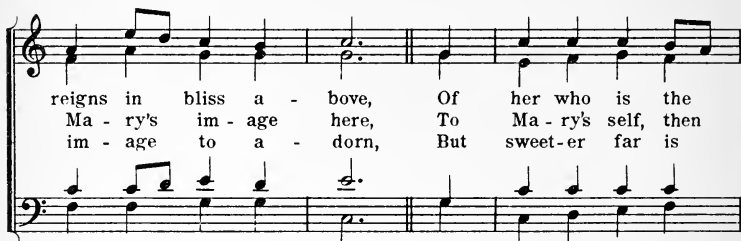
Hymn for the month of Mary.

F. N. BIRTCHNELL.

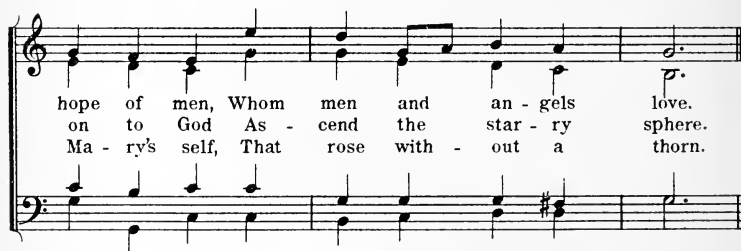
96.



1. *f* This is the im - age of our Queen Who
 2. *mf* The sa - cred hom - age that we pay To
 3. *mf* Sweet are the flow - ers we have culled This



reigns in bliss a - bove, Of her who is the
 Ma - ry's im - age here, To Ma - ry's self, then
 im - age to a - dorn, But sweet - er far is



hope of men, Whom men and an - gels love.
 on to God As - cend the star - ry sphere.
 Ma - ry's self, That rose with - out a thorn.

p Most ho - ly Ma - ry, at thy feet I
p Most ho - ly Ma - ry, at thy feet I
p Most ho - ly Ma - ry, at thy feet I

bend a sup-pliant knee; In this thine own sweet
 bend a sup-pliant knee; In this thine own sweet
 bend a sup-pliant knee; In this thine own sweet

month of May, Pray thou to God for me.
 month of May, Pray thou to God for me.
 month of May, Pray thou to God for me.

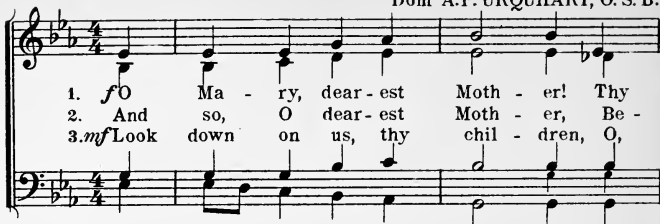
4. *mf* O Lady, by the stars that make
 A glory round thy head,
 And by thy pure uplifted hands
 That for thy children plead,
p When at the Judgment-seat I stand,
dim. And my dread Saviour see,
pp When hell is raging for my soul,
 Pray thou to God for me.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

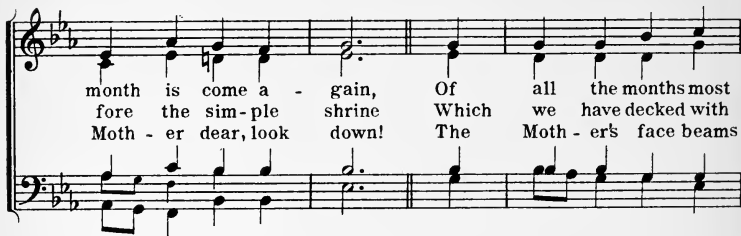
Hymn for the month of Mary.

Dom A.P. URQUHART, O. S. B.

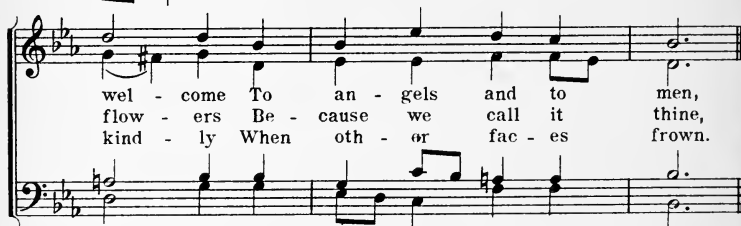
97.



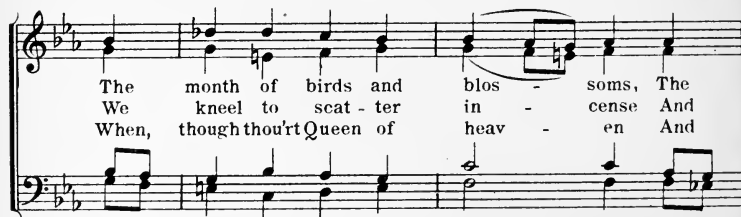
1. *f* O Ma - ry, dear - est Moth - er! Thy
 2. And so, O dear - est Moth - er, Be -
 3. *mf* Look down on us, thy chil - dren, O,



month is come a - gain, Of all the months most
 fore the sim - ple shrine Which we have decked with
 Moth - er dear, look down! The Moth - er's face beams



wel - come To an - gels and to men,
 flow - ers Be - cause we call it thine,
 kind - ly When oth - er fac - es frown.



The month of birds and blos - soms, The
 We kneel to scat - ter in - cense And
 When, though thou'rt Queen of heav - en And

flow - ery, sun - ny May, When earth and sky, dear
 prayer and song to thee; Look down, O dear - est
 reign - est in joy a - bove, Yet still, O dear - est

Moth - er! To thee fond trib - ute pay.
 Moth - er, Look down to hear and see.
 Moth - er, Look down on us with love.

4. Ah! we have forced thee often,
 All loving as thou art,
 To turn in sadness from us
 Thine eyes, but not thy heart!
 In grief, but not in anger,
 Though we have tried thee sore:
 Yet smile again, dear Mother,
 We'll vex thy heart no more.
5. By Him Who calls thee Mother,
 And bids us do the same—
 By Him, thy Son, Who gives us
 A Brother's tender name;
 By all the love that yearneth
 Within thine own pure heart,
 O Mother! be a mother,
 And act a mother's part.
6. *f* In heaven's eternal May-time
 Whose sunlight is the Lamb,
In the gladness and the glory,
 The rapture and the calm,
 We'll praise thee, and we'll bless thee
 With happy saints above,
 If now, O mighty Mother,
 Thou look on us with love.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Dal tuo celeste trono, Maria.

J. RICHARDSON.

98.

1. *mf* Look down, O Moth - er Ma - ry, From
 2. See how un - grate - ful sin - ners We
 3. O Ma - ry, dear - est Moth - er, If

thy bright throne a - bove; Cast down up - on thy
 stand be - fore thy Son; His lov - ing Heart re -
 thou wouldst have us live, Say that we are thy

chil - dren One on - ly glance of love.
 proach - es The ev - il we have done.
 chil - dren, And Je - sus will for - give.

Fine.

The first four lines in the first stanza are repeated after each succeeding stanza.

And if a heart so ten - der With
But if thou wilt ap - pease Him, Speak
Our sins make us un - wor - thy That

pit - y flows not o'er, — Then turn a - way, O
for us but one word; — Thy plead - ing can ob -
ti - tle still to bear, — But thou art still our

Moth - er, And look on us no more.
tain - us The par - don of our Lord.
Moth - er; Then show a moth - er's care.

D. C.

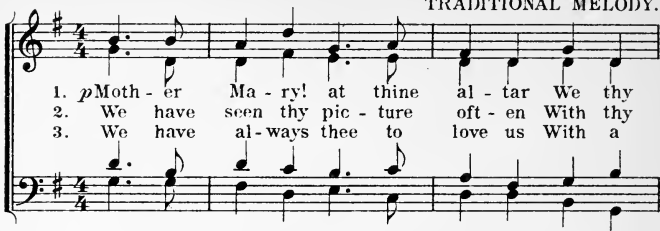
4. Unfold to us thy mantle,
There stay we without fear:
What evil can befall us
If, Mother, thou art near?
O kindest, dearest Mother,
Thy sinful children save;
Look down on us with pity,
Who thy protection crave.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

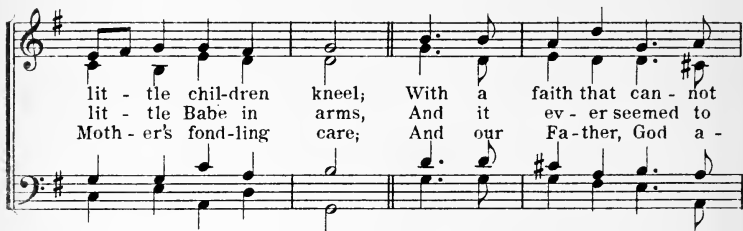
Children's hymn of consecration to our Lady.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

99.



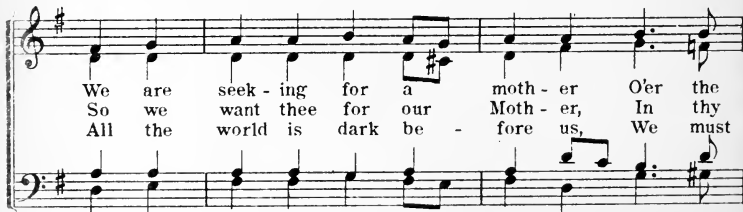
1. *p* Moth - er Ma - ry! at thine al - tar We thy
 2. We have seen thy pic - ture oft - en With thy
 3. We have al - ways thee to love us With a



lit - tle chil - dren kneel; With a faith that can - not
 lit - tle Babe in arms, And it ev - er seemed to
 Moth - er's fond - ling care; And our Fa - ther, God a -



falt - er, To thy good - ness we ap - peal.
 soft - en All our sor - rows with its charms;
 hove us, Bids us fly for ref - uge there.



We are seek - ing for a moth - er O'er the
 So we want thee for our Moth - er, In thy
 All the world is dark be - fore us, We must

earth so waste and wide, And from off His Cross our
 gen - tle arms to rest, And to share with Him, our
 out in - to its strife; If thy fond - ness watch not

Broth - er Points to Ma - ry by His side.
 Broth - er, That sweet pil - low on thy breast.
 o'er us, Oh, how sad will be our life!

4. So we take thee for our Mother,
 And we claim our right to be,
 By the gift of our dear Brother,
 Loving children unto thee;
 And our humble consecration
 Thou wilt surely not despise,
 From thy bright and lofty station
 Close to Jesus in the skies.
5. Mother Mary! to thy keeping
 Soul and body we confide,
 Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
 To be ever at thy side;
 Cares that vex us, joys that please us,
 Life and death we trust to thee;
 Thou must make them all for Jesus,
 And for all eternity!

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

100.

1. *f* Hail! ho - ly Queen en - throned a - bove,
 2. Our life, our sweet - ness here be - low,
 3. *p* To thee we cry, poor sons of Eve,

O Ma - ri - a! Hail! Moth - er of mer - cy
 O Ma - ri - a! Our hope in sor - row
 O Ma - ri - a! To thee we sigh, we

and of love, O Ma - ri - a!
 and in woe, O Ma - ri - a!
 mourn, we grieve, O Ma - ri - a!

Unison (ad lib.)

f Tri - umph all ye Cher - u - bim, Sing with us ye

Ser - a - phim, Heaven and earth re - sound the hymn:

Sal - ve, sal - ve, sal - ve Re - gi - na!

4. *p* This earth is but a vale of tears,
 O Maria!
 A place of banishment and of fears,
 O Maria!
 Triumph, &c.
5. *p* Turn, then, most gracious Advocate,
 O Maria!
Towards us thine eyes compassionate,
 O Maria!
 Triumph, &c.
6. *p* When this our exile is complete,
 O Maria!
cres. Show us thy Son, our Jesus sweet,
 O Maria!
 Triumph, &c.
7. *p* O clement, gracious, Mother sweet,
 O Maria!
 O Virgin Mary, we entreat,
 O Maria!
 Triumph, &c.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Ave, Regina cælorum.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

101.

1. *f* Hail, Queen of heaven, the o - cean star, Guide of the
 2. *mf* O gen - tle, chaste, and spot-less Maid, We sin - ners
 3. So - journ - ers in this vale of tears, To thee, blest

wan - derer here be - low, Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy
 make our prayers through thee; Re - mind thy Son that He has
 Ad - vo - cate, we cry, Pit - y our sor - rows, calm our

care, *dim.* Save us from per - il and from woe. *p* Moth - er of
 paid The price of our in - iq - ui - ty. Vir - gin, most
 fears, And soothe with hope our mis - er - y. Ref - uge in

Christ, Star of the sea, Pray for the wan - derer pray for me.
 pure, Star of the sea, Pray for the sin - ner, pray for me.
 grief, Star of the sea, Pray for the mourn - er, pray for me.

4. *mf* And while to Him Who reigns above,
 In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
 The Source of life, of grace, of love,
 Homage we pay on bended knee -
 Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,
 Pray for thy children, pray for me.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

141

Te Redemptoris Dominique nostri.

F. LAMBERT.

102.

1. *f* Moth - er of our Lord and Sav - iour
 2. *mf* Though the gates of hell a - gainst us
 3. *cres.* Naught can hurt the pure in spir - it,

First in beau - ty as in power! Glo - ry of the
 With pro - found - est fu - ry rage; Though the an - cient
 Who up - on thine aid re - ly; At thy hand se -

Christ - ian na - tions! Ready help in troub - les hour!
 foe as - sult us, And his fierc - est bat - tle wage; A - men.
 cure of gain - ing Strength and mer - cy from on high.

4. *f* Safe beneath thy mighty shelter,
 Though a thousand hosts combine,
 All must fall or flee before us,
 Scattered by an arm divine.
5. Firm as once on holy Sion,
 David's tower reared its height;
 With a glorious rampart girded,
 And with glistening armor bright:
6. So the Almighty's Virgin Mother
 Stands in strength for evermore;
 From satanic hosts defending
 All who her defence implore.
7. (Through the long unending ages,
 Blessed Trinity, to Thee!
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit
 Praise and perfect glory be.

Unison f

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Consolatrix afflictorum.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

103.

1. *mf* Like the voice - less star-light fall - ing Through the
 2. *f* Like the scents of count-less blos-soms That are
 3. They are pre - senc - es and fore-tastes Of some

dark - ness of the night, Like the si - lent dew-drops
 tremb - ling in the air, Like the breaths of gums that
 name - less, heavenly things, From the gold - en throne of

form - ing In the cold moon's cloud-less light; *cres.* So there
 per - fume Sand-y des - erts bleak and bare, Are our
 Ma - ry Waft-ed down to us on wings; *dim.* Yet they

come to hearts in sor-row Ma-ry's an - gels dear and bright.
 La - dy's cease-less an-swera To af - flic-tion's low-ly prayer.
 come to none but mourners, To the hearts that sor-row wrings.

4. *f* They are wondrous thoughts of Jesus, 5. Oh, it is as if some fragments
 They are presences of God, Of the golden calms of heaven,
 Giving zest to weary sadness, By the mercy of our Father,
 Or strange sweetness to the rod, Into Mary's hands were given,
 Filling full of heavenly sunbeams But to earth were only falling
 Sorrow's dark and lone abode. Upon hearts with sorrow riven.

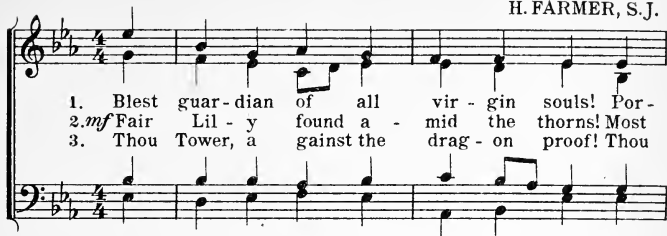
Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

143

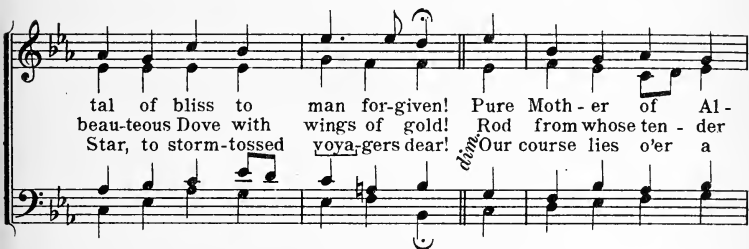
Præclara custos virginum.

H. FARMER, S.J.

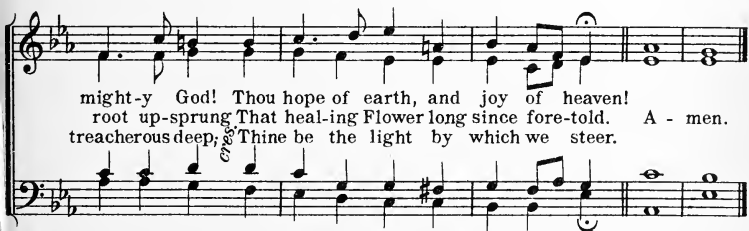
104.



1. Blest guar-dian of all vir-gin souls! Por-
 2. *mf* Fair Lil-y found a-mid the thorns! Most
 3. Thou Tower, a-gainst the drag-on proof! Thou



tal of bliss to man for-given! Pure Moth-er of Al-
 beau-teous Dove with wings of gold! Rod from whose ten-der
 Star, to storm-tossed voya-gers dear! *dim.* Our course lies o'er a



might-y God! Thou hope of earth, and joy of heaven!
 root up-sprung That heal-ing Flower long since fore-told. A - men.
 treacherous deep; Thine be the light by which we steer.

4. *mf* Scatter the mists that round us hang;
 Keep far the fatal shoals away;
 And while through darkling waves we sweep,
 Open a path to life and day.

5. { O Jesus, born of Virgin bright!
 Immortal glory be to Thee;
Unison f Praise to the Father infinite,
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Mariæ nomen.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

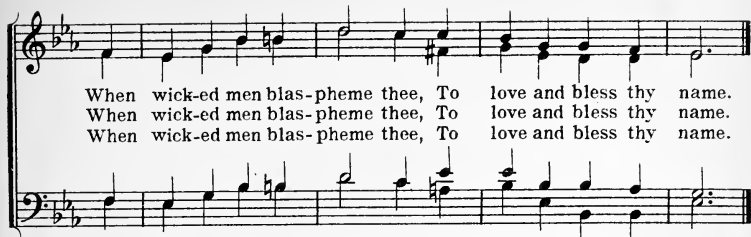
105.

1. *f* I'll sing a hymn to Ma - ry, The
 2. *f* O Lil - y of the Val - ley, O
 3. O no - ble Tower of Da - vid, Of

Moth - er of my God, The Vir - gin of all
 Mys - tic Rose, what tree Or flow - er, e'en the
 gold and i - vo - ry The Ark of God's own

vir - gins, Of Da - vid's roy - al blood. *dim.* Oh,
 fair - est, Is half so fair as thee? Oh,
 pro - mise, The Gate of Heaven to me; To

teach me, ho - ly Ma - ry, A lov - ing song to frame;
 let me, though so low - ly, Re - cite my Moth - er's fame;
 live, and not to love thee, Would fill my soul with shame;



4. *p* When troubles dark afflict me,
 In sorrow and in care,
cres. Thy light doth ever guide me,
 O beauteous Morning Star!
f So I'll be ever ready
 Thy goodly help to claim;
 When wicked men blaspheme thee
 I'll love and bless thy name.

5. *ff* { The Saints are high in glory,
 With golden crowns so bright;
 But brighter far is Mary
 Upon her throne of light.
Unison { Oh! that which God did give thee
 Let mortals ne'er disclaim;
 When wicked men blaspheme thee
 I'll love and bless thy name.

6. *f* But in the crown of Mary
 There lies a wondrous gem,
 As Queen of all the angels,
 Which Mary shares with them.
 "No sin hath e'er defiled thee,"
 So doth our faith proclaim;
 When wicked men blaspheme thee
 I'll love and bless thy name.

7. And now, O Virgin Mary,
 My Mother and my Queen,
 I've sung thy praise, so bless me
dim. And keep my heart from sin.
 When others jeer and mock thee,
 I'll often think how I,
 To shield my Mother, Mary,
 Would lay me down and die.

The 2nd, 3rd and 4th stanzas may be omitted.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Mater misericordiæ.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

(First tune.)

106.

1. *mf* Moth-er of mer-cy, day by day My love of thee grows
 2. Though pov - er - ty and work and woe The mast-ers of my
 3. But scorn - ful men have cold - ly said Thy love was lead - ing

more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up - on my way Like sands up -
 life may be, Whentimes are worst who does not know Dark-ness is
 me from God; And yet in this I did but tread The ver - y

on the great sea-shore, Like sands up - on the great sea-shore.
 light with love of thee? Dark-ness is light with love of thee?
 path my Sav - ior trod; The ver - y path my Sav - ior trod.

4. They know but little of thy worth
 Who speak these heartless words to me;
cres. For what did Jesus love on earth
dim. One half so tenderly as thee?
5. Get me the grace to love thee more;
cres. Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
 And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
f Oh, I shall love thee then indeed.
6. *pp* Jesus, when His three hours were run,
 Bequeathed thee from the Cross to me;
 And Oh, how can I love thy Son,
 Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

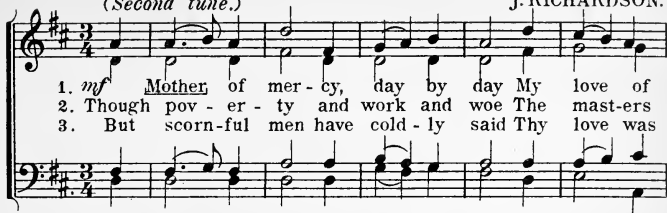
147

Mater misericordiæ.

(Second tune.)

J. RICHARDSON.

106.



1. *mf* Mother of mer - cy, day by day My love of
 2. Though pov - er - ty and work and woe The mast-ers
 3. But scorn-ful men have cold - ly said Thy love was

thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up -
 of my life may be, When times are worst who
 lead - ing me from God; And yet in this I

on my way Like sands up - on the great sea - shore.
 does not know Dark - ness is light with love of thee?
 did but tread The ver - y path my Sav - ior trod.

4. They know but little of thy worth
 Who speak these heartless words to me;
cres. For what did Jesus love on earth
dim. One half so tenderly as thee?
5. Get me the grace to love thee more;
cres. Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
 And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
f Oh, I shall love thee then indeed.
6. *pp* Jesus, when His three hours were run,
 Bequeathed thee from the Cross to me;
 And Oh, how can I love thy Son,
 Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

If the first tune be used the last line of each stanza must be repeated. In both tunes the first chord must be omitted for the first stanza.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

*Omni die dic Mariæ.**(First tune.)*

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

107.

1. *f* Dai - ly, dai - ly, sing to Ma - ry, Sing, my
 2. She is might - y to de - liv - er; Call her,
 3. Sing, my tongue, the Vir - gin's tro-phies, Who for

soul, her prais - es due; All her feasts, her ac - tions
 trust her lov - ing - ly; When the tem - pest ra - ges
 us her Mak - er bore; For the curse of old in -

wor - ship With the heart's de - vo - tion true.
 round thee, She will calm the troub - led sea.
 flict - ed, Peace and bless - ing to re - store;

Lost in won - dering con - tem - pla - tion, Be her
 Gifts of heav - en she has giv - en, No - ble
 Sing in songs of praise un - end - ing, Sing the

maj - es - ty con - fest; Call her Moth - er, call her
 La - dy, to our race: She the Queen, who decks her
 world's ma - jes - tic Queen; Wear - y not, nor faint in

Vir - gin, Hap - py Moth - er, Vir - gin blest.
 sub - jects With the light of God's own grace.
 tell - ing All the gifts she gives to men.

4. All my senses, heart, affections,
 Strive to sound her glory forth:
 Spread abroad the sweet memorials
 Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
 Where the voice of music thrilling,
 Where the tongue of eloquence,
 That can utter hymns beseeching
 All her matchless excellence?

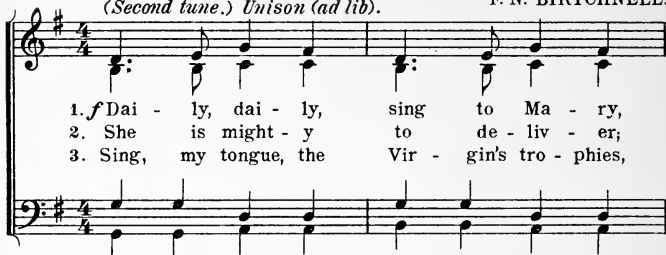
Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Omni die dic Mariæ.

F. N. BIRTCHNELL.

(Second tune.) Unison (ad lib).

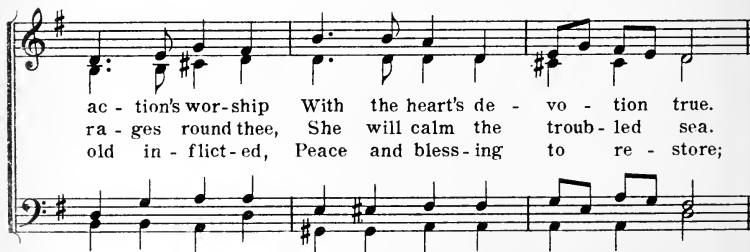
107.



1. *f* Dai - ly, dai - ly, sing to Ma - ry,
 2. She is might - y to de - liv - er;
 3. Sing, my tongue, the Vir - gin's tro - phies,



Sing, my soul, her prais - es due; All her feasts, her
 Call her, trust her lov - ing - ly; When the tem - pest
 Who for us her Mak - er bore; For the curse of



ac - tion's wor - ship With the heart's de - vo - tion true.
 ra - ges round thee, She will calm the trou - bled sea.
 old in - flict - ed, Peace and bless - ing to re - store;

Lost in won - dering con - tem - pla - tion,
 Gifts of heav - en she has giv - en,
 Sing in songs of praise un - end - ing,

Be her maj - es - ty con - fest; Call her Moth - er,
 No - ble la - dy, to our race: She the Queen, who
 Sing the world's ma - jes - tic Queen; Wear - y not, nor

call her Vir - gin, Hap - py Moth - er, Vir - gin blest.
 decks her sub - jects With the light of God's own grace.
 faint in tell - ing All the gifts she gives to men.

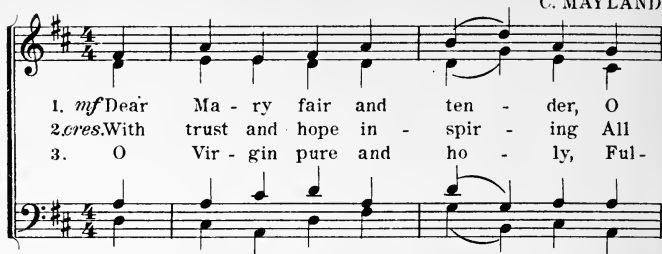
4. All my senses, heart, affections,
 Strive to sound her glory forth:
 Spread abroad the sweet memorials
 Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
 Where the voice of music thrilling,
 Where the tongue of eloquence,
 That can utter hymns befitting
 All her matchless excellence?

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

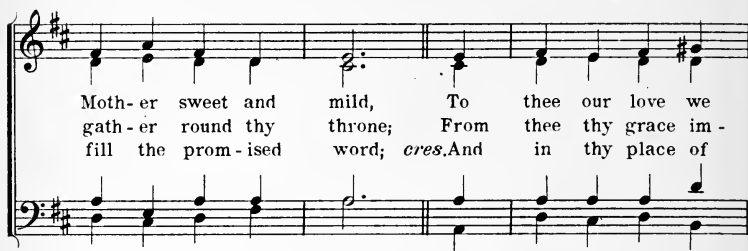
Our Lady of Perpetual Succor.

C. MAYLAND.

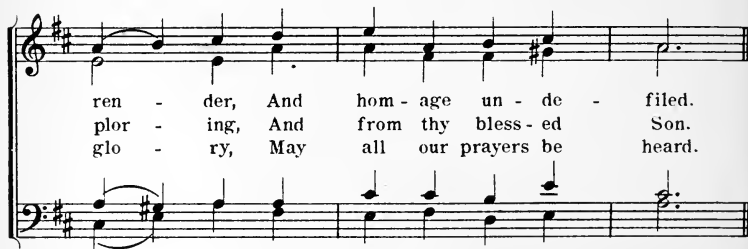
108.



1. *mf* Dear Ma - ry fair and ten - der, O
 2. *cres.* With trust and hope in - spir - ing All
 3. O Vir - gin pure and ho - ly, Ful -



Moth - er sweet and mild, To thee our love we
 gath - er round thy throne; From thee thy grace im -
 fill the prom - ised word; *cres.* And in thy place of



ren - der, And hom - age un - de - filed.
 plor - ing, And from thy bless - ed Son.
 glo - ry, May all our prayers be heard.

To thee our love is plight - ed, Our
 Deep faith from thee we bor - row, In
 Con - tin - ual suc - cor lend - ing, And

souls with - thee u - nit - ed; O
 ev - ery woe and sor - row; *dim.* O
 bless - ings to us send - ing; *p* O

Ma - ry, O Ma - ry, Ev - er lend thy help.
 Ma - ry, O Ma - ry, Ev - er lend thy help.
 Ma - ry, O Ma - ry, Ev - er lend thy help.

4. *pp* And when the hour is nearing
 Of sure approaching death,
 Oh let us, without fearing,
 Exhale our dying breath:
 Hast led us through probation,
 Through thee we'll gain salvation.
 O Mary, O Mary,
 Ever lend thy help.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

Regina Angelorum.

J. C. BOWEN.

109.

1. *f* O vi - sion bright! The land of light Beams
 2. O vi - sion bright! The Fa - ther's might All
 3. O vi - sion bright! The e - ter - nal light Of

gold - en - ly be - yond the sky; 'Mid heav - en - ly fires, O'er
 round His daughter's throne doth lie; Where, in the balm Of
 the dear Son may we de - scribe: Where, bright - er far Than

an - gel - choirs Ma - ry, our Moth - er, reigns on high.
 end - less calm, Ma - ry, our Moth - er, reigns on high.
 moon or star, Ma - ry, our Moth - er, reigns on high.

4. O vision bright!
 In softest flight
 The Dove around His spouse doth fly.
 Where, in that height
 Of matchless light,
 Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.
5. O vision bright!
 Angels' delight!
 The Mother sits with Jesus nigh:
 Her form He bears,
 Her look He wears;
 Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.
6. O vision bright!
 Life's darkest night
 Is fair as dawn when thou art nigh;
 Where, 'mid the throng
 Of psalm and song,
 Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

Annunciation B.V.M.

155

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

F. ARMSTRONG.

110.

1. *mf* The An - gel spake the word "Hail,
 2. *mf* Maid - en! how great hence - forth Thy
 3. This day the Ho - ly Ghost, From

thou'mong wom - en blest!" *cres.* From high - est heaven the
 dig - ni - ty shall be! The Son of God be -
 thy all - sin - less blood, Moulds in thy womb that

God-head comes, And fills her Vir - gin breast.
 comes thine own, This day con - ceived by thee. A - men.
 Flesh di - vine Of the life - giv - ing Word;

4. Whereby we babes the meat
 Of elder ones obtain;
 And He, Who Angels feeds, as God,
 Feeds me, as God-made Man.

5. *Unison f* { To Him Who, to redeem
 Our race, came down from heaven,
 Praise with the Father evermore,
 And Holy Ghost be given.

Assumption B. V. M.

Assumpta est Maria.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

*(First tune.)**Harmonised by C. Raymond-Barker, S.J.*

111.

1. *f* Sing, sing, ye an-gel bands, All beau-ti - ful and bright! For
 2. A fair-er flower than she On earth hath nev-er been; And,
 3. O hap-py an-gels, look, How beau-ti - ful she is! See!

high - er still, and higher, Through fields of star-ry light, Ma-
 save the throne of God, — Your heavens have nev-er seen — A
 Je - sus bears her up, — Her hand is locked in His; — Oh,

ry, your Queen, as - cends, — Like the sweet moon at night.
 won-der half so bright — As your as - cend - ing Queen.
 who can tell the height — Of that fair Moth-er's bliss?

4. *mf* And shall I lose thee then,
 Lose my sweet right to thee?
cres. Ah, no - the angels' Queen
 Man's Mother still will be;
 And thou, upon thy throne,
 Wilt keep thy love for me.

5. *f* On, then, dear pageant, on!
 Sweet music breathes around;
 And love, like dew, distils
 On hearts in rapture bound;
 The Queen of heaven goes up
 To be proclaimed and crowned!

Assumption B.V. M.

157

Assumpta est Maria.

(Second tune.)

F. BIRTCHNELL.

111.

1. *f* Sing, sing, ye an-gel bands, All beau-ti-ful and bright!
 2. A fair-er flower than she On earth hath nev-er been;
 3. O hap-py an-gels look, How beau-ti-ful she is!—

For high-er still, and higher, Through fields of star-ry light,
 And, save the throne of God,— Your heavens have nev-er seen
 See! Je-sus bears her up,— Her hand is locked in His;

Ma-ry, your Queen, as-cends, Like the sweet moon at night.
 A won-der half so bright As your as-cend-ing Queen.
 Oh, who can tell the height Of that fair Moth-er's bliss?

4. *mf* And shall I lose thee then,
 Lose my sweet right to thee?
cres. Ah, no—the angels' Queen
 Man's Mother still will be;
 And thou, upon thy throne,
 Wilt keep thy love for me.

5. *f* On, then, dear pageant, on!
 Sweet music breathes around;
 And love, like dew, distils
 On hearts in rapture bound;
 The Queen of heaven goes up
 To be proclaimed and crowned!

Immaculate Conception.

Tota pulchra es, Maria.

B. LUARD SELBY.

112.

1. *mf* O pur - est of crea-tures, sweet Moth - er, sweet
 2. Deep night hath come down on this rough-spok-en
 3. The Church doth what God had first taught her to

Maid, The one spot - less womb where - in
 world, And the ban - ners of dark - ness are
 do, He looked o'er the world to find

Je - sus was laid! Dark night hath come
 bold - ly un - furled; And the temp - est - tossed
 hearts that were true; Through the ag - es He

down on us, Moth - er, and we Look
Church all her eyes are on thee, They
looked, and He found none but thee, *cres.* And He *cres.*

out for thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the sea!
look to thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the sea!
loved thy clear shin - ing, sweet Star of the sea!

4. *mf* He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair;
 For the empire of sin—it had never been there;
*cres.** None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother, but He,
 And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the sea!
5. Earth gave Him one lodging; 'twas deep in thy breast;
 And God found a home where the sinner finds rest;
 His home and His hiding-place both were in thee,
 He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the sea!
6. *mf* O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
 That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast;
cres. For the heaven He left, He found heaven in thee,
 f And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the sea.
 * Tie this beat to the preceding one in the 4th stanza.

Immaculate Conception.

Mary Immaculate.

(First tune.)

Rev. R. B. SANKEY.

113.

1. *f* O Moth-er! I could weep for mirth, Joy fills my heart so fast.
2. When Je-sus looks up - on thy face, His Heart with rapture glows,
3. The an-gels answer with their songs, Bright choirs in gleaming rows:

My soul to - day is heaven on earth, Oh, could the trans-port last!
And in the Church, by His sweet grace, Thy bless - ed wor - ship grows.
And saints flock round thy feet in throngs, And heaven with bliss o'er - flows.

Unison.

I think of thee, and what thou art, Thy maj-es - ty, thy state;

And I keep sing-ing in my heart, Im - ma - cu - late! Im - ma - cu - late!

4. Conceived, conceived immaculate!
Oh, what a joy for thee!
Conceived, conceived immaculate!
Oh, greater joy for me!
I think of thee, and what thou art, &c.
5. It is this thought to-day that lifts
My happy heart to heaven,
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts
To thee, dear Queen, were given.
I think of thee, and what thou art, &c.

Immaculate Conception.

161

Mary Immaculate.

(Second tune.)

W. PITTS.

113.

1. *f* O Moth-er! I could weep for mirth, Joy fills my heart so fast;
2. When Je-sus looks up - on thy face, His Heart with rapture glows,
3. The angels an-swer with their songs, Bright choirs in gleaming rows:

My soul to - day is heaven on earth, Oh, could the trans-port last!
And in the Church, by His sweet grace, Thy bless - ed wor-ship grows.
And saints flock round thy feet in throngs, And heaven with bliss o'er-flows.

Unison.

I think of thee, and what thou art, Thy maj-es-ty, thy state;

And I keep sing-ing in my heart, Im - ma-cu-late! Imma-cu - late!

4. Conceived, conceived immaculate! *rit.*
Oh, what a joy for thee!
Conceived, conceived immaculate!
Oh, greater joy for me!
I think of thee, and what thou art, &c.
5. It is this thought to-day that lifts
My happy heart to heaven,
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts
To thee, dear Queen, were given.
I think of thee, and what thou art, &c.

Most Holy Rosary.

Regina sacratissimi Rosarii.

VICTOR HAMMEREL.

114.

mf

1. Queen of the Ho-ly Ro-sa-ry! Oh, bless us as we pray
 2. Queen of the Ho-ly Ro-sa-ry! Each mystery blends with thine
 3. Sweet La - dy of the Ro-sa-ry! White ros-es let us bring,

mf

And of - fer thee our ros - es In gar - lands day by day;
 The sa - cred life of Je - sus In ev - ery step di - vine.
 And lay them round thy foot - stool Be - fore our In - fant King.

While from our Fa - ther's gar - den, With lov - ing hearts and bold,
 Thy soul was His fair gar - den, Thy Vir - gin breast His throne,
 For nest - ling in thy bo - som Gods Son was fain to be,

We gath - er to thine hon - or Buds white, and red, and gold.
 Thy thoughts His faith - ful mir - ror Re - flect - ing Him a - lone.
 The child of thy o - be - dience, And spot - less pu - ri - ty.

4. f Queen of the Holy Rosary!

What radiancy of love,
 What splendor and what glory
 Surround thy court above!

mf Oh, in thy tender pity,
 Dear source of love untold,
 Refuse not this our offering,
 Our flowers, white, red and gold.

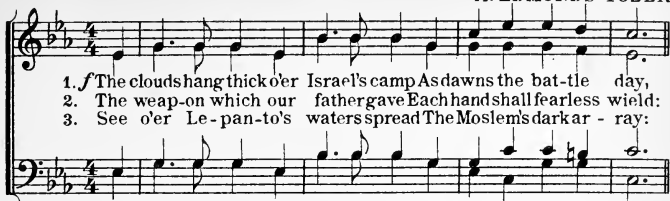
Most Holy Rosary.

163

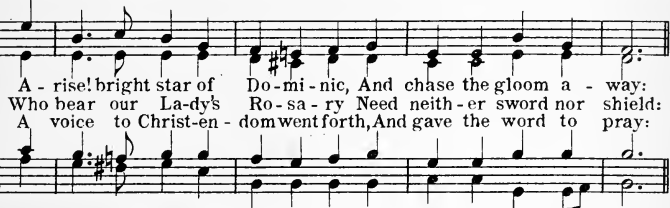
The Rosary victorious over sin and unbelief.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

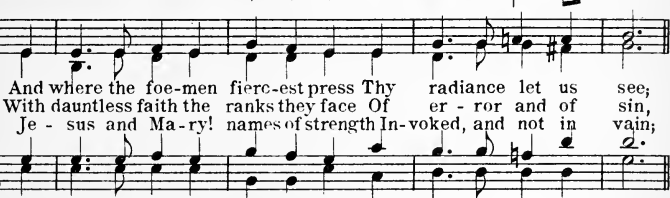
115.



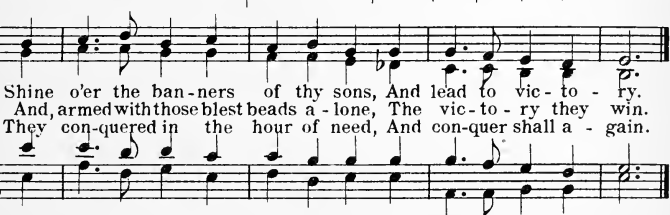
1. *f* The cloudshang thick o'er Israel's camp Asdawns the bat-tle day,
 2. The weap-on which our fathergave Eachhandshall fearless wield:
 3. See o'er Le-pan-to's waterspread TheMoslems'dark ar-ray:



A-rise! bright star of Do-mi-nic, And chase the gloom a-way:
 Who bear our La-dy's Ro-sa-ry Need neith-er sword nor shield:
 A voice to Christ-en-domwent forth, And gave the word to pray:



And where the foe-men fierc-est press Thy radiance let us see;
 With dauntless faith the ranks they face Of er-ror and of sin;
 Je-sus and Ma-ry! names of strength In-voked, and not in vain;



Shine o'er the ban-ners of thy sons, And lead to vic-to-ry.
 And, armed with those blest beads a-lone, The vic-to-ry they win.
 They con-quer-ed in the hour of need, And con-quer shall a-gain.

4. As Pius then to Europe spake,
 So Pius spake once more;
 The Rosary our weapon still
 To wield in holy war:
mf Ave Maria! from each tongue
 Shall rise the pleading word;
cres. Oh, doubt not that the prayer of faith
 Will now, as then, be heard.

Most Holy Rosary.

Joyful Mysteries.

SABOLY.

116.

* 1. *f* By the Arch-an - gel's word of love
 * 2. *mf* By that jour - ney made in haste
 * 3. By Thy poor and low - ly lot;

That an-nounced Thee from a - bove; By the grace to
 O'er the des - ert mount-ain waste; By that voice whose
 By the man - ger and the grot; By Thy ten - der

Ma - ry given; By Thy first de - scent from heaven;
 heaven-ly tone Thrilled the Bap - tist in the womb;
 Feet and Hands Fold - ed in their swad - dling bands;

* 1. *The Annunciation.** 2. *The Visitation.** 3. *The Birth of our Lord.*

p
Child of Ma - ry, hear our cry:

p
Thou wast help - less once as we: *cres.* Now en-throned in

maj - es - ty Count-less an - gels sing to Thee.

The Presentation of our Lord.

4. *più f* By the joy of Simeon blest
 When he clasped Thee to his breast;
 By the widowed Anna's song
 Poured amid the wondering throng;
 Child of Mary, &c.

The Finding of our Lord.

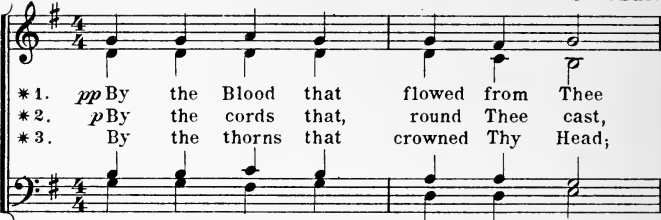
5. *f* By our Lady's glad delight,
 In the temple, at the sight
 Of her Child, so young and fair,
 Wiser than the wisest there;
 Child of Mary, &c.

Most Holy Rosary.


Sorrowful Mysteries.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

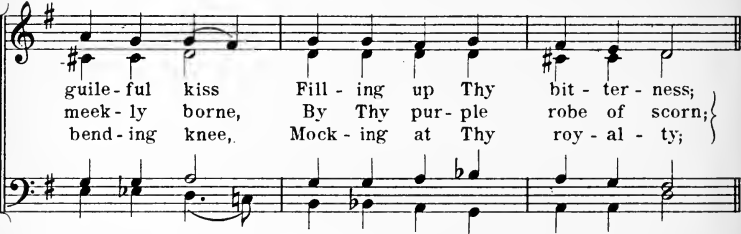
117.



* 1. *pp* By the Blood that flowed from Thee
 * 2. *p* By the cords that round Thee cast,
 * 3. By the thorns that crowned Thy Head;



In Thy griev-ous ag - o - ny; By the trait - or's
 Bound Thee to the pil - lar fast; By the scourge so
 By Thy scep - tre of a reed; By Thy foes on



guile - ful kiss Fill - ing up Thy bit - ter - ness;
 meek - ly borne, By Thy pur - ple robe of scorn;
 bend - ing knee, Mock - ing at Thy roy - al - ty;

- * 1. *The Agony of our Lord.*
- * 2. *The Scourging.*
- * 3. *The Crowning with Thorns.*

Je - su, Sav - iour, hear our cry; —

Thou wast suffer - ing once as we; Now en - throned in

maj - es - ty — Count - less an - gels sing to Thee.

The Carrying of the Cross.

4. By the people's cruel jeers;
 By the holy women's tears;
 By Thy footsteps faint and slow,
 Weighed beneath Thy Cross of woe;
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

The Crucifixion.

5. By Thy weeping Mother's woe;
 By the sword that pierced her through,
 When, in anguish standing by,
 On the Cross she saw Thee die;
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

This hymn is suitable for Lent & Passion-tide.

Most Holy Rosary.

Glorious Mysteries.

MENDELSSOHN.

118.

* 1. *f* By the first bright Ea - ster - day,
 * 2. *mf* By Thy part - ing bless - ing given
 * 3. *mf* By that rush - ing sound of might

. When the stone was rolled a - way; By the glo - ry
 As Thou didst as - cend to heaven; By the cloud of
 Com - ing down from heav-en's height; By the clov - en

round Thee shed At Thy ris - ing from the dead;
 liv - ing light That re - ceived Thee out of sight;
 tongues of fire, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire!

- * 1. *The Resurrection.*
- * 2. *The Ascension.*
- * 3. *The Descent of the Holy Ghost.*

King of Glo - ry, hear our cry; —

f

Make us soon Thy joy to see, Where en-throned in

maj - es - ty Count - less an - gels sing to Thee.

The Assumption of our Lady.

4. *cres.* See the Virgin Mother rise,
 Angels bear her to the skies;
 Mount aloft, imperial Queen,
 Plead on high the cause of men!
 King of Glory, &c.

The Coronation of our Lady.

5. *f* Mary reigns upon the throne
 Pre-ordained for her alone;
 Saints and angels round her sing,
 Mother of our God and King.
 King of Glory, &c.

Most Holy Rosary.

Joyful Mysteries.

Rev. R. B. SANKEY.

119.

* 1. Hail, full of grace and pu - ri - ty, Meek
 * 2. By that pure love which prompt-ed thee To
 * 3. This bless-ing beg, O Vir - gin Queen, From

hand-maid of the Lord; Hail, mod - el of hu -
 seek thy cous-in blest, Pray that the fires of
 Je - sus through His birth, By ho - ly pov - er -

mil - i - ty, Chaste Moth - er of the Word.
 char - i - ty May burn with - in our breast.
 ty to wean Our hearts from things of earth.

*The Presentation of our Lord.—
 Obedience.*

*The Finding of our Lord—
 Love of His service.*

4. Most holy Virgin, maiden mild, 5. By thy dear Son, restored to thee,
 Obtain for us, we pray, This grace for us implore,
 To imitate thy holy Child To serve our Lord more faithfully,
 By striving to obey. And love Him more and more.

Concluding verse.

6. Queen of the holy Rosary,
 With tender love look down,
 And bless the hearts that offer thee
 This chaplet for thy crown.

- * 1. *The Annunciation — Humility.*
 * 2. *The Visitation — Charity.*
 * 3. *The Birth of our Lord — Poverty.*

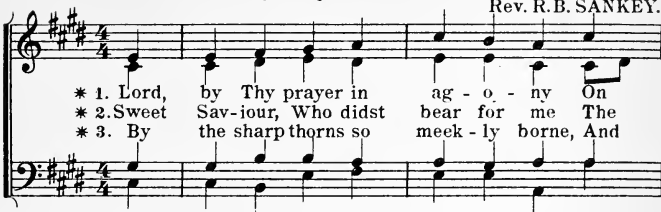
Most Holy Rosary.

171

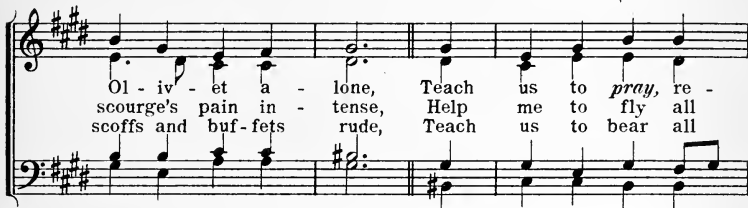
Sorrowful Mysteries.

Rev. R.B. SANKEY.

120.



* 1. Lord, by Thy prayer in ag - o - ny On
 * 2. Sweet Sav-iour, Who didst bear for me The
 * 3. By the sharp thorns so meek - ly borne, And



Ol - iv - et a - lone, Teach us to pray, re -
 scourge's pain in - tense, Help me to fly all
 scoffs and buf-fets rude, Teach us to bear all



signed like Thee, And say "Thy will be done"
 lux - u - ry, And mor - ti - fy each sense.
 pain and scorn With ho - ly for - ti - tude.

*The Carrying of the Cross -
 Patience.*

*The Crucifixion -
 Self-sacrifice.*

4. Lord, by Thy Cross Thy people spare, 5. O Jesus, Victim for man's fall,
 And on us pity take, Lamb slain on Calvary,
 Help us our daily cross to bear Accept henceforth our lives, our all,
 With patience for Thy sake. In sacrifice to Thee.

Concluding verse.

6. Queen of the holy Rosary,
 With tender love look down,
 And bless the hearts that offer thee
 This chaplet for thy crown.

- * 1. *The Agony of our Lord - Prayer.*
 * 2. *The Scourging - Mortification.*
 * 3. *The Crowning with Thorns - Fortitude.*

Most Holy Rosary.

Glorious Mysteries.

Rev. R. B. SANKEY.

121.

* 1. *f* All hail, great Con - que - ror, to Thee, A -
 * 2. To heaven Thou dost as - cend a - gain, Sweet
 * 3. O Ho - ly Ghost, Who didst de - scend In

ris - en from the dead! Grant us the light of
 Sav - iour of our race, With *hope* our faint - ing
 clo - ven tongues of fire, Our souls, which all too

faith, that we May in Thy foot - steps tread.
 hearts sus - tain To see in heaven Thy Face.
 earth - ward tend, With burn - ing zeal in - spire.

*The Assumption -
 Devotion to our Lady.*

*The Coronation of our Lady -
 Perseverance.*

4. *mf* Mother of God, enthroned above, 5. All-gracious Queen of Angels, deign
 Beseech thy Son anew, Our last request to hear,
 To fill our hearts with childlike *love* For us this crowning gift obtain -
 For thee our Mother too. The grace to *persevere*.

Concluding verse.

6. Queen of the holy Rosary,
 With tender love look down,
 And bless the hearts that offer thee
 This chaplet for thy crown.

- * 1. *The Resurrection - Faith.*
 * 2. *The Ascension - Hope.*
 * 3. *The Descent of the Holy Ghost - Zeal for souls.*

S. Patrick. 173

from "Trier Gesangbuch" (1872)
Patron of Ireland. *Harmonised by*
C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J.

122.

1. *f* Hail, glo-rious Saint Pa-trick, dear Saint of our
 2. Hail, glo-rious Saint Pa-trick, thy words were once
 3. *mf* In the, war a - gainst sin, in the fight for the

isle! On us, thy poor chil-dren, be - stow a sweet smile;
 strong A - gainst Sa-tan's wiles and a her - e - tic throng;
 faith, *cres.* Dear Saint, may thy chil-dren re - sist to the death;

And now thou art high in the man-sions a -
 Not less in thy might now in heav - en thou
 May their strength be in meek - ness, in pe - nance, and

bove, On E - rin's green valleys look down in thy love.
 art, *dim.* Oh, come to our aid, in our bat - tle take part.
 prayer, Their ban-ner the cross, which they glo - ry to bear.

4. *mf* Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,
 Shall love and revere thee till time be no more,
cres. And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn bright,
 Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

5. Ever bless and defend the sweet land of our birth,
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou wast on earth,
And our hearts shall yet burn, wheresoever we roam,
 For God and Saint Patrick and our native home.

S. Joseph.

Patronage of S. Joseph.

from "Trier Gesangbuch" (1872)

Harmonised by

C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J.

123.

1. *mf* Dear hus - band of Ma - ry! dear
 2. *cres.* For thou to the pil - grim art
 3. *f* O bless - ed Saint Jo - seph! how

nurse of her Child! Life's ways are full
 fa - ther and guide, And Je - sus and
 great was thy worth, The one chos - en

wea - ry, the des - ert is wild;
 Ma - ry felt safe by thy side;
 shad - ow of God up - on earth,

Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we
 Ah, bless - ed Saint Jo - seph, how safe I should
 The fa - ther of Je - sus! Ah, then wilt thou

see; Sweet spouse of our La - dy, we lean up - on thee.
 be, Sweet spouse of our La - dy, if thou wert with me!
 be, Sweet spouse of our La - dy, a fa - ther to me?

4. *p* Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
 When Mary took turns with thee bearing thy God;
eres. Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be:
 Sweet spouse of our Lady, Oh, canst thou bear me?
5. When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,
 Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth;
 O father of Jesus, be father to me,
 Sweet spouse of our Lady, and I will love thee.
6. God chose thee for Jesus and Mary; wilt thou
 Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
There is, no saint in heaven I worship like thee;
 Sweet spouse of our Lady, Ah, deign to love me!

S. Joseph.

Patron of the Catholic church.

H. WHITEHEAD.

124.

1. *mf* Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Hus -
 2. Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Fa -
 3. Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Prince

band of Ma - ry, hail! Chaste as the lil - y
 ther of Christ es - teemed, Fa - ther be thou to
 of the house of God, May His best grac - es

flower In E - den's peace - ful vale.
 those Thy Fos - ter - Son re - deemed.
 be By thy sweet hands be - stowed.

4. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
 Comrade of angels, hail!
 Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
 And guide the steps that fail.
5. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
 God's choice wast thou alone;
 To thee the Word made flesh
 Was subject as a son.
6. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
 Teach us our flesh to tame;
 And, Mary, keep the hearts
 That love thy husband's name.
7. Mother of Jesus! bless,
 And bless, ye saints on high,
 All meek and simple souls
 That to Saint Joseph cry.

S. Benedict.

177

Sancte Benedicte, ora pro nobis.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

125.

1. Fa-ther of man-y children! in the gloom Of the long
2. Kings, with thy wis-dom in their hearts, dear saint, Have grown more
3. O Be-ne-dict! thy special gifts are peace, Free-dom of

past, how beau-ti-ful thou art! And still, dear saint! the
roy-al 'neath thy Christ-like rule; And when the earth with
heart and sweetsim-plic-i-ty. They fail not with the

wea-ry na-tions come To drink from out thine un-ex-haust-ed heart.
ig-norance was faint, Learning found shelter in thy tranquil school.
ag-es but in-crease, As thine own grac-es grew of old in thee.

4. Give us great hearts, dear father! hearts as wide
As thine, that was far wider than the world;-
Hearts by incessant labor sanctified,
Yet with the peace of prayer within them furled.
5. Thou art the Christian Abraham, -to thee,
Saint of insatiate love! thy God hath given,
For thy grand faith, a sainted family
Countless as are the crowded stars in heaven.
6. Kind shepherd! send us with thy pastoral love
Across the mountains to our heavenly rest;
Father! we see thee beckoning from above;-
We come! we come! to bless thee, and be blest.

SS. Peter and Paul.

Decora lux æternitatis auream.

GERMAN.

126.

1. *mf* It is no earth-ly sum-mer's ray That
 2. The bless-ed seer, to whom was given The
 3. Fa - thers of might-y Rome, whose word Shall

sheds this gold-en bright-ness round, Crown - ing with heaven-ly
 hearts of men to teach and school, And he that keeps the
 pass the doom of life or death, By hum-ble cross and

light the day The prin-ces of the Church were crowned.
 keys of heaven For those on earth that own his rule: A - men.
 bleed-ing sword Well have they won their lau - rel wreath.

4. *cres.* O happy Rome, made holy now
 By those two martyrs' glorious blood;
 Earth's best and fairest cities bow,
 By their superior claims subdued.

5. *f* For thou alone art worth them all,
 City of martyrs! thou alone
 Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call
 The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.

6. *Unison ff* { All honor, power, and praise be given
 To Him who reigns in bliss on high,
 For endless, endless years in heaven,
 One only God in Trinity.

S. Peter.

Si vis patronum quærere.

179

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

127.

1. Seek ye a patron to defend Your cause? then, one and all,
2. Firm rock whereon the Church is based! Pil - lar that can-not bend!
3. Oh, worshipped by all Chris-ten-dom! Her realms in peace maintain;

With - out de - lay up - on the prince Of the A - pos - tles call.
 With strength en - due us, and the Faith From her - e - sy de - fend.
 Let no con - ta - gion sap her strength, No dis - cord rend in twain.

Unison (ad lib).

Blest hold - er of the heav - en - ly keys! Thy prayers we all im - plore:

Un - lock to us the sa - cred bars Of heav - en's e - ter - nal door. A - men.

4. Guard us through life, and in the hour
 When our last fight draws nigh,
 O'er death, o'er hell, o'er Satan's power,
 Gain us the victory.
 Blest holder, &c.

5. { Praise to the Lord and Father be;
 Praise to the Son Who rose;
Unison { Praise to the Spirit Paraclete;
 While age on ages flows.
 Blest holder, &c.

S. Anthony of Padua.

*Si quæris.**(First tune.)**Unison.*

M. F. MC CONNELL.

128.

1. If great won - ders thou de - sir - est,
 2. Young and old are ev - er sing - ing
 3. Pa - du - a has been the wit - ness

Organ.

Hope - ful to Saint An - tho - ny pray, Er - ror, Sa - tan,
 Prais - es to Saint An - tho - ny bring - ing, Storm - y o - cean
 Of these deeds six hun - dred years; Dan - gers flee and

wants the dir - est, Death and pest his will o - bey,
 calms its pas - sion, Bonds and fet - ters break in twain,
 need must per - ish, Grief and sor - row dis - ap - pear,

And the sick, who beg his pit - y, From their couch-es
Treas-ures lost and limbs dis - a - bled These his power re -
Fill - ing all the world with won-der While the de - mons

haste a - way. And the sick, who beg his pit - y,
stores a - gain. Treas-ures lost and limbs dis - a - bled
quake with fear. Fill - ing all the world with won-der

From their couch - es haste a - way.
These his power re - stores a - gain. A - men
While the de - mons quake with fear.

4. Glory be to God the Father
And to His co-equal Son;
To the Holy Ghost resplendent,
One in Three—Three in One;
Praise we Father, Son and Spirit
While eternal ages run.

The last two lines in last stanza are repeated.

S. Anthony of Padua.

(Second tune.) *Si quæris.*
Unison.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

128

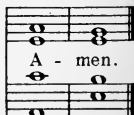
1. If great wonders thou desirest, Hope-ful to Saint Antho-ny pray;
2. Young and old are ev-er singing Prais-es to Saint Anthony bringing,
3. Pa-du-a has been the witness Of these deeds six hun-dred years;

Organ.

Er-ror, Sa-tan, wants the dir-est, Death and pest his will o-bey,
Storm-y o-cean calms its passion, Bonds and fet-ters break in twain,
Dan-gers flee and need must per-ish, Grief and sor-row dis-ap-pear,

And the sick, who beg his pit-y, From their couch-es haste a-way.
Treas-ures lost and limbs dis-a-bled These his power re-stores a-gain.
Fill-ing all the world with won-der While the de-mons quake with fear.

3. Glory be to God the Father
And to His co-equal Son;
To the Holy Ghost resplendent,
One in Three—Three in One;
Praise we Father, Son and Spirit
While eternal ages run.



S. Dominic.

Novus athleta Domini.

183

H. WHITEHEAD.

129.

1. *Unison* *ff* Sound the might-y champion's prais-es, Raise the song for
 2. Stain-less as a vir-gin lil-y, Fer-vent as a
 3. Tread-ing down this world of e-vil, To his might-y

him who came Charged to tell the Gos-pel tid-ings,
 flam-ing brand, Lo, he flies, still on-ward speed-ing,
 task he goes; Stript of all, he seeks the con-flict,

Charged to spread the Gos-pel flame— Lord-ly er-rand,
 Flies to do his Lord's com-mand, Flies to res-cue,
 Turns him to Christ's band-ed foes Grace sus-tain-ing,

lord-ly er-rand, Suit-ing well his lord-ly name.
 flies to res-cue Cap-tive souls from Sat-an's hand. A-men.
 grace sus-tain-ing With the fire that in-ward glows.

4. *mf* Lo, his arms of heavenly temper—
 Words and signs of wondrous power,
 Prayers of love, and tears of pity,
 Whilst his warrior children bore
 His commission,
 Onward still from shore to shore.

5. *ff* Sing we to the Triune Godhead,
 Honor, glory, power and praise;
 May He, at our father's pleading,
 Deign his children's souls to raise,
 Cleansed and perfect,
 To His reign of endless days.

The penultimate line in each stanza is repeated.

S. Francis of Assisi.

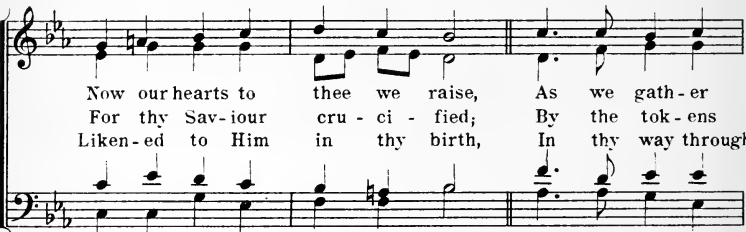
Patron of Franciscan Tertiaries.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

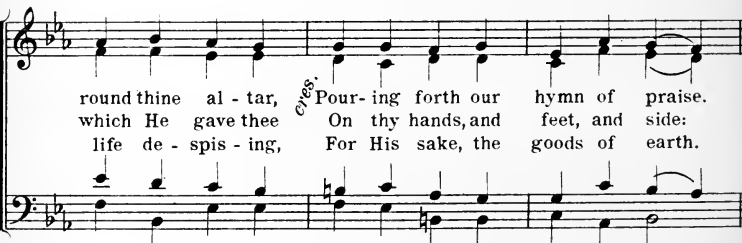
130.



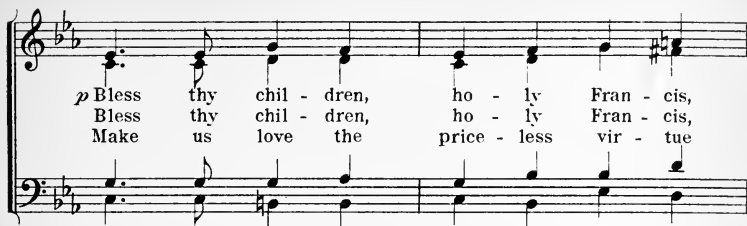
1. *mf* Bless - ed Fran - cis, ho - ly fa - ther,
 2. *mf* By thy love so deep and burn - ing,
 3. *mf* Hum - ble fol - low - er of Je - sus,



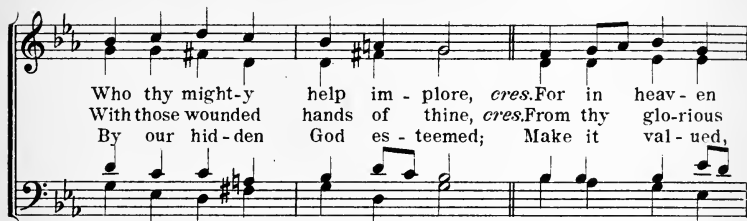
Now our hearts to thee we raise, As we gath - er
 For thy Sav - iour cru - ci - fied; By the tok - ens
 Liken - ed to Him in thy birth, In thy way through



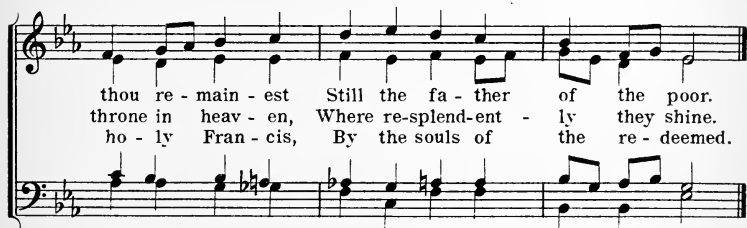
round thine al - tar, ^{eyes.} Pour - ing forth our hymn of praise.
 which He gave thee On thy hands, and feet, and side:
 life de - spis - ing, For His sake, the goods of earth.



p Bless thy chil - dren, ho - ly Fran - cis,
 Bless thy chil - dren, ho - ly Fran - cis,
 Make us love the price - less vir - tue



Who thy might-y help im - plore, *cres.* For in heav - en
 With those wounded hands of thine, *cres.* From thy glo - rious
 By our hid - den God es - teemed; Make it val - ued,



thou re - main - est Still the fa - ther of the poor.
 throne in heav - en, Where re - splend - ent - ly they shine.
 ho - ly Fran - cis, By the souls of the re - deemed.

4. *p* Teach us also, dear Saint Francis!

How to mourn for every sin;

May we walk in thy dear footsteps

cres. Till the crown of life we win.

mf Bless thy children, holy Francis!

With those wounded hands of thine,

cres. From thy glorious throne in heaven,

Where resplendently they shine.

S. John the Evangelist.

Saint of the sacred Heart.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon HALL.

131.

1. *mf* Saint of the Sa-cred Heart, sweet teach-er of the Word.
2. We know not all thy gifts; But Christ this bids us see,
3. Dear Saint! I stand far off, With vil-est sins op- prest;

Part-ner of Ma-ry's woes, And favor-ite of thy Lord;
That He Who so loved all Found more to love in thee.
O may I dare, like thee, To lean up-on His Breast?

Thou to whom grace was given To stand when Pe-ter fell;
p When the last even-ing came Thy head was on His Breast,
mf His touch could heal the sick, His voice could raise the dead;

Whose heart could brook the Cross— Of Him it loved so well.
Pil- lowed on earth, where now— In heaven the Saints find rest:
cres. O, that my soul might be— Where He al-lows thy head!

4. *mf* The gifts He gave to thee
He gave thee to impart;
And I, too, claim with thee
His Mother and His Heart!
O teach me, then, dear Saint!
The secrets Christ taught thee!
The beatings of His Heart,
And how it beat for me!

All Saints.

187

Placare, Christe, servulis.

H. WHITEHEAD.

132.

1. *p* O Christ, Thy guilt - y peo - ple spare! Lo,
 2. *mf* Ye An - gels, hap - py ev - er - more, Who
 3 Ye Proph - ets, and A - post - les high, Be -

kneel - ing at Thy gra - cious throne, Thy Vir - gin Moth - er
 in your cir - cles nine as - cend, As ye have guarded
 hold our pen - i - ten - tial tears; *p*And plead for us when

pours her prayer, Im - plor - ing par - don for her own.
 us be - fore, So still from harmour steps de - fend. A - men.
 death is nigh, *pp*And our all - search - ing Judge ap - pears.

4. *mf* Ye Martyrs all, a purple band,
 And Confessors, a white-robed train;
 Oh, call us to our native land,
 From this our exile, back again.

5. And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste,
 Receive us to your seats on high;
 With Hermits whom the desert waste
 Sent up of old into the sky.

6. Drive from the flock, O spirits blest,
 The false and faithless race away;
 That all within one fold may rest
 Secure beneath one Shepherd's sway.

7. *Unison f* { To God the Father glory be,
 And to His sole-begotten Son:
 And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
 While everlasting ages run.

All Saints.

Heaven.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

133.

1. *f* Oh, what is this splen - dor that
 2. See! forth from the gates, like a
 3. There are, mil - lions of Saints, in their

The first system of the musical score is in G major (three sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

beams on me now, This beau - ti - ful
 bri - dal ar - ray, Come the prin - ces of
 ranks and de - grees, And each with a

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

sun - rise that dawns on my soul,
 heav - en - how brave - ly they shine!
 beau - ty and crown of his own,

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

While faint and far off land and,
'Tis to wel - come the stran - ger, to
And there, far out - num - ber - ing the

sea lie be - low, And un - der my
show me the way, And to tell me that
sands of the seas, The nine rings of

feet the huge gold - en clouds roll?
all I see round me is mine.
An - gels en - cir - cle the throne.

4. And far in the heart of that glorious light
The mighty Apostles are seated in state,
With Joseph and John, who in life's mortal night
Were appointed on Jesus and Mary to wait.
5. *mf* And, still deeper in, Mary's splendor is seen,
cres. Her beautiful self and her choice starry crown;
And all, heaven grows bright in the smile of its Queen,
For the glory of Jesus illumines her throne.
6. *mf* And oh, if the exiles of earth could but win
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
cres. From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,
f And earth would be heaven; for heaven is love.

All Saints.

Hymn of S. John Damascene.

ELIZABETH RAYMOND-BARKER.

134.

1. *f* Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod,
 2. *mf* He, who glad - ly bart - ers All on earth - ly ground;
 3. *meno f* Shame up - on you, le - gions Of the heavenly King,

Those un - fail - ing flow - ers Round the throne of God;
 He who, like the mar - tyrs, Says, "I will be crowned;"
 Den - iz - ens of re - gions Past im - ag - in - ing!

Who may hope to gain them, Af - ter wea - ry fight?
 He, whose one ob - la - tion Is a life of love;
 Why with pipe and ta - bor Fool a - way the light,

Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white?
 Cling - ing to the na - tion Of the blest a - bove.
 When He bids you la - bor When He tells you - "Fight!"

4. *mf* While I do my duty,
 Struggling through the tide,
cres. Whisper Thou of beauty
 On the other side!
mf Tell who will the story
 Of our now distress,
cres. Oh, the future glory!
f Oh, the loveliness!

All Saints.

The joys of heaven.

191

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

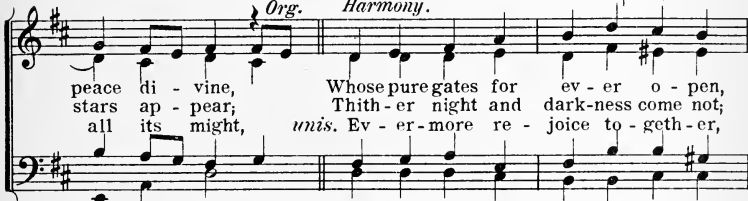
135.

Unison.



1. *f* Who can paint that love-ly cit - y, Cit - y of true
 2. There no sun his cir-cuit wheel-eth; There no moon or
 3. *ff* There the Saints of God, re-splend-ent As the sun in

Org. Harmony.

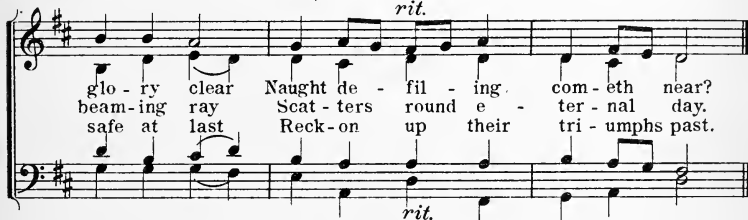


peace di - vine, Whose pure gates for ev - er o - pen,
 stars ap - pear; Thith - er night and dark-ness come not;
 all its might, *unis.* Ev - er-more re - joice to - geth - er,



Each in pearl-y lus - tre shine; Whose a - bodes of
 Death hath no do - min - ion there; But the Lamb's pure
 Crowned with di - a - dems of light, And from per - il

rit.



glo - ry clear Naught de - fil - ing com - eth near?
 beam-ing ray Scat - ters round e - ter - nal day.
 safe at last Reck-on up their tri - umphs past.

rit.

4. Happy he, who with them seated
 Doth in all their glory share:
 O that I, my days completed,
 Might be but admitted there!
 There with them the praise to sing
 Of my beauteous God and King.

The Holy Souls.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine.

S. WEBBE, Junr.

136.

1. *p* Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made, The
 2. Those ho - ly souls, they suf - fer on, Re -
 3. For dai - ly falls, for par - doned crime, They

souls to Thee so dear, — In pris - on for the
 signed in heart and will, — Un - til Thy high be -
 joy to un - der - go — The shad - ow of Thy

debt un - paid Of sins com - mit - ted here. —
 hest is done, And jus - tice has its fill. —
 Cross su - blime, The rem - nant of Thy woe. —

4. Oh, by their patience of delay,
 Their hope amid their pain,
 Their sacred zeal to burn away
 Disfigurement and stain;
5. Oh, by their fire of love, not less
 In keenness than the flame,
 Oh, by their very helplessness,
 Oh, by Thy own great Name.
6. Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid
 The souls to Thee most dear,
 In prison, for the debt unpaid
 Of sins committed here.

The Holy Souls.

193

Fidelium animæ.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

137.

1. *p* Oh, it is sweet to think Of those that are de-
2. *f* Yet not as in the days Of earth-ly ties we
3. Ah, they are more our own, Since now they are God's

part-ed, While murmered A - ves sink To si-lence ten-der-heart-ed:
love them, For they are touched with rays From light that is a - bove them:
on - ly; And each one that has gone Has left our heart less lone-ly.

While tears that have no pain Are tranquil-ly dis - til-ling, *cres.* The
An - oth - er sweetness shines A-round their wellknown fea-tures; God
He mourns not sea-sons fled, Who now in Him pos - ses - ses Treas-

dead then live a - gain In hearts that love is fill - ing.
with His glo - ry signs His dear - ly ran-somed crea-tures.
ures of man - y dead In their dear Lord's car - es - es.

4. Dear dead! they have become Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven like home,
Through them begins to woo us;
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.
5. *mf* O dearest dead! to heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him - be doubts forgiven! -
Who took you there to save you:
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly;
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.

The Holy Souls.

O vos fideles animæ.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

138.

1. *p* Ye souls of the faith - ful Who
 2. O Fa - ther of mer - cies! Thine
 3. O ten - der Re - deem - er! Their

sleep in the Lord, But as yet are shut
 an - ger with - hold; These works of Thy
 mis - er - y sec; De - liv - er the

out From your fi - nal re - ward!
 Hand In Thy mer - cy be - hold!
 souls That were ran - somed by Thee!

Oh, would I could lend you As - sis - tance to
 Too oft from Thy path They have wan - dered a -
 Be - hold how they love Thee, De - spite of their

fly From your pris - on be - low To your pal - ace on high!
 side; But Thee, their Cre - a - tor, They nev - er de - nied.
 pain; Re - store them, re - store them To fa - vor a - gain!

4. O Spirit of grace!

O Consoler divine!
 See how for Thy presence
 They longingly pine;
 Ah, then, to enliven
 Their sadness, descend;
 And fill them with peace,
 And with joy in the end.

5. O Mother of mercy!

Dear soother in grief!
 Lend thou to their torments
 A balmy relief;
 Attemper the rigor
 Of justice severe;
 And soften their flames
 With a pitying tear.

6. All ye who would honor

The Saints and their Head,
 Remember, remember
 To pray for the dead;
 And they, in return,
From their misery freed,
 To you will be friends
 In the hour of need.

The Holy Souls.

To our Lady of the holy souls.

R. R. TERRY.

139.

1. *pp* Oh, turn to Je - sus, Moth - er, turn, And
 2. Ah, they have fought a gal - lant fight, In
 3. *p* In pains be - yond all earth - ly pains, Favor -

call Him by His ten - der - est names; Pray for the ho - ly
 death's cold arms they per - se - vered; And af - ter life's un -
 ites of Je - sus, there they lie, Let - ting the fire wear

souls that burn This hour a - mid the cleansing flames.
 cheer - y night The har - bor of their rest is neared.
 out their stains, And wor - ship - ping God's pu - ri - ty.

4. They are the children of thy tears;
 Then hasten, Mother, to their aid;
 In pity think each hour appears
 An age while glory is delayed.
5. O Mary, let thy Son no more
 His lingering spouses thus expect:
 Gods children to their God restore,
 And to the Spirit His elect.
6. Pray, then, as thou hast ever prayed;
 Angels and souls, all look to thee;
 God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
 Those prayers His law of charity.

The Holy Souls.

197

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

(To be sung before and after the Litany.)

Cantors.

Choir and People.

140.

Lord, have mer - cy, Lord, have mer - cy;

Cantors.

Choir and People.

Christ have mer - cy, Christ have mer - cy;

Cantors.

Choir and People.

rit.

Lord have mer - cy, Lord have mer - cy.

THE LITANY.

* 1. An-cient of Days, Thy ser - vants meet To bow be -
 * 2. Have mer - cy, Lord, on all who wait In place for -
 * 3. These were the work of Thine own hands, Thy prom - ise

fore Thy mer - cy - seat, Thou Fa - ther, Son, and
 lorn and lone - ly state, Out - side Thy peace - ful
 sure for ev - er stands; Re - lease them, Lord, from

Par - a - clete. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne.
 pal - ace - gate. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne.
 pain and bands. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne.

pp *rit.*

Solo.

4. Lord Jesus, by Thy sacred Name,
 By Thy meek suffering and shame,
 Preserve these souls from cruel flame.
 Miserere, Domine.

- * 1. Cantors.
 * 2. Unison.
 * 3. Boys.

Cantors.

By sweat of Blood and crown of thorn,
 By Cross to Calvary meekly borne,
 Be Thou to them Salvation's horn.
Miserere, Domine.

Unison.

By Thy five Wounds and seven cries,
 By piercé Heart and glazing Eyes
 By Thy dread awful Sacrifice.
Miserere, Domine.

Boys.

When here below are lifted up
 The sacred Host and blessed Cup,
 Soon with Thee, Lord, may each one sup.
Miserere, Domine.

Solo.

By Raphael's powers and Michael's might,
 By all the ordered ranks of light,
 Battalions of the Infinite.
Miserere, Domine.

Cantors.

By Martyrs' pangs and triumph-palm:
 By Saints' strong faith, confessors' psalm;
 By Mary's name, like Gilead's balm.
Miserere, Domine.

Unison.

These souls forlorn, Redeemer blest,
 Never denied Thee, but confest;
 Grant them at last eternal rest.
Miserere, Domine.

Boys.

On earth they failed from day to day,
 Oft stumbling in the narrow way,
 Yet put their trust in Thee for aye.
Miserere, Domine

Solo.

Let their chill desolation cease,
 Thy mercy shed and give release,
 Then grant them everlasting peace.
Miserere, Domine.

Unison.

Enter may they through heaven's door,
 To walk in white on yonder shore,
 For ever, Lord, for evermore.
Miserere, Domine.

Cantors.

Here months and years now come and go,
 With summer gleam and winter snow:
 Let fall Thy dew and grace bestow.
Miserere, Domine.

Unison.

Flowers fade and wither, such their doom,
 Men fail and find the gaping tomb,
 With Thee Thy gardens ever bloom.
Miserere, Domine.

Boys.

Vision of peace so calm and bright,
 After a long and darksome night,
 Clothe them with everlasting light.
Miserere, Domine.

Solo.

For these poor souls who may not pray,
 For gone is their probation-day,
 We plead Thy Cross and humbly say,—
Miserere, Domine.

Cantors.

Remember all their sighs and tears,
 One day with Thee a thousand years,
 Give peace, O Lord, and calm their fears.
Miserere, Domine.

Unison.

As pants the hart for cooling spring,
 As bird flies home with wearied wing,
 Homeward they turn; Lord, homeward bring!
Miserere, Domine.

Boys.

Jesus for Thee they keenly long
 To company with saintly throng,
 And ransomed sing the glad new song.
Miserere, Domine.

Solo.

May they with saints in glory shine,
 Joined with angelic orders nine,
 Link them with Thee in joys divine.
Miserere, Domine.

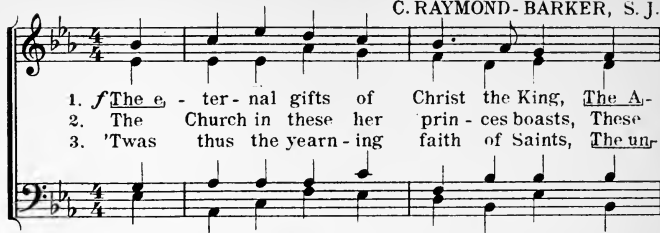
This metrical litany can be appropriately sung before Benediction at the Devotions for the holy souls during the month of November.

Feasts of Apostles.

Aeterna Christi munera.

C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S. J.

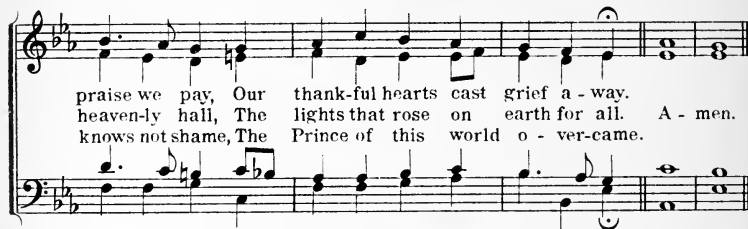
141.



1. *f* The e - ter - nal gifts of Christ the King, The A -
 2. The Church in these her prin - ces boasts, These
 3. 'Twas thus the yearn - ing faith of Saints, The un -



pos - tles' glo - rious deeds, we sing: And while due hymns of
 vic - tor chiefs of war - rior hosts; The sol - diers of the
 conquered hope that nev - er faints, The love of Christ that



praise we pay, Our thank - ful hearts cast grief a - way.
 heaven - ly hall, The lights that rose on earth for all. A - men.
 knows not shame, The Prince of this world o - ver - came.

4. In these the Father's glory shone,
 In these the will of God the Son;
 In these exults the Holy Ghost;
 Through these rejoice the heavenly host.
5. *mf* Redeemer, hear us of Thy love,
 That, with the glorious band above,
cres. Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
 Thy servants also may have place.

Feasts of Apostles.

201

Exultet orbis gaudiis.

G. F. BRUCE.

142.

1. *Unison f* Now let the earth with joy re - sound, And
 2. *p* O ye who, throned in glo - ry dread, Shall
 3. *mf* Ye close the sa - cred gates on high; *cres.* At

heaven the chant re - ech - o round, Nor heaven nor earth too
 judge the liv - ing and the dead! Lights of the world for
 your command a - part they fly: *p* Oh! loose us from the

high can raise The great A - pos - tles' glo - rious praise.
 ev - er - more! To - you the suppliant prayer we pour. A - men.
 guilt - y chain We strive to break, and strive in vain.

4. *mf* Sickness and health your voice obey;
 At your command they go or stay;
 From sin's disease our souls restore;
 In good confirm us more and more.

5. *pp* So when the world is at its end,
 And Christ to judgment shall descend,
cres. May we be called those joys to see
 Prepared from all eternity.

6. *Unison ff* { Praise to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
 As ever was in ages past,
 And shall be so while ages last.

Feasts of Evangelists.

Sine sub alto vertice.

W. H. HARRIS.

143.

1. *f* From Si - na's tremb-ling peak, In
 2. To us the self - same Lord, *dim.* At -
 3. *mf* On the hard rock en - graved, The

trum-pet - blasts from heaven, And thun-ders of a
 tempered to our gaze By the soft veil of
 law from Si - na's hill Pre - cepts sup-plied, but

threat - ening God, The old - en law was given.
 flesh, Him - self In love and grace dis - plays.
 gave no strength Those pre - cepts to ful - fil.

4. Stamped in the heart, the law
 Which Christ proclaimed anew,
cres. With its commandment also gives
 The strength to will and do.
5. *mf* This law with faithful pen
 Ye wrote, O scribes of God!
 Preached it by holiest word and deed,
 And sealed it with your blood.
6. O, may that Spirit blest
 Who touched your lips with fire,
 Those same eternal words of life
 Deep in our hearts inspire!

Feasts of Martyrs.

203

O beata beatorum.

J. FRANCIS.

144.

1. *f* Bless - ed feasts of bless - ed Mar - tyrs,
 2. Worth - y are they worth - y won - ders
 3. Faith un - blench - ing, hope un - quench - ing,

Saint - ly days of saint - ly men, With af - fec - tion's
 To per - form, the con - flict o'er: We with meet - est
 Dear - loved Lord, and sim - ple heart: Thus they, glo - rious

re - col - lec - tions Greet we your re - turn a - gain.
 praise and sweet - est Ven - e - rate them ev - er - more.
 and vic - to - rious, Bore the Mar - tyr's hap - py part.

4. *mf* While they passed through divers tortures
 Till they sank by death opprest,
cres. Earth's rejected were elected
f To have portion with the blest.

5. By contempt of worldly pleasures
 And by mighty battles done,
 Have they merited with angels
 To be knit for aye in one.

6. *mf* Wherefore made coheirs of glory,
 Ye that sit with Christ on high,
dim. Join to ours your supplications,
 As for grace and peace we cry.

7. *p* That this weary life completed
 And its transient labors past,
cres. We may merit to be seated
 In our Lord's bright home at last.

Feasts of Martyrs.

Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

145.

1. *f* Sing we the peer-less deeds of mar-tyred Saints, Their
 2. They in their day the in- sen-sate world ab-horred, And
 3. They trod be-neath them ev-ery threat of man, And

glo-rious mer-its, and their por-tion blest; Of all the con-quer-
 joy-ful-ly re-nounced it, Lord, for Thee; Find-ing it all a
 came vic-to-ri-ous all torments through; The i-ron hooks, that

ors this earth has seen, The great-est and the best.
 bar-ren waste, de-void Of fruit, or flower, or tree.
 piecemeal tore their flesh, Could not their souls sub-due.

4. Scourged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,
 Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate;
 For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
 In patient virtue great.
5. *Unison f* { What tongue those joys, O Jesus, can disclose,
 Which for Thy martyr'd Saints Thou dost prepare!
 Happy who in Thy pains, thrice happy those
 Who in Thy glory share!
6. *p* Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
 Great Deity supreme, immortal King!
cres. Grant us Thy peace, grant us Thine endless love
f In endless life to sing.

Feasts of Martyrs.

205

Deus tuorum militum.

Dr. FERRIS TOZER.

146.

1. *Unison* *fo* Thou, of all Thy war-riors, Lord, Thy -
 2. *mf* In self - ish pleas - ure's world - ly round The
 3. Right man - ful - ly his cross he bore, And

self the crown and sure re-ward; Set us from sin - ful
 taste of bit - ter gall he found; But sweet to him was
 ran his race of tor-ments sore; For Thee he poured his

fet - ters free, Who sing Thy mar-tyr's vic - tor - y.
 Thy dear Name, And so to heavenly joys he came. A - men.
 life a - way; With Thee he lives in end - less day.

4. *p* We, then, before Thee bending low,
 Entreat Thee, Lord, Thy love to show
 On this the day Thy martyr died,
 Who in Thy Saints is glorified.

5. *f* To God the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Be praise and glory evermore,
 As in the eternity before.

Feasts of Martyrs.

Fideles usque ad mortem.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

147.

1. *Unison* f Let our choir new anthems raise, Wake the song of gladness;
 2. Nev-er flinched they from the flame, From the torture nev-er;
 3. *Unison* Up and fol - low, Christian men! Press through toil and sor-row;

God Him-self to joy and praise Turns the Mar-tyrs' sad - ness:
 Vain the foe-man's sharpest aim, Sa-tan's best en - deav - or:
 Spurn the night of fear, and then, Oh, the glo-rious mor - row!

Bright the day that won their crown, Opened heaven's bright por - tal,
 For by faith they saw the land Decked in all its glo - ry,
 Who will ven-ture on the strife? Blest who first be - gin it;

As they laid the mor-tal down To put on the im-mor - tal.
 Where tri-um-phant now they stand With the vic-tor's sto - ry.
 Who will grasp the land of life? War-riors, up and win it!

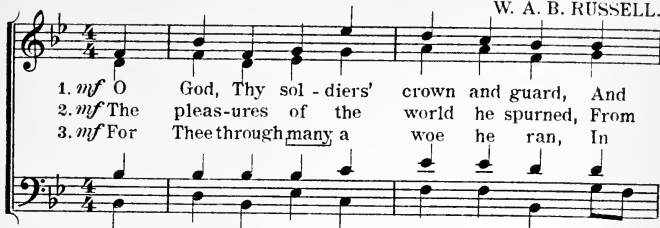
Feasts of Martyrs.

Deus tuorum militum.

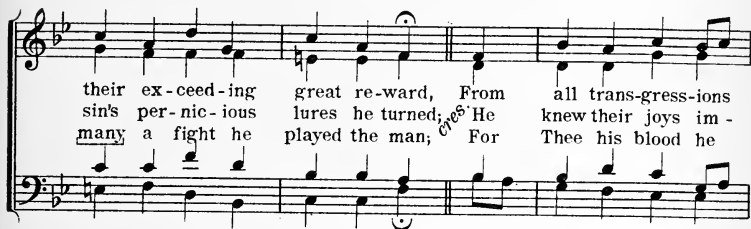
207

W. A. B. RUSSELL.

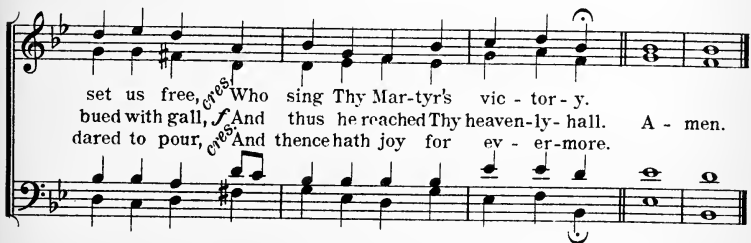
148.



1. *mf* O God, Thy sol - diers' crown and guard, And
 2. *mf* The pleas-ures of the world he spurned, From
 3. *mf* For Thee through many a woe he ran, In



their ex-ceed-ing great re-ward, From all trans-gress-ions
 sin's per-nic-ious lures he turned; ^{cres.} He knew their joys im-
many a fight he played the man; ^{cres.} For Thee his blood he



set us free, ^{cres.} Who sing Thy Mar-tyr's vic - tor - y.
 bued with gall, ^f And thus he reached Thy heaven-ly-hall. A - men.
 dared to pour, ^{cres.} And thence hath joy for ev - er-more.

4. *p* We therefore pray Thee, full of love,
 Regard us from Thy throne above:
 On this Thy Martyr's triumph-day,
 Wash every stain of sin away.

5. *mf* O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son
^{cres.} Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
^f Doth live and reign eternally.

F. LAMBERT.

149.

1. *Unison f* O Thou, the Mar-tyrs' glo-rious King, Of
 2. By all the praise Thy Saints have won; By
 3. *f* Thou dost a - mid Thy Mar-tyrs fight, Thy

Con-fess-ors the crown and prize; Who dost to joys ce-
 all the pains in days gone by; By all their deeds which
 Con-fess-ors Thou dost for-give; *dim.* May we find mer - cy

les-tial bring Those who the joys of earth de-spise.
 they have done, *dim.* Hear Thou Thy sup-pliant peo-ple's cry. A - men.
 in Thy sight, And in Thy sa - cred pres-ence live.

4. *Unison ff* { To God the Father and the Son
 All honor, glory, praise be given,
 With Thee, O holy Paraclete,
 Henceforth by all in earth and heaven.

Feasts of Confessors.

209

Jesu, corona celsior.

V. NOVELLO.

150.

1. *mf* Re - deem - er, blest of all who live! Thy
 2. *f* This day the ho - ly Con - fes - sor Of
 3. This day a - mid the bliss - ful choirs Of

Saints' e - ter - nal prize! Up - on this day Thine
 Thy most sa - cred Name, Hon - ored with year - ly
 an - gels, he sat down, Re - ceiv - ing, for the

ear in - cline, And hear us from the skies.
 fes - tive rites, To heaven - ly glo - ry came. A - men.
 joys he spurned, An ev - er - last - ing crown.

4. Thee, Jesu, his all gracious Lord, .
 Confessing to the last,
 He trod beneath him Satan's fraud,
 And stood for ever fast.

5. *p* Oh, grant us in his steps to walk,
 His holy life to live;
 And by the virtue of his prayers
 Thy people's sins forgive.

6. { Glory to Thee, all gracious Lord,
 Praise to the Father be;
Unison ff Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
 Through all eternity.

Feasts of Virgins.

Jesu corona virginum.

H. C. NIXON.

151.

1. *f* Thou Crown of all the vir - gin choir, That
 2. *mf* En - cir - cled by Thy vir - gin band, A -
 3. And still, where - ev - er Thou dost bend Thy

ho - ly Moth - er's Vir - gin Son, Who is, a - lone of
 mid the lil - ies Thou art found; For Thy pure brides with
 lov - ing way O glo - rious King, Vir - gins up - on Thy

wom-an-kind, Moth - er and Vir - gin both in one.
 lav - ish hand Im mor - tal grac - es scat - tering round. A - men.
 steps at - tend, And hymns to Thy high glo - ry sing.

4. *p* Keep us, O Purity divine,
 From every least corruption free;
 Our every sense from sin refine,
 And purify our souls for Thee.

5. (To God the Father and the Son,
 All honor, glory, praise be given,
 With Thee, O holy Paraclete,
 Henceforth by all in earth and heaven.
- Unison ff*

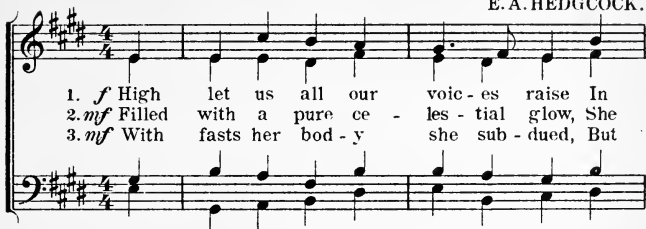
Feasts of Holy Women.

211

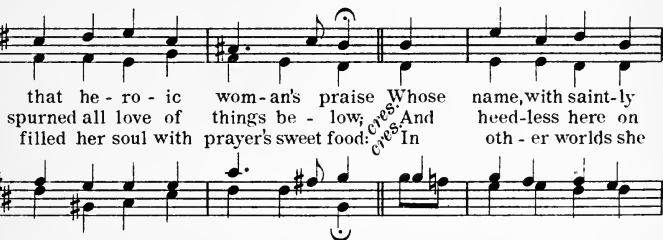
Fortem virili pectore.

E. A. HEDGCOCK.

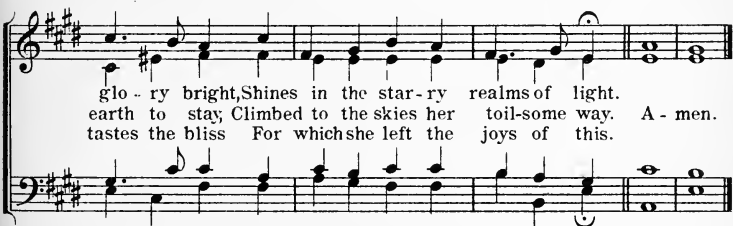
152.



1. *f* High let us all our voic - es raise In
 2. *mf* Filled with a pure ce - les - tial glow, She
 3. *mf* With fasts her bod - y she sub - dued, But



that he - ro - ic wom - an's praise Whose name, with saint - ly
 spurned all love of things be - low; And heed - less here on
 filled her soul with prayer's sweet food: In oth - er worlds she



glo - ry bright, Shines in the star - ry realms of light.
 earth to stay, Climbed to the skies her toil - some way. A - men.
 tastes the bliss For which she left the joys of this.

4. *p* O Christ, the strength of all the strong,
 To Whom our holiest deeds belong!
 Through her prevailing prayers on high,
 In mercy hear Thy people's cry!

5. *Unison ff* { To God the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Be glory while the ages flow,
 From all above, and all below.

Guardian Angel.

Angele Dei.

C. HENDRICK.

153.

(First tune.)

1. *mf* Dear An - gel, ev - er at my side, How
 2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I
 3. But I have felt thee in my thoughts Fight -

lov - ing must thou be To leave thy home in
 see not, though so near; The sweet - ness of thy
 ing with sin for me; And when my heart loves

heaven to guard An err - ing child like me.
 soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.
 God, I know The sweet - ness is from thee.

4. And when, dear spirit, I kneel down, 5. Yes, when I pray thou prayest too,
 Morning and night, to prayer, Thy prayer is all for me;
 Something there is within my heart But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
 Which tells me thou art there. But watchest patiently.
6. Then, for thy sake, dear Angel, now 7. Oh, weary not, but love me still,
 More humble will I be. For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
dim. But I am weak; and when I fall, *cres.* She never tired of me, though I
 Oh, weary not of me. Her worst of sons have been.
8. *mf* Then love me, love me, Angel dear,
 And I will love thee more;
p And help me when my soul is cast
 Upon the eternal shore.

Guardian Angel.

213

Angele Dei.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. CROOKALL.

(Second tune.)

153.

1. *mf* Dear An - gel, ev - er at my side, How
 2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I
 3. But I have felt thee in my thoughts Fight-

lov - ing must thou be To leave thy home in
 see not, though so near; The sweet-ness of thy
 ing with sin for me; And when my heart loves

heaven to guard An err - ing child like me.
 soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.
 God, I know The sweet-ness is from thee.

4. And when, dear spirit, I kneel down, 5. Yes, when I pray thou prayest too,
 Morning and night, to prayer, Thy prayer is all for me;
 Something there is within my heart But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
 Which tells me thou art there. But watchest patiently.

6. Then, for thy sake, dear Angel, now 7. Oh, weary not, but love me still,
 More humble will I be. For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
dim. But I am weak; and when I fall, *cres.* She never tired of me, though I
 Oh, weary not of me. Her worst of sons have been.

8. *mf* Then love me, love me, Angel dear,
 And I will love thee more;
p And help me when my soul is cast
 Upon the eternal shore.

Guardian Angel.

Angelice Patrone.

J. T. FIELD.

154.

1. *mf* Sweet An - gel of mer - cy, By
 2. *cres.* All thanks for thy love, Dear com -
 3. Sup - port me in weak - ness; My

heav - en's de - cree Be - nign - ly ap -
 pan - ion and friend, Oh, may it con -
 spir - it in - flame; De - fend me in

point - ed To watch o - ver me;
 tin - ue With me to the end.
 dan - ger; Se - cure me from shame,

With - out thy pro - tec - tion, So con - stant and nigh,
 O, cease not to keep me, Blest guide of my youth,
cres. That safe from temp - ta - tion Or sud - den sur - prise,

I could not well live; I should tremble to die.
In the ways of re - lig - ion And vir - tue and truth.
I may mount the straight path That as - cends to the skies.

4. *p* O thou who didst witness

My earliest breath,
 Be with me, I pray at
 The hour of my death;
 Console me in sadness,
 Refresh me in pain;
 And teach me how best
 I may mercy obtain.

5. *cres.* That, cleansed by confession

Complete and sincere,
 From every defilement
 Afflicting me here,
f All glowing with love
 I may gladly depart
 With faith on my lips,
 And with hope in my heart.

6. *mf* Nor then do thou leave me,

Angelical friend!
 But at the tribunal
 Of Judgment attend;
 And cease not to plead
cres. For my soul, till forgiven
 Thou bear it aloft
 To the palace of heaven.

Guardian Angel.

Regnator orbis summus et arbiter.

G. LEIGH.

155.

1. Om - nip - o - tent, in - fi - nite Lord! To
 2. We bless Thee, whose mer - cy pro - vides us With
 3. To cope with the fu - ri - ous foe, Lest,

Thee the whole u - ni - verse bends! Thou mad - est the
 guar - di - ans sent from on high, Through ev - ery temp -
 hap - ly, un - guard - ed he see, And slay with a

world at a word, And still up - on Thee it de - pends.
 ta - tion to guide us, And shield us when dan - ger is nigh;
 treacher - ous blow The souls that were ransomed by Thee.

4. High praise to the Lord of all might,
 All-holy, all-gracious, all-wise!
 Who sends us his angels of light
 To lure us again to the skies.

Feasts of Holy Angels.

217

Fecit angelos suos ministros.

F. ARMSTRONG.

156.

1. *f* Stars of the morning, so glo-ri-ous-ly bright, Filled with ce-
 2. These are Thy min-is-ters, these dost Thou own, Lord God of
 3. These keep the guard a-midst Salem's dear bowers, Thrones, Princi-

les-ti-al vir-tue and light, These live, where night nev-er
 Sab-ba-oth near-est Thy throne; These are Thy mes-seng-ers,
 pal-i-ties, Vir-tues, and Powers, Where, with the Liv-ing Ones,

fol-low-eth day, Raise the "Tris-ag-i-on" ev-er and aye:
 these dost Thou send, Help of the help-less ones! man to de-fend.
 mys-tic-al Four, Cher-u-bim, Ser-a-phim, bow and a-dore.

4. Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
 Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
cres. Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
ff Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.
5. *mf* Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
cres. Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
dim. We with the Angels may bow and adore.

Feasts of Holy Angels.

Angeli Dei in cœlo.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

157.

1. *f* Mi - chael, prince of high - est heav - en,
 2. Ga - briel, sil - ver - tongued and glo - rious;
 3. *f* We will hon - or, we will love you,

No - blest of ce - les - tial ranks, Low - ly sing - ing
 Ra - phael, heal - er of our woes; Bless - ed An - gels,
 Bless - ed spir - its, more and more; Our de - vo - tion

in thine hon - or Bring we now our meed of thanks.
 gen - tle guard - ians, Be our aid, re - pel our foes;
 still in - creas - ing, As you fav - ors on us pour;

cres. Might - y vic - tor, all re - splen - dent,
Breathe in - to our hearts your sweet - ness,
ff Till with you for ev - er sing - ing

Near to Ma - ry thou dost reign; *mf* Come and bless us
Fill our souls with love di - vine; May your gra - cious
In a glad, un - end - ing strain, God the Fa - ther,

with thy pres - ence, Bring with thee thy heavenly train.
pres - ence ev - er Round your charge pro - tect - ing shine.
Son, and Spir - it, Where the bless - ed ev - er reign.

Feasts of Holy Angels.

Christe, sanctorum decus,

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

158.

1. *mf* O Christ! the beau - ty of the an - gel worlds! Of
 2. An - gel of peace! thou, Michael, from a - bove, Come
 3. An - gel of strength! thou, Ga - bri - el, cast out Thine

man the Mak - er and Re - deem - er blest! *dim.* Grant us one day to
 down, a - mid the homes of man to dwell; And ban - ish wars, with
 an - cient foes, u - surp - ers of thy reign; The tem - ples of thy

reach those bright a - bodes *p* And in Thy glo - ry rest.
 all thy tears and blood, Back to their na - tive hell.
 tri - umph round the globe Re - vis - it once a - gain.

4. And Raphael, physician of the soul, —
 Do thou descend from thy pure halls of light,
 To heal our sicknesses, and guide for us
 Each dubious course aright.
5. Thou, too, fair Virgin daughter of the skies!
 Mother of light, and Queen of peace! descend;
 Bringing with thee the radiant court of heaven,
 To aid us and defend.
6. This grace on us bestow, O Father blest;
 And Thou, O Son, by an eternal birth:
 With Thee, from Both proceeding, Holy Ghost,
 Whose glory fills the earth.

Dedication of a Church.

221

Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem.

A. E. BAKER.

159.

1. *f* Je - ru - sa - lem, thou cit - y blest! Dear vision of ce -
 2. Thy gates a pearl - y lus - tre pour, Thy gates are o - pen
 3. *Unison ff* That house on high - it ev - er rings With praises of the

les - tial rest! Which far a - bove the star - ry sky, Piled
 ev - er - more; And thith - er ev - er - more draw nigh All
 King of kings; For - ev - er there, on harps di - vine, They

up with liv - ing stones on high, Art, as a bride, en -
 who for Christ have dared to die; Or, smit with love of
 hymn, the e - ter - nal One and Trine; We here be - low the

cir - cled bright With mil - lion an - gel - forms of light.
 their dear Lord, Have pains en - dured and joys ab - horred. A - men.
 strain pro - long, And faint - ly ech - o Si - on's song.

4. *Unison ff* { To God the Father, glory due
 Be paid by all the heavenly host;
 And to His only Son most true;
 With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost!
 To Whom praise, power, and blessing be
 Through the ages of eternity.

Dedication of a Church.

Alto ex Olympi vertice.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

160.

1. *f* From high - est heaven, the Fa - ther's Son, De -
 2. That house on high, - it ev - er rings With
 3. *mf* O Lord of lords in - vis - i - ble! With

scend - ing like that mys - tic stone Cut from a mount - ain
 prais - es of the King of kings; For - ev - er there, on
 Thy pure light this tem - ple fill: Hith - er, oft as in -

with - out hands, Came down be - low, and filled all lands;
 harps di - vine, Thy hymn the e - ter - nal One and Trine;
 voked, de - scend; Here to Thy peo - ple's prayer at - tend;

U - nit - ing, mid - way in the sky, His
 We, here be - low, the strain pro - long, And
 Here, through all hearts, for ev - er - more Thy

house on earth, and house on high.
 faint - ly ech - o Si - on's song. A - men.
 Spir - its quick - ening grac - es pour.

4. Here may the Faithful, day for day,
 Their hearts' adoring homage pay;
 And here receive from Thy dear love
 The blessings of that home above;
cres. Till loosened from this mortal chain,
f Its everlasting joys they gain.

5. *Unison ff* { To God the Father, glory due
 Be paid by all the heavenly host;
 And to His only Son most true;
 With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost!
 To Whom praise, power, and blessing be,
Through the ages of eternity.

General Hymns.

Our most holy Redeemer.

S. P. WADDINGTON.

161.

1. *f* Crown Him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up-on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Vir-gin's Son, The God in-car-nate born;
 3. Crown Him the Lord of love, Be-hold His Hands and Side,

Hark how the heavenly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own:
 Whose Arm those crimson trophies won Which now His Brow a - dorn:
 Rich Wounds yet vis-i-ble a-bove In beau-ty glo-ri-fied:

A - wake my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
 Fruit of the mys-tic rose, As of that rose the stem;
dim. No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly bear that sight,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e-ter-ni-ty.
 The root whence mercy ev-er flows, The Babe of Beth-le-hem.
p But downward bends his burn-ing eye At mys-ter-ies so bright.

4. *f* Crown Him the Lord of peace,
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
 Absorbed in prayer and praise:
 His reign shall know no end,
dim. And round His pierced Feet
cres. Fair flowers of Paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

General Hymns.

225

Gloria in altissimi.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

162.

1. *Unison* *f* Praise to the Ho - liest in the height,
 2. O lov - ing wis - dom of our God!
 3. *mf* O wis - est love! that flesh and blood

dim. And in the depth be praise; In all His words most
 When all was sin and shame, A sec - ond Ad - am
 Which did in Ad - am fail, *cres.* Should strive a - fresh a -

won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways.
 to the fight And to the res - cue came.
 gainst their foe, *f* Should strive and should pre - vail.

4. And that a higher gift than grace

Should flesh and blood refine,

p God's presence, and His very self,

And essence all divine.

5. *mf* O generous love! that He, Who smote

In man for man the foe,

dim. The double agony in man

For man should undergo;

6. *p* And in the garden secretly,

And on the Cross on high,

Should teach His brethren and inspire

To suffer and to die.

7. (Praise to the Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise;

Unison *f* In all His words most wonderful,
 Most sure in all His ways.

General Hymns.

Laudetur Jesus Christus.

J. C. BOWEN.

163.

1. *f* When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing
 2. The sa-cred min-ster bell, It peals o'er hill and
 3. When you be-gin the day, Oh, nev-er fail to

cries: May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer To
 dell: May Je-sus Christ be praised! Oh, hark to what it sings As
 say: May Je-sus Christ be praised! And at your work re-joice To

Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised! _____
 joy-ous-ly it rings; May Je-sus Christ be praised! _____
 sing with heart and voice, May Je-sus Christ be praised! _____

4. Be this at meals your grace,
 In every time and place:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Be this, when day is past,
 Of all your thoughts the last:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

5. To God, the Word, on high
 The hosts of angels cry,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Let children too upraise
 Their voice in hymns of praise;
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

6. *Unison.* { Let earth's wide circle round
 In joyful notes resound:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Let air, and sea, and sky,
 Through depth and height reply,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

General Hymns.

227

Urbs Sion aurea.

A. E. BAKER.

164.

1. *f* Je - ru - sa - lem the gold-en! With milk and hon-ey blest,
2. *f* They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi-lant with song,
3. *Unison* There is the throne of Da-vid, And bliss without al - loy;

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion, Sink heart and voice op - pressed;
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of fest - al joy;

cres. I know not— Oh, I know not What joys a - wait us there;
ff The Prince is ev - er in them, His light is al - ways seen;
And they, who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,

f What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

4. *f* O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
cres. Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

General Hymns.

O bona patria.

F. LAMBERT.

165.

1. *mf* For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine
 2. *f* O one, O on - ly man - sion! O
 3. With jas - per glow thy bul - warks, Thy

eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be -
 par - a - dise of joy! Where tears are ev - er
 streets with emer - alds blaze; The sar - dius and the

hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.
 ban - ished, And smiles have no al - loy;
 to - paz U - nite in thee their rays;

cres. The men-tion of thy glo-ry Is unc-tion to the breast,
 The Lamb is all thy splendor; The Cru-ci-fied thy praise;
 Thine age-less walls are bound-ed With am-e-thyst un- priced;

And med-i-cine in sick-ness, And love, and life, and rest.
 His laud and ben-e-dic-tion Thy ransomed peo-ple raise.
 The saints hold up thy fab-ric, The cor-ner-stone is Christ.

4. { Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
Unison { Upon the Rock of ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

5. O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
cres. Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest.

General Hymns.

Hora novissima.

C. RAYMOND - BARKER, S. J.

166.

1. *p*The world is ver - y e - vil, The
 2. *piu f* A - rise, a - rise, good Chris - tian, Let
 3. O home of fade-less splen - dor, Of

times are wax - ing late; Be so - ber and keep
 right to wrong suc - ceed; Let pen - i - ten - tial
 flowers that fear no thorn, Where they shall dwell as

vig - il, The Judge is at the gate;
 sor - row To heaven - ly glad - ness lead,
 chil - dren Who here as ex - iles mourn;

The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes in
f To light that has no even - ing, That knows no noon nor
 'Midst power that knows no lim - it, Where wis - dom has no

might, *cres.* Who comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right.
 sun, The light so new and gol - den, The light that is but one.
 bound, The be - a - tif - ic vis - ion, Shall glad the Saints a - round.

4. O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty,
Unison. True cure of the distress!
 Strive, man, to win that glory;
 Toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight.

5. O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect!
p Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
cres. Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest.

General Hymns.

Jerusalem luminosa.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

167.

1. *f* Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem,
 2. *Unison.* There for ev - er and for ev - er
 3. There no cloud nor pass - ing va - por

Vis - ion whence true peace doth spring, Bright - er than the
 Al - le - lu - ia is out - poured; For un - end - ing,
 Dims the bright - ness of the air; End - less noon - day,

heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the high - est King;
 for un - brok - en Is the feast - day of the Lord;
 glo - rious noon - day, From the Sun of suns is there;

Oh, how glo - rious are the prais - es
All is pure and all is ho - ly
There no night brings rest from la - bor,

Which of thee the proph - ets sing!
That with - in those walls are stored. A - men.
For un - known are toil and care.

4. Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty
Full of health, and strong and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!
5. Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.
6. *Unison* { Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

General Hymns.

(First tune.)

Paradise.

Dr. F. E. GLADSTONE.

168.

cres.

1. *mf* O Para-dise! O Para-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who
 2. *mf* O Para-dise! O Para-dise! 'Tis wea-ry wait-ing here, I
 3. *mf* O Para-dise! O Para-dise! I want to sin no more; I

1-3. O Para-dise! O Pa - radise! *cres.*

Who would not seek

I long to be

I want to be

— would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest;
 — long to be where Je-sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
 — want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore;

Who would not seek

I long to be

I want to be

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light,

dim.

All rap-ture through and through In God's most ho-ly sight?

4. *mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!

I greatly long to see

The special place my dearest Lord

In love prepares for me;

Where loyal &c.

5. *mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!

I feel 'twill not be long;

cres. Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;

Where loyal &c.

General Hymns.

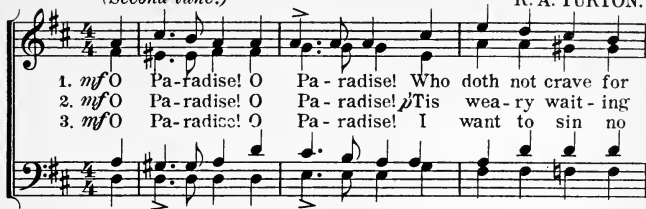
235

Paradise.

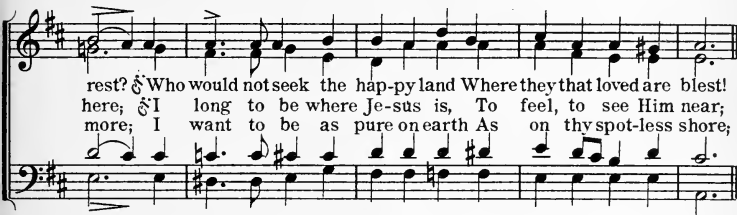
(Second tune.)

R. A. TURTON.

168.



1. *mf* O Pa-radise! O Pa - radise! Who doth not crave for
 2. *mf* O Pa-radise! O Pa - radise! 'Tis wea-ry wait - ing
 3. *mf* O Pa-radise! O Pa - radise! I want to sin no



rest? Who would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest!
 here; I long to be where Je-sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
 more; I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore;



Where loy-al hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All



rapture through and through In God's most ho-ly sight? A - men.

4. *mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!

I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me;
 Where loyal &c.

5. *mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!

I feel 'twill not be long;
 Patience! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal &c.

General Hymns.

Voces angelorum.

J. RICHARDSON.

169.

1. *f*Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are
 2. *p*Dark - er than night life's shad-ows fall a -
 3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them

swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore;
 round us, And like be - night - ed men we miss our mark;
 sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are
 God hides Him - self, and grace hath scarce - ly
cres. And through the dark, its e - choes sweet - ly

tell - ing Of that new life where sin shall be no more.
 found us, Ere death finds out his vic-tims in the dark.
 ring-ing, The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.

Unison (ad lib).

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

4. *mf* Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
dim. And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
f Angels of Jesus, &c.

5. *p* Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
cres. The day must dawn, the darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
f And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

6. Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
dim. While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
cres. Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
ff Angels of Jesus, &c.

General Hymns.

O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

170.

1. *f* Oh, what the joy and the
 2. *meno f* What are the Mon - arch, His
 3. Tru - ly Je - ru - sa - lem

glo - ry must be, Those end - less sab - baths the
 court, and His throne? What are the peace and the
 name we that shore, Vis - ion of peace, that brings

bles - ed ones see; Crown for the val - iant: to
 joy that they own? Tell us, ye blest ones, who
 joy ev - er - more; Wish and ful - fil - ment can

wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all and in
 in it have share, If what ye feel ye can
 sev - ered be ne'er, Nor the thing prayed for come

all ev - er blest.
 ful - ly de - clare! A - - men.
 short of the prayer.

4. We, where no troubles distraction can bring,
 Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing:
cres. While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
 Thy blessed people eternally raise.

5. *f* There dawns no sabbath, — no sabbath is o'er,
Unison Those sabbath-keepers have one, and no more;
 One and unending is that triumph-song
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6. *mf* Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
 We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
 Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

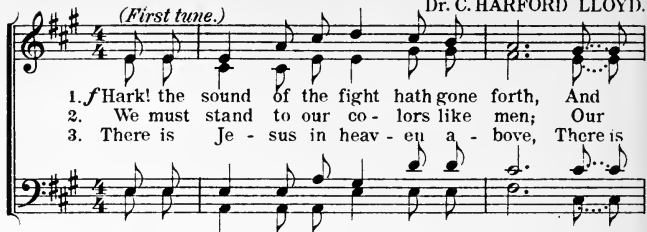
7. *p* Low before Him with our praises we fall
 Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
cres. Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
f Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

General Hymns.

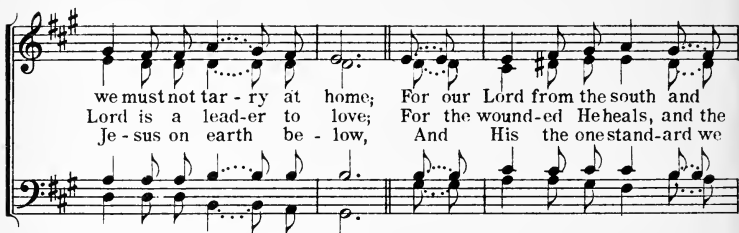
The Soldiers of Christ.

Dr. C. HARFORD LLOYD.

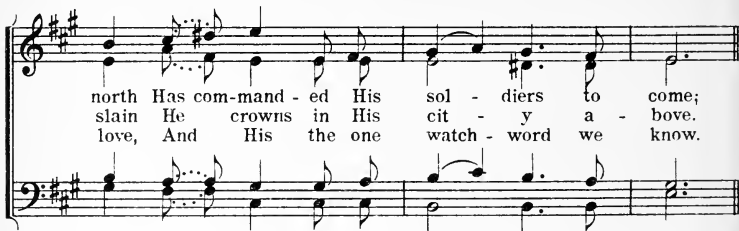
171.

(First tune.)


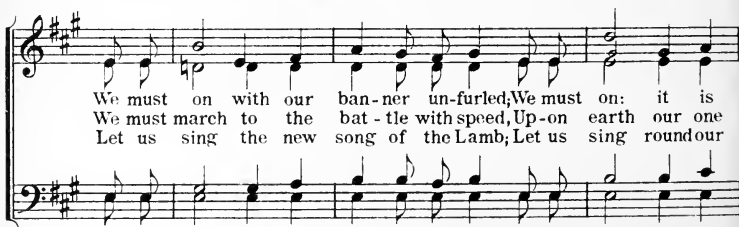
1. *f* Hark! the sound of the fight hath gone forth, And
 2. We must stand to our co - lours like men; Our
 3. There is Je - sus in heav - en a - bove, There is



we must not tar - ry at home; For our Lord from the south and
 Lord is a lead - er to love; For the wound - ed He heals, and the
 Je - sus on earth be - low, And His the one stand - ard we



north Has com - mand - ed His sol - diers to come;
 slain He crowns in His cit - y a - bove.
 love, And His the one watch - word we know.



We must on with our ban - ner un - furled, We must on: it is
 We must march to the bat - tle with speed, Up - on earth our one
 Let us sing the new song of the Lamb; Let us sing round our

Je - sus Who leads; We must hast - en to con - quer the
 dut - y is strife; Oh, blest are the sol - diers who
 ban - ner so brave; Let us sing of that beau - ti - ful

world With the sign of the Lamb Who bleeds.
 bleed For the Sav - iour Who died to give life!
 Blood That was shed to re - deem and to save.

General Hymns.

The Soldiers of Christ.

(Second tune.)

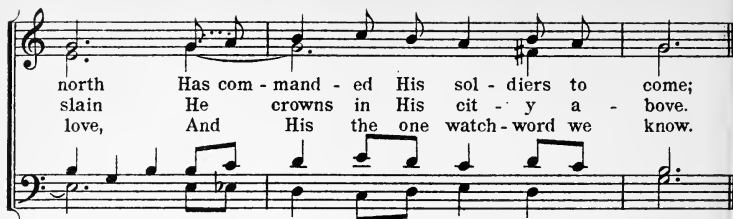
Unison.

J. FRANCIS.

171.

1. *f* Hark! the sound of the fight hath gone forth, And we
 2. We must stand to our co - lours like men; Our
 3. There is Je - sus in heav - en a - bove, There is

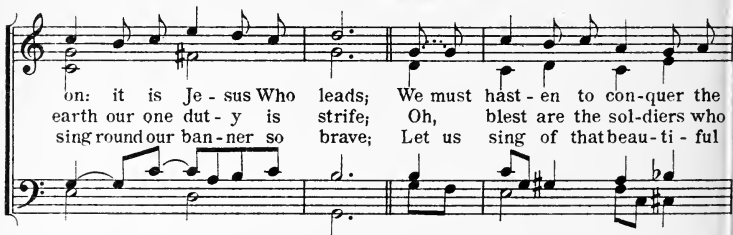
must not tar - ry at home; For our Lord from the south and
 Lord is a lead - er to love; For the wound - ed He heals, and the
 Je - sus on earth be - low, And His the one stand - ard we



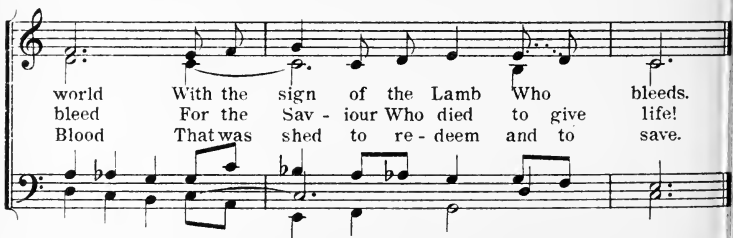
north Has com - mand - ed His sol - diers to come;
slain He crowns in His cit - y a - bove.
love, And His the one watch - word we know.



We must on with our ban - ner un - furled; We must
We must march to the bat - tle with speed, Up - on
Let us sing the new song of the Lamb; Let us



on: it is Je - sus Who leads; We must hast - en to con - quer the
earth our one dut - y is strife; Oh, blest are the sol - diers who
sing round our ban - ner so brave; Let us sing of that beau - ti - ful



world With the sign of the Lamb Who bleeds.
bleed For the Sav - iour Who died to give life!
Blood That was shed to re - deem and to save.

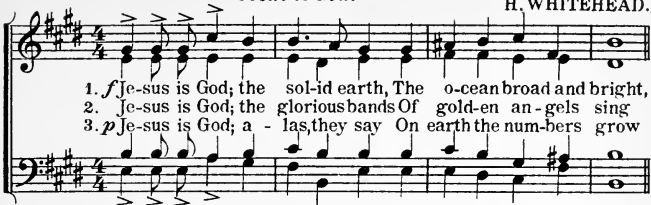
General Hymns.

243

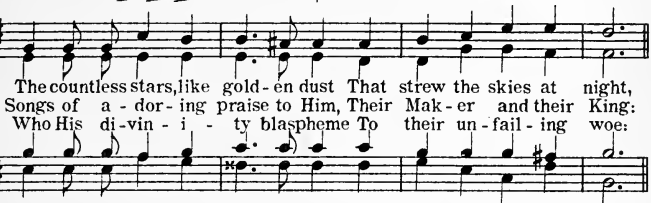
Jesus is God.

H. WHITEHEAD.

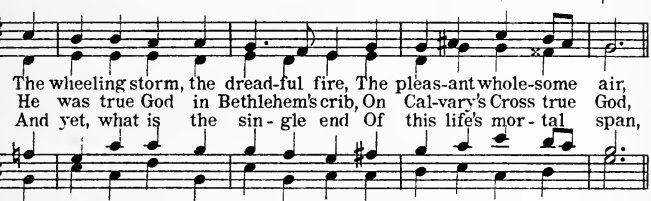
172.



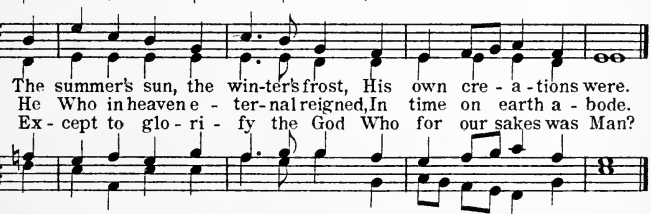
1. *f* Je-sus is God, the sol-id earth, The o-cean broad and bright,
 2. Je-sus is God; the glorious bands Of gold-en an-gels sing
 3. *p* Je-sus is God; a - las, they say On earth the num-bers grow



The countless stars, like gold-en dust That strew the skies at night,
 Songs of a - dor-ing praise to Him, Their Mak-er and their King:
 Who His di-vin - i - ty blaspheme To their un-fail-ing woe:



The wheeling storm, the dread-ful fire, The pleas-ant whole-some air,
 He was true God in Beth-lehem's crib, On Cal-vary's Cross true God,
 And yet, what is the sin-gle end Of this life's mor-tal span,



The summer's sun, the win-ter's frost, His own cre - a - tions were.
 He Who in heav-e - ter-nal reigned, In time on earth a - bode.
 Ex-cept to glo - ri - fy the God Who for our sakes was Man?

4. *mf* Jesus is God; let sorrow come,
 And pain and every ill;
 All are worth while—for all are means
 His glory to fulfil;
cres. Worth while a thousand years of life
 To speak one little word,
 If by our Credo we might own
 The Godhead of our Lord.

General Hymns.

*God bless our Pope.**Unison.*

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

173.

1. *f* Full in the pant - ing heart of Rome, Be -
 2. The gold - en roof, the mar - ble walls, The
 3. From tor - rid south to fro - zen north The

Organ.

neath the A - post - les' crown - ing dome, From pil - grims' lips that
 Vat - i - can's ma - jes - tic halls, The note re - doub - les,
 wave har - mo - nious stretch - es forth, Yet strikes no chord more

kiss the ground, Breathes in all tongues one on - ly sound -
 till it fills With ech - oes sweet the sev - en hills -
 true to Rome's Than rings with - in our hearts and homes -

God bless our Pope, the great, the good! God

bless our Pope, the great, the good!

4. For, like the sparks of unseen fire
 That speak along the magic wire,
 From home to home, from heart to heart,
 These words of countless children dart—
 God bless our Pope, the great, the good!
5. To homes and hearts of Saints above,
 Which linked with ours in thought and love,
 Repeating, bless the pilgrims' strain,
 As showers enrich with borrowed rain—
 God bless our Pope, the great, the good!
The last line is always repeated.

General Hymns.

*Fidelis ad mortem.**(First tune.)*

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

Unison.

174.

Organ. f

Ped.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In
 2. Our fa - thers chained in pris - ons dark Were
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers Shall

spite of dun-geon, fire and sword; Oh, how our hearts beat
 still in heart and conscience free; How sweet would be their
 win our coun-try back to thee; And through the truth that

high with joy When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
 chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 comes from God, Our land shall then in - deed be free.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We

will be true to thee till death. Faith of our fa - thers!

ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

Ossia.

4. Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife:
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers! &c.

General Hymns.

(Second tune.)

Fidelis ad mortem.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

174.

Unison.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In
 2. Our fa - thers chained in pris - ons dark Were
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers Shall

spite of dungeon, fire and sword; Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy When
 still in heart and conscience free; How sweet would be their children's fate, If
 win our country back to thee; And through the truth that comes from God, Our

e'er we hear that glorious word:
 they like them could die for thee! Faith of our fathers! ho - ly faith! We
 land shall then in - deed be free.

will be true to thee till death, We will be true to thee till death.

4. Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife;
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers! &c.

General Hymns.

249

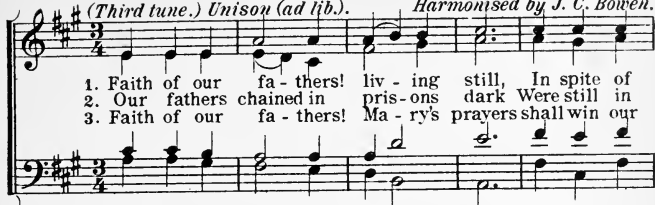
Fidelis ad mortem.

GERMAN (1669).

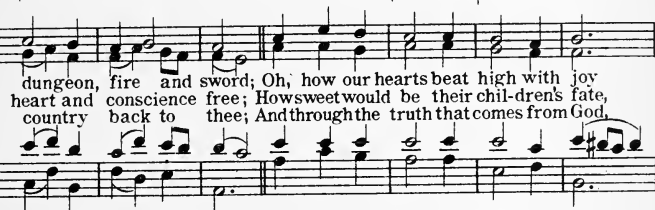
(Third tune.) Unison (ad lib.).

Harmonised by J. C. Bowen.

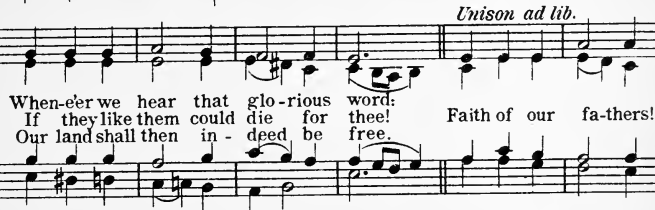
174.



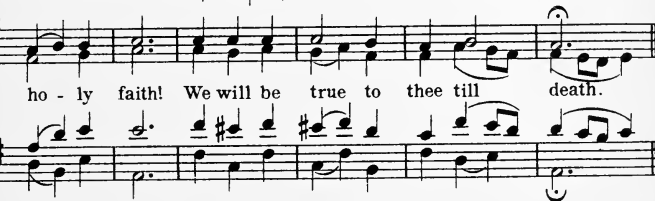
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of
 2. Our fathers chained in pris - ons dark Were still in
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers shall win our



dungeon, fire and sword; Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
 heart and conscience free; How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate,
 country back to thee; And through the truth that comes from God,



Unison ad lib.
 When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
 If they like them could die for thee! Faith of our fa - thers!
 Our land shall then in - deed be free.



ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

4. Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife;
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers! &c.

General Hymns.

*Fidelis ad mortem.**(Fourth tune.)*

With much feeling.

Rev. H. G. GANSS.

174.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still
 2. Our fa - thers chained in pris - ons dark,
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers

In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword: Oh, how our hearts beat
 Were still in heart and con-science free: How sweet would be their
 Shall win our coun - try back to thee; And through the truth that

high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
 chil - dren's fate If they, like them, could die for thee.
 comes from God Our land shall then in - deed be free.

f

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! ____

f

We will be true to thee till death! Faith of our fa - thers!

rit.

ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

p

rit.

4. Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife:
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers! &c.

General Hymns.

Tu Trinitatis unitatis.

R. A. TURTON.

175.

1. *mf* Ho - ly God-head, One in Three, Rul - er
 2. *piùf* Light of lights, with morn - ing - shine Lift on
 3. *p* Light of lights, when falls the even, Let it

of the earth and sea, Hear us while we lift to
 us Thy light di - vine; *cres.* And let char - i - ty be-
 close on sin for - given; *pp* Fold us in the peace of

Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm. *rit.* *(ad lib.)*
 nign Breathe on us her balm. A - men.
 heaven, Shed a ho - ly calm. *rit.*

4. *p* Holy Godhead, One in Three,
 Dimly here we worship Thee,
cres. With the Saints hereafter we
f Hope to bear the palm.

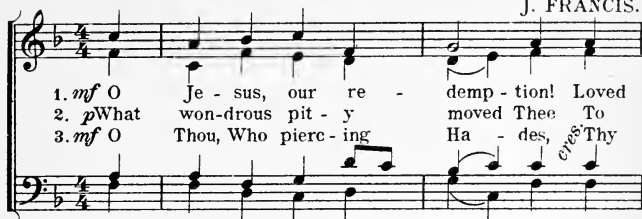
General Hymns.

253

Jesus nostra redemptio.

J. FRANCIS.

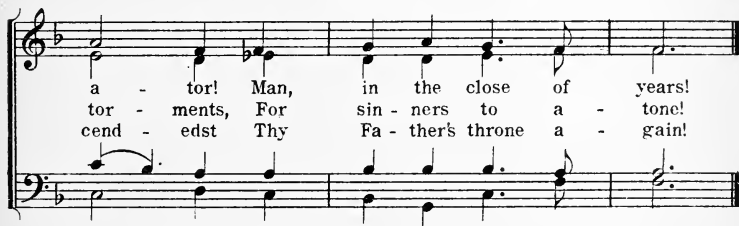
176.



1. *mf* O Je - sus, our re - demp - tion! Loved
 2. *p* What won-drous pit - y moved Thee To
 3. *mf* O Thou, Who pierc - ing Ha - des, *cres.* Thy



and de - sired with tears! God, of all worlds Cre -
 make our cause Thine own! And suf - fer death and
 cap - tives didst un - chain! *f* Who glo - rious - ly as -



a - tor! Man, in the close of years!
 tor - ments, For sin - ners to a - tone!
 cend - edst Thy Fa - ther's throne a - gain!

4. *p* Subdue our many evils
 By mercy all divine;
 And comfort with Thy presence
 The hearts that for Thee pine.

5. *mf* Be Thou our joy, O Jesus!
 In Whom our prize we see;
cres. Always, through all the ages,
f In Thee our glory be.

General Hymns.

Come to Jesus.

S. P. WADDINGTON.

177.

1. *mf* Souls of men! why will ye scat-ter
 2. Was there ev-er kind-est shep-herd
 3. *cres.* There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy,

Like a crowd of frightened sheep? Fool-ish hearts! why
 Half so gen-tle, half so sweet As the Sav-iour,
 Like the wide-ness of the sea: There's a kind-ness

will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?
 Who would have us Come and gath-er at His Feet?
 in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.

4. There is no place where earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in heaven;
 There is no place where earth's failings
 Have such kindly judgment given.
5. *f* There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in His Blood.

6. For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the Heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.
7. *ff* There is plentiful redemption
 In the Blood that has been shed;
Unison. There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.

8. *f* If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
cres. And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

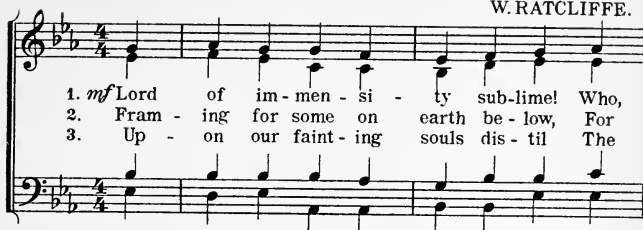
General Hymns.

255

Immense cœli conditor.

W. RATCLIFFE.

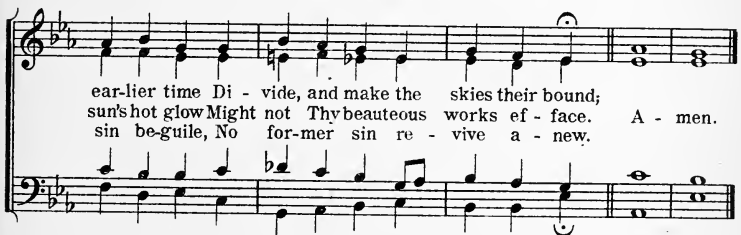
178.



1. *mf* Lord of im - men - si - ty sub-lime! Who,
 2. Fram - ing for some on earth be - low, For
 3. Up - on our faint - ing souls dis - til The



lest the wa-ters should con-found Thy world, did'st them in
 oth-ers in the heavens a place; That, tempered thus, the
 grace of Thy ce - les - tial dew; Let no fresh snare to



ear-lier time Di - vide, and make the skies their bound;
 sun's hot glow Might not Thy beauteous works ef - face. A - men.
 sin be-guile, No for-mer sin re - vive a - new.

4. Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,
 To scorn all vanities below;
 Faith, to detect each falsity;
 And knowledge, Thee alone to know.
5. *p* Father of mercies! hear our cry;
 Hear us, O sole begotten Son!
cres. Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
f Reignest while endless ages run.

General Hymns.

Invitation to the sinner.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

179.

1. *mf* Oh, come to the mer - ci - ful
 2. *mf* Oh, come then, to Je - sus Whose
 3. Then come to the Sav - iour, Whose

Sav - iour Who calls you, *cres.* Oh, come to the
 Arms are ex - tend - ed To fold His dear
 mer - cy grows bright - er The lon - ger you

Lord Who for - gives and for - gets;
 chil - dren in the clos - est em - brace;
 look at the depth of His love;

Though dark be the for - tune on
Oh come, for your ex - ile will
cres. And fear not: 'tis Je - sus, and

earth that be - falls you, *f* There's a bright home a -
short - ly be end - ed, *f* And Je - sus will
life's cares grow light - er As you, think of the

bove, where the sun nev - er sets.
show you His beau - ti - ful Face.
home and the glo - ry a - bove.

4. *p* Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you, blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
cres. Oh fear not, oh fear not, the mother that bore you.
Loves you less than the Saviour Whose Blood you have spilt.
5. Oh come, then, to Jesus and say how you love Him,
And swear at His Feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.
6. *mf* Then come to His Feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
cres. For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
f And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

General Hymns.

Per pacem ad lucem.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

180.

1. *p* I do not ask, O Lord, that life may
 2. I do not ask that flowers should al - ways
 3. For one thing on - ly, Lord, dear Lord, I

be A pleas - ant road; I do not ask that
 spring Be - neath my feet: I know too well the
 plead; Lead me a - right, Though strength should falt - er,

Thou would'st take from me Aught of its load.
 pois - on and the sting Of things too sweet.
 and though heart should bleed, *cres.* Through peace to light.

4. *mf* I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou should'st shed
 Full radiance here;
cres. Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
f Without a fear.

5. *mf* I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see;
cres. Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand
 And follow Thee.

6. *mf* Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
 Like quiet night:
cres. Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
 Through peace to light.

General Hymns.

259

Hymn of S. Stephen the Sabaite.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

181.

1. *p* Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-
 2. *p* Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my
 3. *mf* Hath He di-a-dem as mon-arch That His brow a-

trest? guide? dorns?
cres. Come to me," saith One, "and com-ing Be at rest!"
cres. In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints, And His Side."
 Yea, a crown, in ver-y sure-ty, *p* But of thorns."

4. *mf* If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?

p "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

5. *mf* If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?

Unison f "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past."

6. *mf* If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?

cres. "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

7. *mf* Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?

Unison ff "Angels, Martyrs, Prophet, Virgins,
 Answer, Yes!"

*The first two lines of each stanza may be sung alternately by tenors and trebles;
 the full choir always singing the last two lines.*

General Hymns.

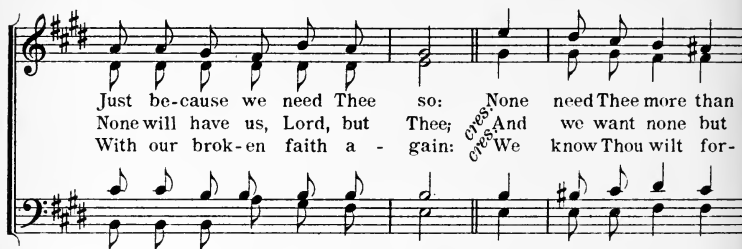
O copiosa apud eum redemptio.

S. P. WADDINGTON.

182.



1. *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Sav - iour!
 2. *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Sav - iour!
 3. *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Sav - iour!



Just be-cause we need Thee so: None need Thee more than
 None will have us, Lord, but Thee; And we want none but
 With our brok-en faith a - gain: We know Thou wilt for-



we do; Nor are half so vile or low.
 Je - sus, *f*And His grace that makes us free.
 give us, Nor up - braid us, nor com - plain.

Unison. (ad lib.)

O boun-ti-ful sal-va-tion! O life e-ter-nal won!

O .plen-ti-ful re-demp-tion! O Blood of Ma-ry's Son!

4. *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!

For to whom, Lord, can we go?

cres. The words of life eternal

From Thy Lips for ever flow.

O bountiful salvation! &c.

5. *mf* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!

We have tried Thee oft before;

cres. But now we come more wholly,

With the heart to love Thee more.

O bountiful salvation! &c.

6. *p* We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!

And Thou wilt not ask us why:

We cannot live without Thee,

And still less without Thee die.

O bountiful salvation! &c.

If this hymn be found too long, the 3rd and 5th stanzas may be omitted.

General Hymns.

Audi nos, Rex Christe.

J. LEIGH,

183.

Choir only

1. *p* O Christ, our King, give ear! O Lord and Mak-er, hear! And
 2. *mf* O ev - er Three and One, Pro-tect our course be-gun, And
 3. *mf* Thy faith-ful guard-ian send, Thy an-gel who may tend And

Chorus in Unison.

guide our foot-steps lest they stray.)
 lead us on our ho - ly way! } Have mer-cy on us, Lord: Have
 bring us to Thy ho - ly seat. }

mer - cy on us, Lord, And guide our foot-steps lest they stray.

4. *mf* Defend our onward path:

Protect from hostile wrath,
 And to our land return our feet!
 Have mercy on us, Lord: &c.

5. *mf* Thy right hand be stretched out,

Thy left be round-about,
 In every peril that we meet!
 Have mercy on us, Lord: &c.

6. *mf* And, good Lord, at the last,

Our many wanderings past,
cres. Give us to see Thy realm of light!
 Have mercy on us, Lord: &c.

7. *Unison f* { Glory to God on high
 Be paid eternally,
 And laud, and majesty, and might!
 Have mercy on us, Lord: &c.

General Hymns.

263

Gesù sacramentato.

G. F. BRUCE.

184.

1. *mf* O Je - su Christ, re - member, When Thou shalt come a - gain
2. *p* Re - mem - ber then, O Sav - iour, I sup - pli - cate of Thee,
3. *mf* Ac - cept, di - vine Re - deem - er, The hom - age of my praise;

Up - on the clouds of heav - en With all Thy shin - ing train;
That here I bowed be - fore Thee Up - on my bend - ed knee;
cres. Be Thou the light and hon - or And glo - ry of my days;

When ev - ery eye shall see Thee In De - i - ty re - vealed,
That here I owned Thy pres - ence, And did not Thee de - ny,
dim. Be Thou my con - so - la - tion When death is draw - ing nigh;

dim. Who now up - on this al - tar In si - lence art con - cealed -
And glo - ri - fied Thy great - ness, Though hid from hum - an eye.
cres. Be Thou my on - ly treas - ure Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

General Hymns.

Dilectus meus mihi.

185.

(First tune.)

S. P. WADDINGTON.


1. *mf* Je - sus, gen - tlest Sav - iour,
 2. Out be - yond the shin - ing
 3. *mf* As men to their gar - dens

God of might and power, Thou Thy - self art
 Of the fur - thest star, Thou art ev - er
 Go to seek sweet flowers, In our hearts dear

dwel - ling In us at this hour.
 stretch - ing In - fi - nite - ly far.
 Je - sus Seeks them at all hours.



Na - ture can - not hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait
cres. Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,
 Je - sus, gen - tlest Sav - iour, Thou art in us now;



For Thine end - less glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state.
 And the God of won - ders Loves the low - ly spot.
 Fill us full of good - ness Till our hearts o'er - flow.

4. Pray the prayer within us 5. *piu f* Oh, how can we thank Thee
 That to heaven shall rise; For a gift like this,
cres. Sing the song that angels Gift that truly maketh
 Sing above the skies. Heaven's eternal bliss?
mf Multiply our graces, Ah, when wilt Thou always
 Chiefly love and fear, Make our hearts Thy home?
 And, dear Lord, the chiefest, *cres.* We must wait for heaven;
 Grace to persevere. Then the day will come.

6. *mf* Now at least we'll keep Thee
 All the time we may;
 But Thy grace and blessing
 We will keep away.
 When our hearts Thou leavest,
 Worthless though they be,
 Give them to Thy Mother
 'To be kept for Thee.

This hymn is suitable for use after holy Communion.

General Hymns.

*Jesus, gentlest Saviour.**(Second tune.)**Unison.*

Père LAMBILLOTTE, S. J.

185.

1. *mf* Je-sus, gen-tlest Sav-iour, God of might and power,
 2. Out be-yond the shin-ing Of the fur - thest star,
 3. *mf* As men to their gar-dens Go to seek sweet flowers,

Thou Thy-self art dwell-ing In us at this hour.
 Thou art ev - er stretch-ing In - fi - nite - ly far.
 In our hearts dear Je - sus Seeks them at all hours.

Na-ture can - not hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait
cres. Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,
 Je - sus, gen - tlest Sav - iour, Thou art in us now,

For Thine end - less glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state.
And the God of won - ders Loves the low - ly spot.
Fill us full of good - ness Till our hearts o'er - flow.

Na - ture can - not hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait
Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,
Je - sus, gen - tlest Sav - iour, Thou art in us now;

For Thine end - less glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state.
And the God of won - ders Loves the low - ly spot.
Fill us full of good - ness Till our hearts o'er - flow.

4. *Pray the prayer within us*
That to heaven shall rise;
cres. Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.
mf Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

5. *piu f* Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?
Ah, when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
cres. We must wait for heaven;
Then the day will come.

6. *mf* Now at least we'll keep Thee
All the time we may;
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep always.
When our hearts Thou leavest,
Worthless though they be,
Give them to Thy Mother
To be kept for Thee.

The last four lines are repeated in each stanza.

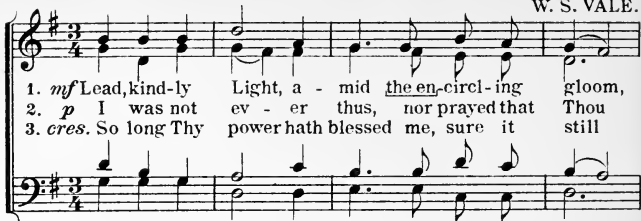
This hymn is suitable for use after holy Communion.

General Hymns.

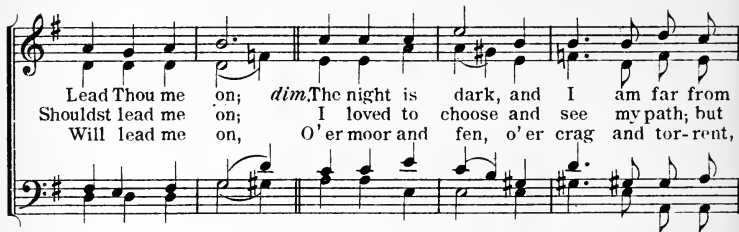
Lux benigna.

W. S. VALE.

186.



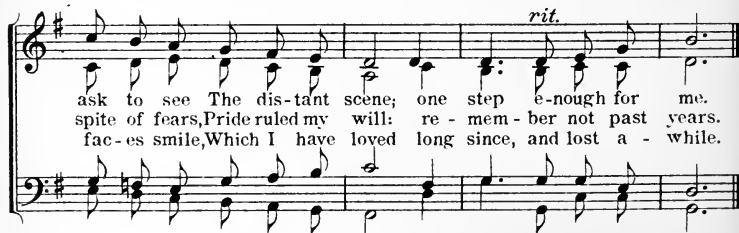
1. *mf* Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid the en-circl-ing gloom,
 2. *p* I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou
 3. *cres.* So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still



Lead Thou me on; *dim.* The night is dark, and I am far from
 Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but
 Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent,



home, Lead Thou me on. *poco cres.* Keep Thou my feet; I do not
 now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and,
 till *f* The night is gone; And with the morn those an-gel

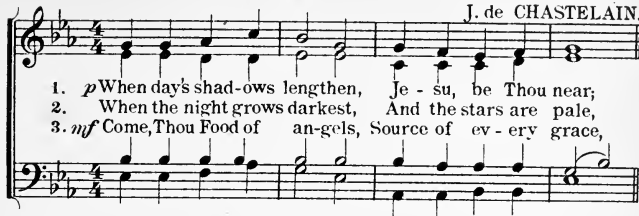


ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
 spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 fac-es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

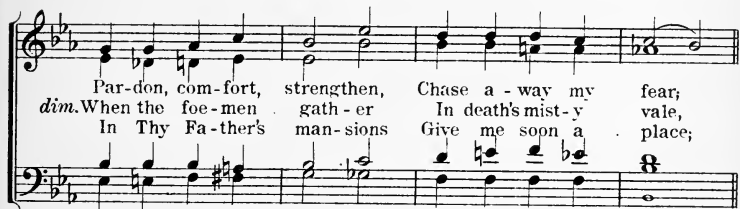
Mane nobiscum, quoniam advesperascit.

J. de CHASTELAIN.

187.



1. *p* When day's shad-ows lengthen, Je - su, be Thou near;
 2. When the night grows darkest, And the stars are pale,
 3. *mf* Come, Thou Food of an-gels, Source of ev - ery grace,



dim. Par-don, com-fort, strengthen, Chase a - way my fear;
 When the foe-men gath - er In death's mist-y vale,
 In Thy Fa-ther's man-sions Give me soon a place;



cres. Love and hope be deep - ened, Faith more strong and clear.
cres. Be Thou Sword and Buck - ler, Be Thou Shield and Mail.
cres. That un-veiled in splen - dor I may see Thy Face.

4. *p* By the Jordan's ripples
 Passing through the shade,
 Let me hear that promise
 Once for ever made—
cres. "It is I, Thy Jesus,
 Be not thou afraid?"

5. *p* Then be near me, Jesus
 Enemies shall flee:
 Hidden God and Saviour,
 Thou my comfort be:
 Food, and Priest, and Victim,
 Let me feed on Thee.

6. *mf* So shall no fears chill me
 On that unknown shore;
cres. For in death He conquered,
 And can die no more.

f His Hand guards and guides me
 To the heavenly door.

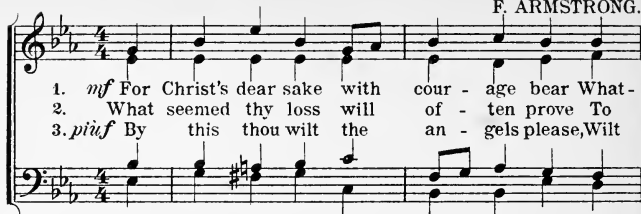
7. *f* Blessed warfare over,
 Endless rest alone;
cres. Tears no more, nor sorrow,
 Neither sigh nor moan,
ff But a song of triumph
 Round about the throne.

General Hymns.

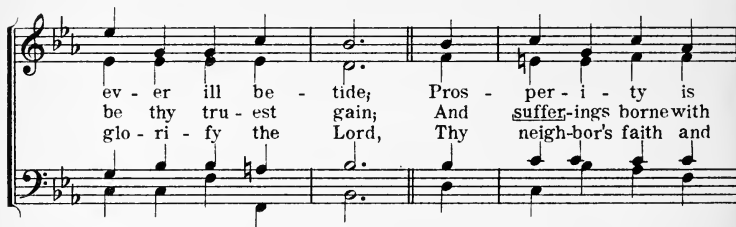
Adversa mundi tolera.

F. ARMSTRONG.

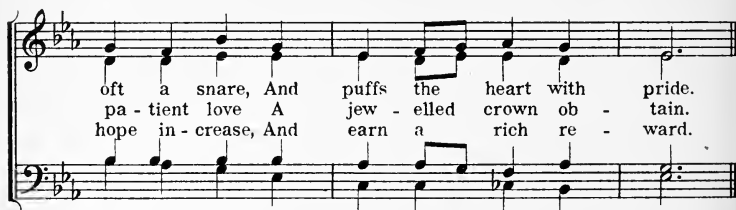
188.



1. *mf* For Christ's dear sake with cour - age bear What -
 2. What seemed thy loss will of - ten prove To
 3. *più f* By this thou wilt the an - gels please, Wilt



ev - er ill be - tide; Pros - per - i - ty is
 be thy tru - est gain; And suffer-ings borne with
 glo - ri - fy the Lord, Thy neigh - bor's faith and



oft a snare, And puffs the heart with pride.
 pa - tient love A jew - elled crown ob - tain.
 hope in - crease, And earn a rich re - ward.

4. Brief is this life, and brief its pain,
 But long the bliss to come;
 Trials endured for Christ attain
 A place with martyrdom.
5. The Christian soul by patience grows
cres. More perfect day by day;
*f*And brighter still, and brighter glows
 With heaven's eternal ray;
6. To Christ becomes more lovable,
 More like the Saints on high;
 Dear to the good; invincible
 Against the enemy.

General Hymns.

271

Anima Christi.

189.

Slowly.

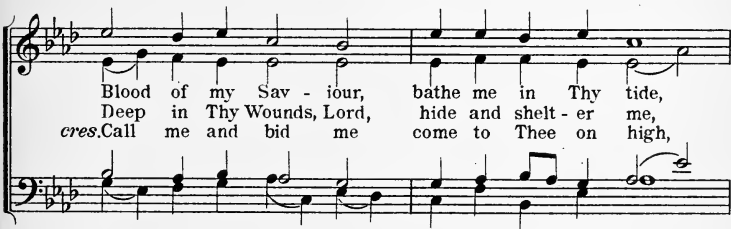
Fr. MAHER, S. J.



1. *p* Soul of my Sav - iour, sanc - ti - fy my breast,
 2. Strength and pro - tec - tion may Thy pas - sion be,
 3. *pp* Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign,



Bod - y of Christ, be Thou my sav - ing guest,
 O bless - ed Je - sus, hear and an - swer me,
 In death's drear mo - ments make me on - ly Thine,



Blood of my Sav - iour, bathe me in Thy tide,
 Deep in Thy Wounds, Lord, hide and shelt - er me,
cres. Call me and bid me come to Thee on high,



Wash me with wa - ter gush - ing from Thy Side.
poco cres. So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from Thee.
 Where I may praise Thee with Thy Saints for aye.

General Hymns.

The remembrance of mercy.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

190.

*)

1. *mf* Why art thou sor - row - ful,
 2. *mf* Oh, is there a thought in the
 3. *cres.* Then how can the heart e'er be

ser - vant of God, And what is this
 wide world so sweet As that God has so
 droop - ing or sad That God hath once

dull - ness that hangs o'er thee now?
 cared for us, bad as we are,
 touched with the light of His grace?

*) *The first chord must be omitted for the first stanza.*

cres. Sing the praises of Je - sus, and
That He, thinks for us, plans for us,
Can the child have a doubt who but

sing them a - loud, *f*And the song shall dis -
 stoops to en - treat, And fol - lows us,
 late - ly hath laid Him - self to re -

pel the dark cloud from thy brow,
 wan - der we ev - er so far?
 pose in his Fa - ther's em - brace?

4. *f* And is it not wonderful, servant of God,
 That He should have honored us so with His love,
That the sorrows of life should but shorten the road
 That leads to Himself and the mansion above?
5. *mf* That God hath once whispered a word in thine ear,
 Or sent thee from heaven one sorrow for sin,
cres. Is enough for a life both to banish all fear,
And to turn into peace all the troubles within.
6. *p* Oh, then, when the spirit of darkness comes down
 With clouds and uncertainties into thy heart,
cres. One look to thy Saviour, one thought of thy crown,
f And the tempest is over, the shadows depart.

General Hymns.

Splendor paternæ gloriæ.

F. G. SANDERS.

191.

1. *mf* O Thou the Fa-ther's Im-age blest! Who
 2. True Sun! up-on our souls a-rise, Shin-
 3. *p*Thee too, O Fa-ther, we en-treat, Fa-

call-est forth the morn-ing ray; O Thou e-ter-nal
 ing in beau-ty ev-er-more; And through each sense the
 ther of might and grace di-vine! Fa-ther of glo-rious

Light of light! And in-ex-haust-ive Fount of day!
 quicken-ing beam Of Thy e-ter-nal Spir-it pour. A-men.
 maj-es-ty! Thy pity-ing eye on us in-cline.

4. Confirm us in each good resolve;
 The tempter's envious rage subdue;
 Turn each misfortune to our good;
 Direct us right in all we do.

5. *mf* May Christ Himself be our true Food,
 And Faith our daily cup supply;
cres. While from the Spirit's tranquil depth
 We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

6. *mf* Still ever, pure as morn's first ray
 May modesty our steps attend;
 Our faith be fervent as the noon;
 Upon our souls no night descend.

7. *Unison f* { To God the Father glory be,
 And to His sole begotten Son;
 Glory, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
 While everlasting ages run.

The Right must win.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

192.

1. *mf* Oh, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take His
 2. He hides Himself so won-drously, As though there were no
 3. Or He de-serts us at the hour The fight is all but

part Up - on this bat-tle - field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart!
 God; He is least seen when all the powers Of ill are most a - broad:
 lost; And seems to leave us to ourselves Just when we need Him most.

4. Ill masters good; good seems to change
 To ill with greatest ease;
 And, worst of all, the good with good
 Is at cross purposes.
5. The church, the sacraments, the faith,
 Their up-hill journey take;
 Lose here what there they gain, and, if
 We lean upon them, break.
6. It is not so, but so it looks;
 And we lose courage then;
 And doubts will come if God hath kept
 His promises to men.
7. *cres.* Ah! God is other than we think;
 His ways are far above,
 Far beyond reason's height, and reached
 Only by childlike love.
8. *f* And right is right, since God is God;
 And right the day must win;
Unison { To doubt would be disloyalty,
 To falter would be sin.

General Hymns.

Aeterna cœli gloria.

W. RATCLIFFE.

193.

1. *f* E - ter - nal glo - ry of the heavens! Blest
 2. *p* Je - sus! be near us when we wake; And,
 3. Steep all our sens - es in thy beam; The

hope of all on earth! — God, of e - ter - nal
 at the break of day, — With Thy blest touch a -
 world's false night ex - pel; Purge each de - file - ment

God-head born! Man, by a Vir - gin birth!
 rouse the soul, Her meed of praise to pay. A - men.
 from the soul, And in our bo - soms dwell.

4. *mf* Come, early Faith! fix in our hearts
 Thy root immovably;
cres. Come, smiling Hope! and, greater still,
 Come, heaven-born Charity!

5. *Unison f* { To God the Father glory be,
 And sole eternal Son;
 And glory, Holy Ghost to Thee,
 While endless ages run.

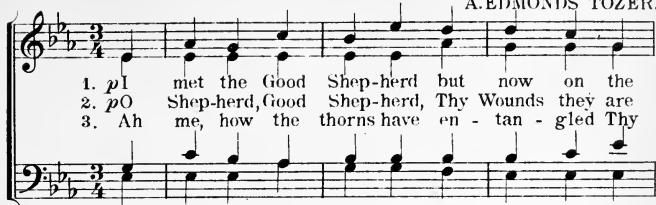
General Hymns.

277

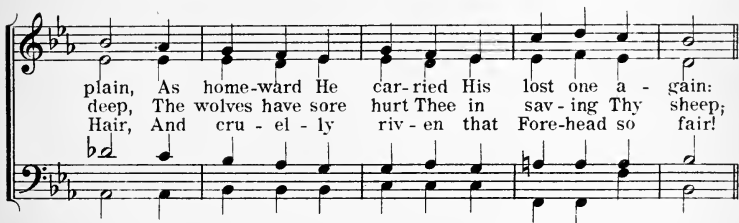
Pastor bonus.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

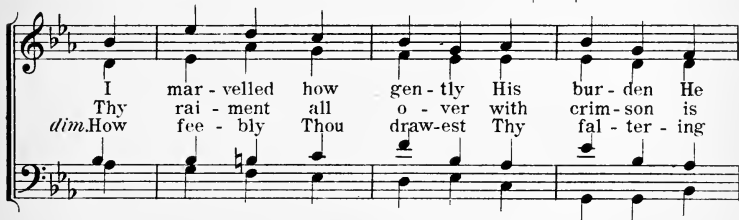
194.



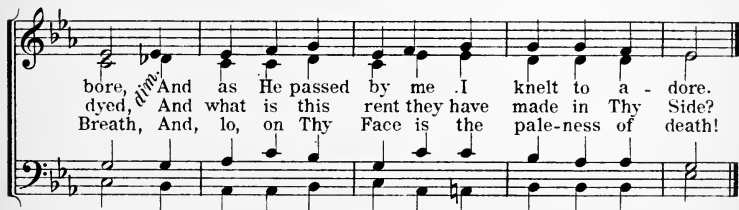
1. *p* I met the Good Shep-herd but now on the
 2. *p* O Shep-herd, Good Shep-herd, Thy Wounds they are
 3. Ah me, how the thorns have en - tan - gled Thy



plain, As home-ward He car-ried His lost one a - gain:
 deep, The wolves have sore hurt Thee in sav - ing Thy sheep;
 Hair, And cru - el - ly riv - en that Fore-head so fair!



I mar - velled how gen - tly His bur - den He
 Thy rai - ment all o - ver with crim - son is
dim. How fee - bly Thou draw - est Thy fal - ter - ing



bore, *dim.* And as He passed by me I knelt to a - dore.
 dyed, And what is this rent they have made in Thy Side?
 Breath, And, lo, on Thy Face is the pale-ness of death!

4. *pp* O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
 Such grievous affliction hath fallen on Thee?
 Oh, then, let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
 To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn.

General Hymns.

Pastor amans.

J. de CHASTELAIN.

195.

1. *p* Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep,
 2. *p* Lov - ing Shep - herd, Thou didst give
 3. *mf* Lov - ing Shep - herd, ev - er near,

Keep me, Lord, in safe - ty keep; *cres.* Noth - ing can Thy
cres. Thine own life that I might live; May I love Thee
 Teach me still Thy Voice to hear; Suf - fer not my

power with - stand, None can pluck me from Thy Hand.
 day by day, Glad - ly Thy sweet Will o - bey.
 step to stray From the strait and nar - row way.

4. *cres.* Where Thou leadest may I go,
 Walking in Thy steps below;
 There before Thy Father's throne,
 Jesu, claim me for Thine own.

General Hymns.

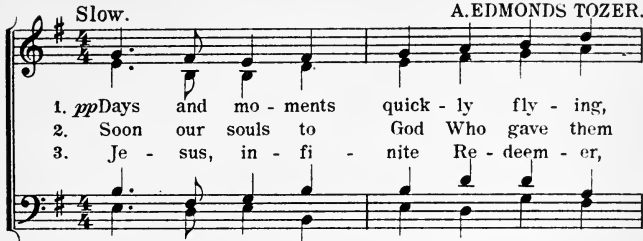
279

So soon it passeth away, and we are gone.

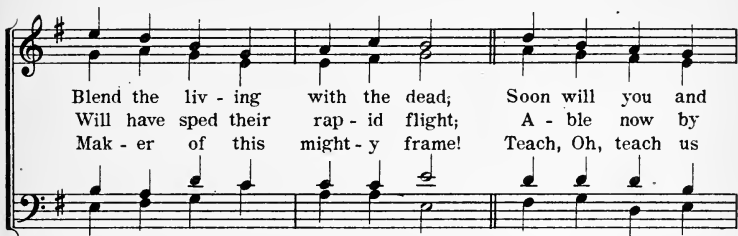
196.

Slow.

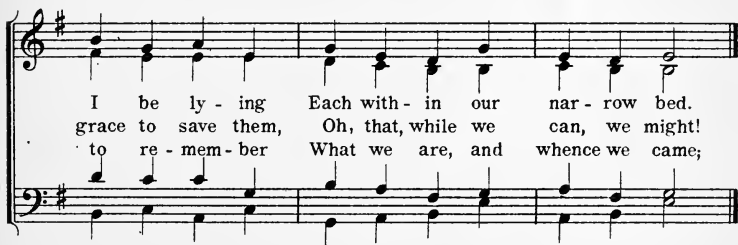
A. EDMONDS TOZER.



1. *pp* Days and mo - ments quick - ly fly - ing,
 2. Soon our souls to God Who gave them
 3. Je - sus, in - fi - nite Re - deem - er,



Blend the liv - ing with the dead; Soon will you and
 Will have sped their rap - id flight; A - ble now by
 Mak - er of this might - y frame! Teach, Oh, teach us



I be ly - ing Each with - in our nar - row bed.
 grace to save them, Oh, that, while we can, we might!
 to re - mem - ber What we are, and whence we came;

4. Whence we came, and whither wending,
 Soon we must through darkness go,
poco cres. To inherit bliss unending
pp Or eternity of woe.

General Hymns.

The Will of God.

A. COTTAM.

197.

1. *mf* I wor-ship thee, sweet Will of God, And
 2. Thou wert the end, the bless-ed rule Of
 3. And He hath breathen in - to my soul A

all thy ways a - dore; And ev - ery day I
 Je - su's toils and tears; Thou wert the pas - sion
 spe-cial love of thee, *cres.* A love to lose my

live I seem To love thee more and more.
 of His Heart Those three-and - thir - ty years.
 will in His, And by that loss be free.

4. *mf* I love to kiss each print where thou
 Hast set thine unseen feet;
 I cannot fear thee, blessed Will,
 Thine empire is so sweet.
5. *cres.* I know not what it is to doubt,
 My heart is ever gay;
 I run no risk, for come what will
 Thou always hast thy way.
6. I have no cares, O blessed Will,
 For all my cares are thine;
f I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumph mine.
7. *mf* He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost;
 God's Will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.
8. Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet Will.

General Hymns.

281

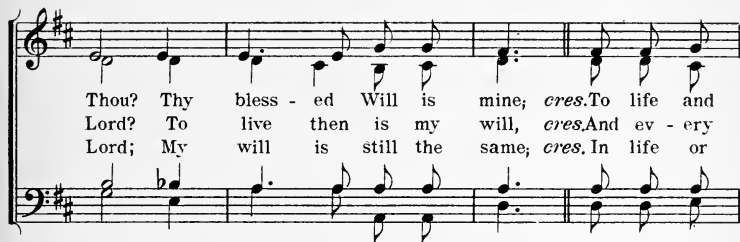
Deus, Deus meus.

Dr. FERRIS TOZER.

198.



1. *mf* My Lord, my God, what will - est
 2. *mf* Wilt Thou that I shall live, my
 3. *p* Or wilt Thou that I die, my



Thou? Thy bless - ed Will is mine; *cres.* To life and
 Lord? To live then is my will, *cres.* And ev - ery
 Lord; My will is still the same; *cres.* In life or



death, what-e'er Thou wilt, My heart shall not re - pine.
 breath and ev - ery pulse Of life shall praise Thee still.
 death, in grief or joy, *f* I'll praise Thy bless - ed Name.

4. { I have no will but Thine, my Lord;
 'Tis bliss no tongue can tell,
Unison f { To rest in Thee, and ever feel
 That Thou dost all things well.

General Hymns.

Fiat voluntas tua.

199.

(First tune.)

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

1. *mf* My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray, Far
 2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let
 3. *pp* What though in lone-ly grief I sigh For

from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my
 me be still and mur-mur not, Or breathe the prayer di-
 friends be-loved no long-er nigh, Sub-mis-sive would I

heart to say, *p* "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."
 vine-ly taught, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."
 still re-ply, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."

4. *p* If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
 I only yield Thee what is Thine;
 "Thy will be done"

5. *mf* Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p "Thy will be done"

6. *mf* Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
pp "Thy will be done"

General Hymns.

283

Fiat voluntas tua.

(Second tune, for a choir only.)

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

199.

1. *mf* My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray, Far
 2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let
 3. *pp* What though in lone-ly grief I sigh For

from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my
 me be still and mur-mur not, Or breathe the prayer di-
 friends be-loved no long-er nigh, Sub-mis-sive would I

heart to say, *p* "Thy will be done."
 vine-ly taught, "Thy will be done."
 still re-ply, "Thy will be done."

4. *p* If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
 I only yield Thee what is Thine;
 "Thy will be done."

5. *mf* Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p "Thy will be done."

6. *mf* Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
pp "Thy will be done."

General Hymns.

Sancte Deus, laudamus te.

GERMAN.

200.

1. *mf* Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name, Lord of all, we
 2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -
 3. *mf* Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it,

bow be - fore Thee; All on earth Thy scep - tre claim,
 bove are rais - ing; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
 Three we name Thee, While in es - sence on - ly One,

All in heaven a - bove a - dore Thee; *eyes* In - fi - nite Thy
 In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing; Fill the heavens with
 Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee: *dim* And a - dor - ing

vast do - main, *f* Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.
 sweet ac - cord: *dim* Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord.
 bend the knee, *p* While we own the mys - te - ry

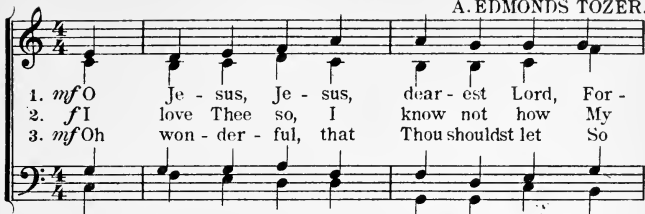
General Hymns.

285

Deus meus et omnia.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

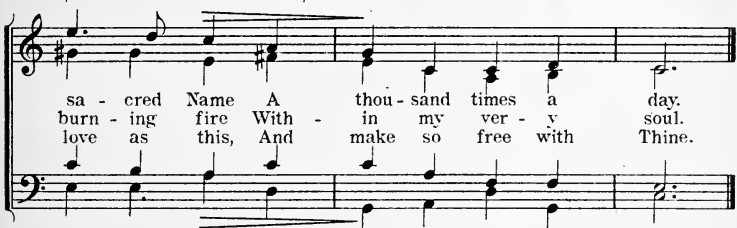
201.



1. *mf* O Je - sus, Je - sus, dear - est Lord, For -
 2. *f* I love Thee so, I know not how My
 3. *mf* Oh won - der - ful, that Thou shouldst let So



give me if I say — *cres.* For ver - y love Thy
 trans-ports to con - trol; — Thy love is like a
 vile a heart as mine — Love Thee with such a



sa - cred Name A thou - sand times a day.
 burn - ing fire With - in my ver - y soul.
 love as this, And make so free with Thine.

4. *f* For Thou to me art all in all,
 My honor and my wealth,
 My heart's desire, my body's strength,
 My soul's eternal health.

5. What limit is there to thee, love?
 Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
 On, on, our Lord is sweeter far
 To-day than yesterday.

6. *Unison f* { O love of Jesus, blessed love,
 So will it ever be:
 Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
 No, nor eternity.

General Hymns.

O Deus, ego amo te.

Dr. C. W. PEARCE.

202.

1. *f* I love, I love Thee, Lord most high! Be -
 2. *mf* May mem - o - ry no thought sug - gest But
 3. My God, I here pro - test to Thee, No

cause Thou first hast lov - ed me; I seek no oth - er
 shall to Thy pure glo - ry tend, My un - der - stand - ing
 oth - er will have I than Thine; What - ev - er Thou hast

lib - er - ty But that of be - ing bound to Thee.
 find no rest Ex - cept in Thee, its on - ly end.
 giv - en me I here a - gain to Thee re - sign.

4. All mine is Thine,—say but the word,
 Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done;
cres. I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord;
 I know it seeks my good alone.

5. *mf* Apart from Thee all things are naught;
 Then grant, O my supremest Bliss!
 Grant me to love Thee as I ought;—
 Thou givest all in giving this!

General Hymns.

287

O amor, quam ecstaticus.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

203.

1. *f* O love, how deep, how broad, how high! It
 2. He sent no an - gel to our race Of
 3. *men of* For us He was bap - tized and bore His

fills the heart with ec - sta - sy, That God, the Son of
 high - er or of low - er place, But wore the robe of
 ho - ly fast, and hung - ered sore; For us temp - ta - tions

God, should take Our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake.
 hu - man frame Him - self, and to this - lost world came. A - men.
 sharp He knew; For us the temp - ter o - ver - threw.

4. For us He prayed, for us He taught,
 For us His daily works He wrought,
 By words, and signs, and actions, thus
 Still seeking not Himself but us.
5. *p* For us to wicked men betrayed,
 Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
dim. He bore the shameful Cross and death;
pp For us at length gave up His breath.
6. *ff* For us He rose from death again,
 For us He went on high to reign,
 For us He sent His Spirit here
 To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
7. (To Him Whose boundless love has won
 Salvation for us through His Son,
 To God the Father, glory be
 Both now and through eternity.

Unison f

General Hymns.

Quicumque Christum.

H. NOBLE POTTLE.

204.

1. *mf* All ye who seek, in hope or love, For
 2. Lo! on the trem-bling verge of light A
 3. *Unison f* Hail, Thou the Gen-tiles' might-y Lord! All

your dear Lord, look up a - bove! ^{eyes.} Where, traced up - on the
 something all di - vine - ly bright, Im - mor - tal, in - fi -
 hail, O Is - rael's King a - dored! To Ab-ra-ham sworn in

a - zure sky, *f* Faith may a glo-rious form de-scrib-e.
 nite, sub-lime, Old - er than cha-os, space, or time! A - men.
 ag - es past, And to his seed while earth shall last.

4. To Thee the prophets witness bear,
 Of Thee the Father doth declare
 That all who would His glory see
 Must hear and must believe in Thee.

5. To Jesus, from the proud concealed,
 But evermore to babes revealed,

Unison ff { All glory with the Father be,
 And Holy Ghost, eternally.

General Hymns.

289

Lux alma Jesu mentium.

J. P. ATTWATER.

205.

1. *f* Light of the soul, O Sav - ior blest! Soon
 2. Son of the Fa - ther! Lord most high! How
 3. O Light of light ce - les - ti - al! O

as Thy pres-ence fills the breast, Dark - ness and guilt are
 glad is he who feels Thee nigh! How sweet in heaven Thy
 Char - i - ty in - eff - a - ble! Come in Thy hid - den

put to flight, And all is sweetness and de - light.
 beam doth glow, De - nied to eye of flesh be - low. A - men.
 maj-es - ty; Fill us with love, fill us with Thee.

4. *mf* To Jesus from the proud concealed,

cres. But evermore to babes revealed,

Unison ff { All glory with the Father be,
 And Holy Ghost, eternally.

General Hymns.

Tuus sum ego.

Dr. FERRIS TOZER.

206.

1. *f* O God of love - li - ness, O
 2. Thou art blest Three in One, Yet
 3. Were hearts as count-less mine As

Lord of heaven a - bove, How wor - thy to pos -
 un - di - vid - ed still; Thou art that One a -
 sands up - on the shore, All should in choir com -

sess My heart's de - vot - ed love!
 lone Whose love my heart can fill.
 bine *cres.* To love Thee ev - er - more.

So sweet Thy Coun - te - nance, So gra-cious to be -
 The heavens, the earth be - low, Were fash-ioned by Thy de -
 And ey - ery heart should yearn With ten - der - est de -

hold, That one, one on - ly glance To me were bliss un - told.
 word, How a - mia-ble art Thou, My ev - er - dear - est Lord!
 sire, And in my bo - som burn With flames of ho - liest fire.

4. *f* To think Thou art my God, —
 O thought for ever blest!

cres. My heart has overflowed
 With joy within my breast.
 My soul so full of bliss
 Is plunged as in a sea,
 Deep in the sweet abyss
 Of holy charity.

5. *mf* No object here below
 Awakens my desire;
 No suffering nor woe
 Can grief or pain inspire.
 The world I could despise,
 Though it were all of gold;

cres. Thee only do I prize
 O Mine of wealth untold!

6. *f* O Loveliness supreme,
 And Beauty infinite;
 O ever-flowing Stream,
 And Ocean of delight;
Unison. O Life by which I live,
 My truest life above,
 To Thee alone I give
 My undivided love.

If this hymn be found too long, the 3rd and 4th stanzas may be omitted.

General Hymns.

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

207.

1. *f* Je - su, the soul hath in Thy love A
 2. Thrice hap - py he, who lov - ing Thee, Doth
 3. O fair - est of the sons of day! More

food that nev - er cloy; A sa - cred fore - taste
 Thy true sweet - ness know; All else be - comes but
 fra - grant than the rose! O bright - er than the

from a - bove Of Par - a - dis - al joys.
 van - i - ty Thence - forth to him be - low.
 daz - zling ray That in the sun - beam glows!

4. O Thou Whose love alone is all
 That mortal can desire!
 Whose image does my heart enthrall,
 And with delight inspire.

5. *mf* Grant me, while here on earth I stay,
 Thy love to feel and know;
p And when from hence I pass away,
cres. To me Thy glory show.

6. *p* And, O my Jesu, pardon me,
 Unfit to speak Thy praise,
 Yet daring thus, for love of Thee,
 My trembling hymn to raise.

General Hymns.

293

Pater æternus.

C. ERSKINE.

208.

1. *mf* My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy
 2. How dread are Thine e - ter - nal years, O
 3. *piuf* How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful The

maj - es - ty how bright, How beau - ti - ful Thy
 ev - er - last - ing Lord, *dim.* By pros - trate spir - its
 sight of Thee must be, Thine end - less wis - dom,

mer - cy - seat In depths of burn - ing light!
 day and night *p*In - ces - sant - ly a - dored!
 bound - less power, *dim.* And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!

4. *p* Oh how I fear Thee, living God,
 With deepest tenderest fears,
 And worship Thee with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears!
5. *f* Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!
 Almighty as Thou art;
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.
6. *mf* No earthly father loves like Thee,
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
 With me, Thy sinful child.
7. *f* Only to sit and think of God,
 Oh, what a joy it is!
 To think the thought, to breathe the
 Earth has no higher bliss. [Name, .

8. Father of Jesus, love's reward,
 What rapture will it be,
dim. Prostrate before Thy throne to lie
 And gaze and gaze on Thee!

General Hymns.

*O Deus, ego amo te.**(First tune for a choir only.)*

Smooth and slowly.

Fr. E. HANSON, S. J.

209.

1. *mf* My God, I love Thee, not be-cause I
 2. *pp* And griefs and tor - ments num - ber-less, And
 3. Not with the hope of gain - ing aught, Nor

hope for heaven there - by; *dim* Nor yet be - cause who
 sweat of ag - o - ny; E'en death it - self and
 seek - ing a re - ward; *cres* But, as Thy - self hast

love Thee not Must burn e - ter - nal - ly.
 all for one Who was Thine en - e - my.
 lov - ed me, O ev - er - lov - ing Lord?

*p*Thou, O my Je - sus, Thoudidst me Up - on the Cross em -
*mf*Then why, O bless-ed Je - su Christ, should I not love Thee
*f*E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will

brace;*mf*For me didst bear the nails and spear, And
 well; Not for the sake of win - ning heaven, Nor
 sing, Sole - ly be - cause Thou art my God And

1st & 2nd time.
dim. e rall.
 man - i - fold dis - grace;
 of es - cap - ing hell;

Last stanza.
Largo.
 my e - ter - nal King.

dim. e rall.

General Hymns.

*O Deus, ego amo te.**(Second tune.)*

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

209.

1. *mf* My God, I love Thee, not be - cause I
 2. *p* Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up -
 3. *pp* And griefs and tor - ments num - ber - less, And

hope for heaven there - by; *dim.* Nor yet be - cause who
 on the Cross em - brace; For me didst bear the
 sweat of ag - o - ny; E'en death it - self - and

love Thee not Must burn e - ter - nal - ly.
 nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace;
 all for one Who was Thine en - e - my.

4. *mf* Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
 Should I not love Thee well;
 Not for the sake of winning heaven,
 Nor of escaping hell;

5. Not with the hope of gaining aught;
 Nor seeking a reward;
cres. But, as Thyself hast loved me,
 O ever-loving Lord?

6. { E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
Unison f { And in Thy praise will sing,
 { Solely because Thou art my God
 { And my eternal King.

Evening.

297

Jesu, audi nos.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

210.

1. *p* Hear Thy chil - dren, gen - tle Je - sus,
 2. Save us from the wiles of Sa - tan,
 3. Gen - tle Je - sus, look in pit - y

While we breathe our eve - ning prayer; Save us from all
 'Mid the lone and sleep-ful night, Sweet - ly may bright
 From Thy great white throne a - bove, All the night Thy

harm and dan - ger, Take us 'neath Thy shelter-ing care.
 Guard-ian An - gels Keep us 'neath their watch-ful sight.
 Heart is wake - ful In Thy Sa - cra - ment of love.

4. Shades of even fast are falling,
dim. Day is fading into gloom;
 When the shades of death fall round us,
pp Lead Thine exiled children home.

Evening.

Maria, audi nos.

Rev. A. YOUNG, C. S. P.

211.

1. *p* Hear thy chil - dren, gen - tlest Moth - er;
 2. Dark - ling shad - ows fall a - round us,
 3. Hear, sweet Moth - er, hear the wea - ry,

Prayer-ful hearts to thee a - rise; Hear us while our
 Stars their si - lent watch - es keep, Hush the heart op -
 Borne up - on life's trou - bled sea; Gen - tle guid - ing

even - ing A - ve Soars be - yond the star - ry skies.
 pressed with sor - row, Dry the tears of those who weep.
 Star of o - cean, Lead thy chil - dren home to thee.

rit.

4. Still watch o'er us, dearest Mother,
 From thy beauteous throne above;
 Guard us from all harm and danger
 'Neath thy sheltering wings of love.

Evening.

299

Custodi nos, Domine.

J. P. ATTWATER.

212.

1. *mf* The day is past and o - ver; *cres.* All
 2. *mf* The joys of day are o - ver; *cres.* I
 3. *mf* The toils of day are o - ver; *cres.* I

thanks, O Lord, to Thee; *dim.* I pray Thee now that sin - less The
 lift my heart to Thee; And ask Thee that of - fence - less The
 raise the hymn to Thee; *dim.* And ask that free from per - il The

hours of dark may be: *p* O Je - sus, keep me
 hours of dark may be: *p* O Je - sus, make their
 hours of dark may be: *p* O Je - sus, keep me

in Thy sight, And save me through the com - ing night.
 dark - ness light, And save me through the com - ing night.
 in Thy sight, And guard me through the com - ing night.

4. *mf* Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O God, — for Thou dost know
dim. How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
p O dearest Jesus, hear my call
 And guard and save me from them all.

Evening.

Christe, qui lux es, et dies.

Dr. C. HARFORD LLOYD.

213.

1. *f* O Christ, Thou bright-ness of the day That
 2. Drive far the heav - y sleep of sin, Lest
 3. Our sole de - fence, watch o'er us still To

chas-est night's dull shades a - way, Thou splen-dor of Thy
 the un - tir - ing foe steal in, And with his foul and
 guard from all the powers of ill; Rule Thou o'er us, O

Fa - ther's light That show'st His glo - ries to our sight:
 dead - ly guile The weak con-sent - ing flesh de - file:
 King of heaven, For whom Thy Blood was free - ly given:

p We meek - ly pray Thee, ho - ly Lord, De -
Grant while our eyes are closed in sleep Our
Be mind - ful of us, Lord, while we This

fend us through the night - ly hours; Thou canst a ho - ly
hearts may ev - er watch to Thee, And let Thine Arm se -
dull and flesh - ly bur - den bear, And let our souls still

rest ac-cord, Grant that such ho - ly rest be ours.
cure - ly keep Each one of Thy dear fam - i - ly. A - men.
find in Thee A sweet de-fence for ev - er near.

4. Mother of love and mercy mild,
Mother of graces undefiled,
Drive back the foe, and to thy Son
Conduct our souls when life is done:

Unison ff { Glory to Thee, our Savior sweet,
Born of a spotless Mother-maid;
To Father and to Paraclete
Like glory be for ever paid.

Evening.

*Dominus illuminatis mea.**(First tune.)*

TRADITIONAL MELODY

214.

1. *mf* Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in-
 2. *p* The day is done, its hours have run, And Thou hast
 3. *p* Grant us, dear Lord, from e-vil ways True ab-so-

to our minds in-stil, And make our luke-warm hearts to
 tak-en count of all; The scant-y tri-umphs grace hath
 lu-tion and re-lease; And bless us more than in past

glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will. } Through life's long
 won, The bro-ken vow, the fre-quent fall. }
 days With pur-i-ty and in-ward peace. } *cres.*

day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our light.

4. *più f* Do more than pardon: give us joy,
 Sweet fear and sober liberty,
cres. And loving hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's &c.
5. *p* Sweet Savior, bless us, night is come,
 Mary and Joseph near us be;
 Good angels watch about our home,
 And we are one day nearer Thee.
 Through life's &c.

Evening.

303

Dominus illuminatis mea.
(Second tune.)

C. MAYLAND.

214.

1. *mf* Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our
2. *p* The day is done, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak-en
3. *p* Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion

minds in - stil, *cres.* And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With
count of all; The scant - y tri-umphs grace hath won, The
and re - lease; And bless us more than in past days With

low - ly love and fer - vent will. } *cres.*
bro - ken vow, the frequent fall. } Through life's long day and
pur - i - ty and in - ward peace. }

death's dark night, *dim.* O gen - tle Je - sus, *cres.* be our light.

4. *più f* Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
cres. And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's &c.

5. *p* Sweet Savior, bless us, night is come,
Mary and Joseph near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's &c.

Evening.

Summæ Parens clementiæ.

W. HEDWYND.

215.

1. *f* O Thou e - ter - nal Source of love! Rul -
 2. *p* For Thy dear mer - cy's sake re - ceive The
 3. Our flesh, our reins, our spir - its, Lord, In

er of na - ture's scheme! In sub - stance One, in
 strains and tears we pour, And pu - ri - fy our
 Thy clear fire re - fine; Break down the self - in -

Per - sons Three! Om - niscient and su - preme.
 hearts to taste Thy sweet - ness more and more. A - men.
 dul - gent will; Gird us with strength di - vine.

4. *mf* So may all we, who here are met
 By night Thy Name to bless,
cres. One day, in our eternal home,
 Thy promises possess.

5. *p* Father of mercies! hear our cry;
 Hear us, co - equal Son!
cres. Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
f While endless ages run.

Evening.

305

Even-Song.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

216.

1. *mf* Star - ry hosts are gleam - ing, Solemn night draws on,
2. *mf* Prayer and prais - es blend - ing, Hearts in hom - age bowed,
3. *p* Hear our plaint, sweet Je - sus, We are tired of sin;

Calm the moon's soft beam - ing, Toil-some day is done.
Ma-ry's song a - scend - ing, With the in-cense cloud.
From our bonds re - lease us, Give us peace with - in.

cres. Vespers bells out - ring - ing Clear from tower and spire,
p Rest and par - don need - ing, *dim.* Prostrate 'neath the Rood,
cres. Now we seek a cit - y, Where our feet may rest;

Voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing In the lust - rous choir.
pp Sin - ful souls are plead - ing, Wounds and Cross and Blood.
dim. Bring us, in Thy pit - y, To those mansions blest.

4. *mf* Light 'mid darkness, send us
Till our tramp be o'er;
cres. Angel-guards attend us
To the palace-door.

Unison f { Then a welcome meet us -
Words of grace and love;
Joyful voices greet us
In the home above.

Evening.

Lucis Creator optime.

E. PIERACCINI.

217.

1. *mf* Mak - er, by Whose un - ut - tered word In
 2. Who sweet - ly blend - ing morn with eve Bad'st
 3. *p* Let not our souls, with guilt op - prest, While

depth of heaven the light was stored, What time the first - cre -
 them the name of day re - ceive; The gloom of night a -
 naught of heaven in - spires the breast, From this word's life in

at - ed ray O'er worlds new - born shed pri - mal day;
 gain is nigh, Our sins for - give, our needs sup - ply.
 sin be driven, Out - casts from earth, un - meet for heaven.

4. Grant us to knock at heaven's high gate,
 For life's eternal prize to wait,
cres. 'Till, purged from sin's corroding stain,
 Our souls may there sweet entrance gain.

5. *p* Father of heaven, co-equal Son,
 Consoler-Spirit, Three in One,
dim. Most merciful, accept our cry;

Evening.

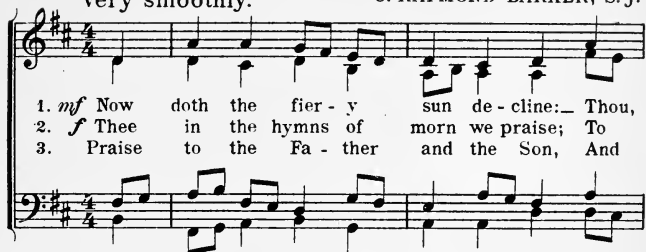
307

Iam sol recedit igneus.

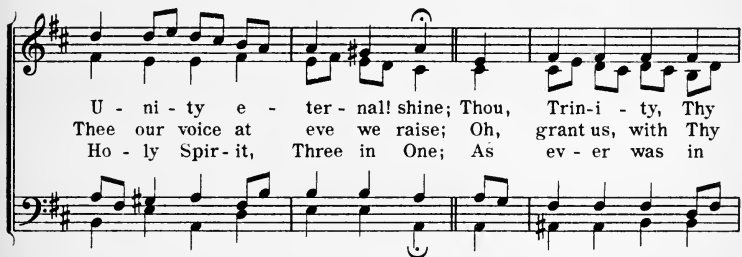
Very smoothly.

C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S. J.

218.



1. *mf* Now doth the fier - y sun de - cline:— Thou,
 2. *f* Thee in the hymns of morn we praise; To
 3. Praise to the Fa - ther and the Son, And



U - ni - ty e - ter - nal! shine; Thou, Trin-i - ty, Thy
 Thee our voice at eve we raise; Oh, grant us, with Thy
 Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One; As ev - er was in



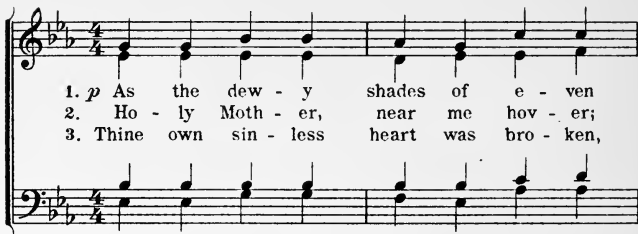
bles - sings pour, And make our hearts with love run o'er.
 Saints on high, Thee through all time to glo - ri - fy. A - men.
 ag - es past, And so shall be while ag - es last.

Evening.

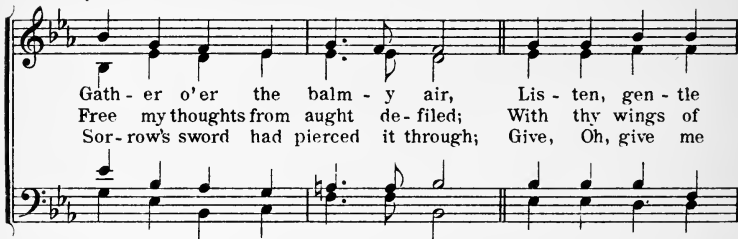
Evening hymn to our Lady.

R. MAITLAND.

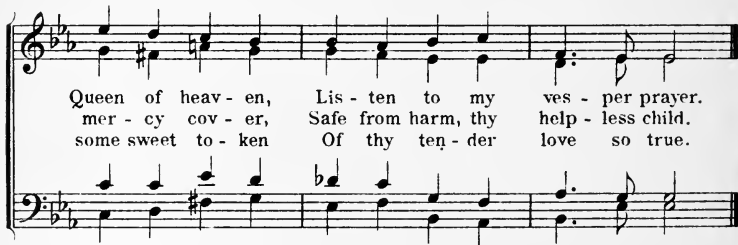
219.



1. *p* As the dew - y shades of e - ven
 2. Ho - ly Moth - er, near me hov - er;
 3. Thine own sin - less heart was bro - ken,



Gath - er o'er the balm - y air, Lis - ten, gen - tle
 Free my thoughts from aught de - filed; With thy wings of
 Sor - row's sword had pierced it through; Give, Oh, give me



Queen of heav - en, Lis - ten to my ves - per prayer.
 mer - cy cov - er, Safe from harm, thy help - less child.
 some sweet to - ken Of thy ten - der love so true.

4. Queen of sorrows, guard and guide me;
 Let me to thine arms repair;
 In thy tender bosom hide me;
 Mary, take me to thy care.

Evening.

Sol praeceps rapitur.

309

R. R. TERRY.

220.

(First tune.)

1. *p* The sun is sink-ing fast, The day - light dies;
2. *p* As Christ up - on the Cross, His Head in - clined,
3. So now her-self my soul, Would whol-ly give

cres. Let love a-wake, and pay Her even-ing sac - ri - fice.
And to His Fa-ther's Hands His part-ing Soul re - signed;
In - to His sa-cred charge, In Whom all spir - its live;

4. *p* So now beneath His Eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast.
5. *mf* Only His Will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
6. *mf* Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
cres. In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
7. *mf* One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine;
cres. May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine!

Evening.

Sol præceps rapitur.

L. BEHR.

(Second tune.)

220.

1. *p* The sun is sink-ing fast, The day light dies;
 2. *p* As Christ up-on the Cross His Head in - clined,
 3. So now her-self my soul *cres.* Would whol - ly give

cres. Let love a-wake, and pay Her eve-ning sac - ri - fice.
 And to His Father's Hands His part-ing Soul re - signed;
 In - to His sa-cred charge, In Whom all spir - its live;

4. *p* So now beneath His Eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without a wish or thought
 Abiding in the breast.
5. *mf* Only His Will be done,
 Whate'er betide,
 Dead to herself, and dead
 In Him to all beside.
6. *mf* Thus would I live; yet now
 Not I, but He
cres. In all His power and love
 Henceforth alive in me.
7. *mf* One sacred Trinity,
 One Lord divine;
cres. May I be ever His,
 And He for ever mine!

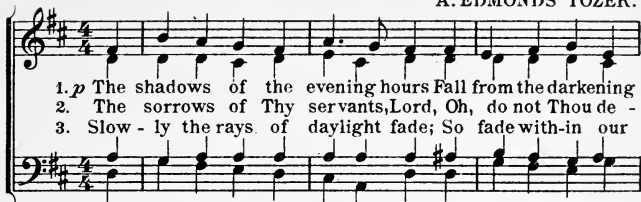
Evening.

311

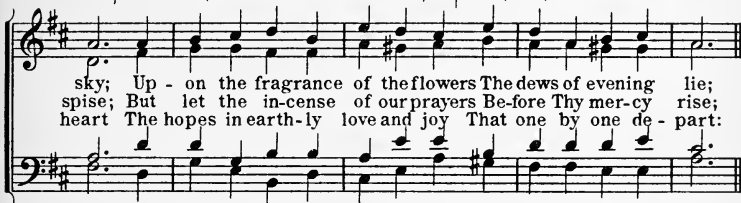
The day is far spent.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

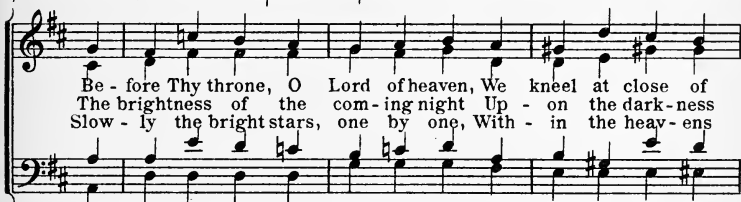
221.



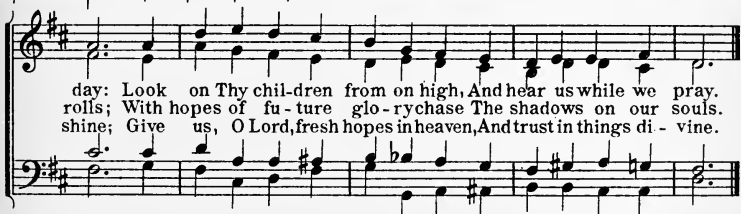
1. *p* The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the darkening
 2. The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou de -
 3. Slow - ly the rays of daylight fade; So fade with-in our



sky; Up - on the fragrance of the flowers The dews of evening lie;
 spise; But let the in-cense of our prayers Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise;
 heart The hopes in earth-ly love and joy That one by one de - part:



Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of
 The brightness of the com-ing night Up - on the dark-ness
 Slow - ly the bright stars, one by one, With - in the heav-ens



day: Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
 rolls; With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shadows on our souls.
 shine; Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things di - vine.

4. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
 Upon our souls descend;
 From midnight fears and perils Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend;
 Give us a respite from our toil;
 Calm and subdue our woes;
 Through the long day, we suffer, Lord,
 Oh, give us now repose.

Evening.

Te lucis ante terminum.

W. RATCLIFFE.

222.

1. Now with the fast de - part - ing light, Mak -
 2. Far off let i - dle vi - sions fly, No
 3. Fa - ther of mer - cies, hear our cry! Hear

er of all! we ask of Thee, Of Thy great mer - cy,
 phantom of the night mo - lest; Curb Thou our rag - ing
 us, O sole - be - got - ten Son! Who, with the Ho - ly

through the night Our guardian and de - fence to be.
 en - e - my, That we in chaste re - pose may rest. A - men.
 Ghost most high, Reign - est while end - less ag - es run.

Evening.

313

Evening hymn after holy Communion.

A. E. BAKER.

223.

1. *mf* Come, let me for a mo-ment cast All
 2. This morn-ing that e - ter-nal Lord, Who
 3. With His ce - les - tial Flesh and Blood My

earth - ly thoughts a - way, And muse up - on the
 is my Judge to be, Came to this low - ly
 faint - ing soul He fed; With ten - der words of

sa - cred Gift Which I re - ceived to - day.
 ten - e - ment, And stayed a - while with me.
 grace and love My heart He com - fort - ed.

4. He, Who of all that live and breathe
 Is all the life and breath,
 This morning deigned to visit me
 In this, my house of death!

5. He, Who in awful Godhead sits,
 Upon His throne on high,
 This morning entered my abode
 In His Humanity!

6. He, Who for me, a trembling Babe
 On Mary's heart reclined,
 This morning in my heart and flesh
 The Deity enshrined.

7. O soul of mine! reflect, reflect;
 Consider, one by one,
 What marvels of surpassing grace
 Thy God in thee has done.

8. *cres.* His tender love with love repay;

Extol His sacred Name;

f To all the world His greatness tell,
 His graciousness proclaim.

Missions and Retreats.

Hail! holy Mission.

J. FRANCIS.

(First tune.)

224.

1. *mf* Hail! ho - ly Miss - ion, hail! *p* Sigh -
 2. *mf* Hail! ho - ly Miss - ion, hail! Sent
 3. *mf* Hail! ho - ly Miss - ion, hail! Time

ing we turn to thee, For wea - ry have we
 to us from a - bove; *cres.* When Je - sus with His
 of re - pent - ant tears; *cres.* When to the soul re -

found The path of sin - to be.
 Cross - Comes to win back our love.
 turns The peace of form - er years.

4. *mf* Hail! holy Mission, hail!
 Sweet time of humble prayer;
 When rests the soul on God,
 Freed from this dark world's care.

5. Hail! holy Mission, hail!
cres. Time of all others blest;
 When in the loving soul
 Jesus takes up His rest.

6. *f* Hail! holy Mission, hail!
 Foretaste of joys above:
dim. O Jesus, make our hearts
 Burn with Thy tender love.

Missions and Retreats.

315

Hail! holy Mission.

(Second tune.)

Rt. Rev. Mgr. CROOKALL.

224.



1. *mf* Hail! ho - ly Mis - sion, hail!
 2. *mf* Hail! ho - ly Mis - sion, hail!
 3. *mf* Hail! ho - ly Mis - sion, hail!



p Sigh - ing we turn to thee, For wea - ry
 Sent to us from a - bove; *cres.* When Je - sus
 Time of re - pent - ant tears; *cres.* When to the



have we found The path of sin to be.
 with His Cross Comes to win back our love.
 soul re - turns The peace of form - er years.

4. *mf* Hail! holy Mission, hail!
 Sweet time of humble prayer;
 When rests the soul on God,
 Freed from this dark world's care.

5. Hail! holy Mission, hail!
cres. Time of all others blest;
 When in the loving soul
 Jesus takes up His rest.

6. *f* Hail! holy Mission, hail!
 Foretaste of joys above:
dim. O Jesus, make our hearts
 Burn with Thy tender love.

Missions and Retreats.

Hymn of repentant sorrow.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

225.

1. *p* Je - sus, my God, be - hold at length the
 2. Since my poor soul Thy pre - cious Blood hath
 3. *pp* Kneel - ing in tears, be - hold me at Thy

time When I re - solve to turn a way from crime.
 cost, Suf - fer me not for ev - er to be lost.
 Feet, Like Mag - da - len, for - give-ness I en - treat.

Oh, par - don me, Je - sus, Thy mer - cy I im -
 Oh, par - don me, Je - sus, Thy mer - cy I im -
 Oh, par - don me, Je - sus, Thy mer - cy I im -

The last four lines in each stanza are often sung as a chorus by the congregation, leaving the first two lines to the choir.

plore, — I will nev - er more of - fend Thee —
 plore, — I will nev - er more of - fend Thee —
 plore, — I will nev - er more of - fend Thee —

Oh, par - don me, Je - sus, Thy mer - cy I im - plore,
 Oh, par - don me, Je - sus, Thy mer - cy I im - plore,
 Oh, par - don me, Je - sus, Thy mer - cy I im - plore,

p rit.
 I will nev - er more of - fend Thee — no, nev - er more.
 I will nev - er more of - fend Thee — no, nev - er more.
 I will nev - er more of - fend Thee — no, nev - er more.
p rit.

Missions and Retreats.

Act of contrition.

ENGLISH MELODY.

226.

1. *p* God of mer - cy and com - pas - sion, Look with
2. By my sins I have de - serv - ed Death and
3. By my sins I have a - ban - don - ed Right and

pit - y up - on me. Fa - ther, let me call Thee
end - less mis - er - y; Hell, with all its pains and
claim to heaven a - bove; Where the saints re - joice for

Fa - ther, 'Tis Thy child re - turns to Thee.)
tor - ments, And for all e - ter - ni - ty.
ev - er, In a bound - less sea of love.)

Je - sus, Lord, I ask for mer - cy; Let me

not implore in vain; All my sins_ I now de -

test them, Nev - er will I sin a - gain.

4. *pp* See our Savior, bleeding, dying,
 On the Cross of Calvary,
 To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,
 Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
 Jesus, Lord, &c.

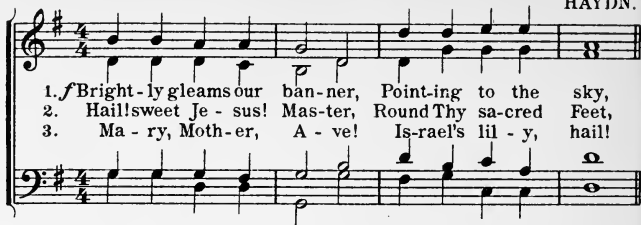
The last four lines may be sung in unison by the choir as a greater support to the congregation.

320 Confraternity of the Holy Family.

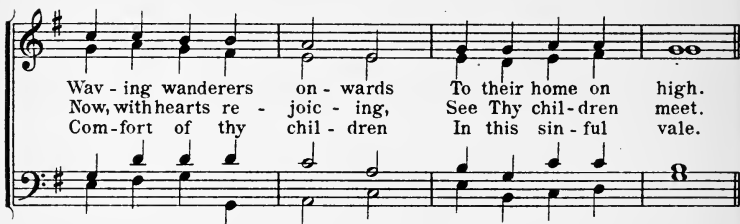
Brightly gleams our banner.

HAYDN.

227.



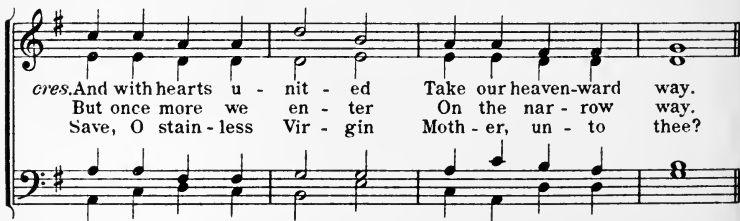
1. *f* Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,
 2. Hail! sweet Je - sus! Mas - ter, Round Thy sa - cred Feet,
 3. Ma - ry, Moth - er, A - ve! Is - rael's lil - y, hail!



Wav - ing wanderers on - wards To their home on high.
 Now, with hearts re - joic - ing, See Thy chil - dren meet.
 Com - fort of thy chil - dren In this sin - ful vale.



mf Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
p Of - ten we have left Thee, Stray - ing far a - way;
mf 'Mid life's surg - ing o - cean Whith - er shall we flee,



cres. And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heaven - ward way.
 But once more we en - ter On the nar - row way.
 Save, O stain - less Vir - gin Moth - er, un - to thee?

Unison.

f Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,

Wav - ing wanderers on - wards To their home on high.

4. *mf* Ave! Joseph, Ave!

Chaste and spotless flower;

Cast thy mantle o'er us

p At death's solemn hour.*cres.* Be our father ever,

Joseph, meek and mild,

Husband of our Mother,

Keeper of her Child.

f Brightly gleams, &c.5. *mf* Jesus, Mary, Joseph,

Sweet and holy Three;

List the praise we pay you

On our bended knee.

cres. May we sing your glory

In glad realms above;

f Bound for ever to you

By the bonds of love.

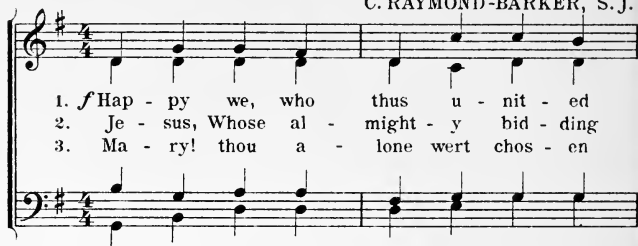
ff Brightly gleams, &c.

Confraternity of the Holy Family.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help us.

From the
Cologne hymn book (1768)
Harmonised by
C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S. J.

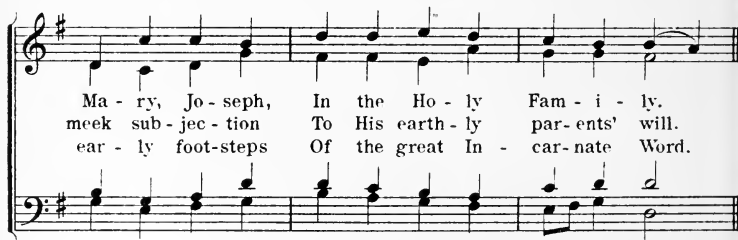
228.



1. *f* Hap - py we, who thus u - nit - ed
2. Je - sus, Whose al - might - y bid - ding
3. Ma - ry! thou a - lone wert chos - en



Join in cheer - ful mel - o - dy; Prais - ing Je - sus,
All cre - a - ted things ful - fil, Lived on earth in
Vir - gin Moth - er of thy Lord: Thou didst guide the



Ma - ry, Jo - seph, In the Ho - ly Fam - i - ly.
meek sub - jec - tion To His earth - ly par - ents' will.
ear - ly foot-steps Of the great In - car - nate Word.

mf Je - sus, Ma - ry, Jo - seph, help us,
Sweet - est In - fant, make us pa - tient
Dear - est Moth - er! make us hum - ble;

That we ev - er true may be To the prom - is -
And o - be - dient for Thy sake; Teach us to be
For thy Son will take His rest In the poor and

es that bind us To the Ho - ly Fam - i - ly.
chaste and gen - tle, All our storm - y pas - sions break.
low - ly dwell - ing Of a hum - ble sin - ner's breast.

4. Joseph! thou wert called the father
Of thy Maker and thy Lord;
Thine it was to save thy Saviour
From the cruel Herod's sword.
Suffer us to call thee father;
Show to us a father's love;
cres. Lead us safe through every danger
Till we meet in heaven above.

Christmas.

Adeste, fideles.

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

229.

1. Ad-ès-te, fi-dé-les, Læ-ti tri-um-phán-tes; Ve-
 2. De-um de De-o, Lu-men de lú-mine;
 3. Can-tet nunc I-o Chorus an-ge-ló-rum,

ni-te, ve-ni-te in Bèth-le-hem; Na-tum vi-dé-te
 Ge-stant pu-èl-læ ví-sce-ra; De-um ve-rum
 Can-tet nunc au-la cœ-lé-sti-um, Gló-ri-a

Org.
 Regem an-ge-ló-rum: Ve-ni-te ad-o-ré-mus, Ve-ni-te ad-o-
 Gé-ni-tum, non fa-ctum: Ve-ni-te ad-o-re-mus, Ve-ni-te ad-o-
 In ex-cél-sis De-o; Ve-ni-te ad-o-re-mus, Ve-ni-te ad-o-

ré-mus, Ve-ni-té ad-o-ré-mus Dó-mi-num.
 ré-mus, Ve-ni-té ad-o-ré-mus Dó-mi-num.
 ré-mus, Ve-ni-té ad-o-ré-mus Dó-mi-num.

4. Ergo qui natus
 Die hodiérna,
 Jesu tibi sit glória,
 Patris ætérni
 Verbum caro factum:
 Veníte adorémus,
 Veníte adorémus,
 Veníte adorémus Dominum.

Passion-Tide.

325

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

(First tune.)

TRADITIONAL FRENCH MELODY.

230.

1. *p* Sta-bat Ma-ter do-lo-ró-sa Ju-xta cru-cem
 2. Cu-jus á-ni-mam ge-méntem, Con-tri-stá-tam,
 3. O quam tri-stis et af-flí-cta Fu-it il-la

la-cry-mó-sa, Dum pen-dé-bat Fí-li-us.
 et do-lén-tem, Per-trans-i-vit glá-di-us. A-men.
 be-ne-di-cta Ma-ter U-ni-gé-ni-ti!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 4. Quæ mœrébat, et dolébat, Pia Mater dum vidébat Nati pœnas inclyti. | 12. Tui Nati vulneráti, Tam dignáti pro me pati, Pœnas mecum dívide. |
| 5. Quis est homo, qui non fleret, Matrem Christi si víderet In tanto supplicio? | 13. Fac me tecum pie flere, Crucifixo condólere, Donec ego víxero; |
| 6. Quis non posset contristári, Christi Matrem contemplári Doléntem cum Filio? | 14. Juxta crucem tecum stare, Et me tibi sociáre In planctu desídero. |
| 7. Pro peccátis suæ géntis Vidit Jesum in torméntis, Et flagéllis súbditum. | 15. Virgo vírginum præclára, Mihi jam non sis amára: Fac me tecum plângere; |
| 8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum Moriéndo desolátum, Dum emisit spíritum. | 16. Fac, ut portem Christi mortem Passiónis fac consórtem, Et plagas recólere. |
| 9. Eia Mater, fons amóris, Me sentire vim dolóris Fac, ut tecum lúgeam. | 17. Fac me plagis vulnerári, Fac me cruce inebriári, Et cruóre Filii; |
| 10. Fac, ut árdeat cor meum In amándo Christum Deum, Ut sibi compláceam. | 18. Flammis ne urar succénsus, Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus In die judícii. |
| 11. Sancta Mater, istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas Cordi meo válide. | 19. <i>f</i> Christe, cum sit hinc exíre, <i>cres.</i> Da per Matrem me veníre Ad palmam victóriæ; |

20. *ff* Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac, ut ánimæ donétur
Paradisi glória.

This hymn is commonly used during the devotion of the Way of the Cross, a stanza being sung as the procession moves between the stations.

Passion-Tide.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

A

(Second tune.)

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

230.

1. *p* Sta-bat Ma-ter do-lo-ró-sa Jux-ta cru-cem
 4. Quæ mœ-re-bat, et do-lé-bat, Pi-a Ma-ter,
 7. Pro pec-ca-tis su-æ gén-tis Vi-dit Je-sum

la-cry-mó-sa, Dum pen-dé-bat Fí-li-us.
 dum vi-dé-bat Na-ti pœ-nas ín-cly-ti.
 in tor-mén-tis, Et fla-gél-lis súb-di-tum.

2. Cu-jus á-ni-mam ge-mén-tem, Con-tri-stá-tam,
 5. Quis est ho-mo, qui non fle-ret, Ma-trem Chri-sti
 8. Vi-dit su-um dul-cem Na-tum Mo-ri-én-do

et do-lén-tem, Per-trans-i-vit glá-di-us.
 si vi-dé-ret In tan-to sup-pli-ci-o?
 de-so-lá-tum, Dum e-mi-sit spi-ri-tum.

B

TRADITIONAL MELODY.

3. O quam tri - stis et af - fli - cta Fu - it il - la
6. Quis non pos - set con - tri - stá - ri, Chri - sti Ma - trem
9. E - ia, Ma - ter, fons a - mó - ris, Me sen - ti - re

be - ne - dí - cta Ma - ter U - ni - gé - ni - ti!
con - tem - plá - ri Do - lén - tem cum Fí - li - o?
vim do - ló - ris. Fac, ut te - cum lú - ge - am.

A - men, A - men. *(Al - le - lú - ia.)

A - - - - - men.

10. { Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam.

11. { Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide.

12. { Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum dívide.

13. { Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixio condólere,
Donec ego víxero.

14. { Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre,
In planctu desídero.

15. { Virgo vírginum præclára,
Míhi jam non sis amára:
Fac me tecum plángere;

16. { Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plagas recólere.

17. { Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me cruce inebriári,
Et cruóre Filii;

18. { Flammiss ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die júdicii.

19. *f* { Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
cres. { Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victóriæ;

20. *ff* { Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac, ut ánimæ donétur
Paradisi glória.

* Alleluia is only sung on the 3rd Sunday in September.

If this arrangement be used the choir should sing the music A to stanzas 12, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 20; and the congregation should sing the music B to stanzas 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, in unison.

This setting is useful to choirs who want something simple, either at Mass or at other services, on the two Feasts of the Seven Dolors of our Lady.

Corpus Christi.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

R. A. TURTON.

231.

1. Lau-da, Si-on, Sal-va-tó-rem, Lau-da ducem,
 2. Lau-dis the-ma spe-ci-á-lis, Pa-nis vi-vus
 3. Sit laus ple-na, sit so-nó-ra, Sit ju-cún-da,

et pa-stó-rem; In hym-nis et cán-ti-cis.
 et vi-tá-lis Hó-di-e pro-pó-ni-tur;
 sit de-có-ra Men-tis ju-bi-lá-ti-o.

Quan-tum po-tes, tan-tum au-de: Qui-a ma-jor
 Quem in sa-cræ men-sa cœ-næ Tur-bæ fra-trum
 Di-es e-nim so-le-mnis á-gi-tur, In qua men-sæ

o - mni lau - de, Nec lau - dá - re súf - fi - cis
 du - o - dé - næ Da - tum non am - bí - gi - tur.
 pri - ma re - cò - li - tur Hu - jus in - sti - tú - ti - o.

4. In hac mensa novi Regis,
 Novum Pascha novæ legis,
 Phase vetus términat.
 Vetustátem nóvitas,
 Umbram fugat véritas,
 Noctem lux eliminat.

6. Dogma datur Christiánis,
 Quod in carnem transit panis,
 Et vinum in ságuinem.
 Quod non capis, quod non vides,
 Animósa firmat fides,
 Præter rerum órđinem.

8. A suménte non concisus,
 Non confráctus, non divisus,
 Integer accípitur.
 Sumit unus, sumunt mille:
 Quantum isti, tantum ille:
 Nec sumptus consúmitur.

5. Quod in coena Christus gessit,
 Faciéndum hoc expréssit
 In sui memóriam.
 Docti sacris institútis,
 Panem, vinum in salútis
 Consecrámus hóstiam.

7. Sub diversis speciébús,
 Signis tantum, et non rebus,
 Latent res exímiae.
 Caro cibus, sanguis potus;
 Manet tamen Christus totus
 Sub utrâque specie.

9. Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
 Sorte tamen inæquáli,
 Vitæ vel intéritus.
 Mors est malis, vita bonis:
 Vide, paris sumptiónis
 Quam sit dispar éxitus.

Corpus Christi.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

M. HAYDN.

10. Fra-cto, demum Sa-cramén-to, Ne va-cíl-les, sed memén-to,
12. Ec-ce pa-nis an-ge-ló-rum, Factus ci-bus vi-a-tó-rum,

Tantum es-se sub fragmén-to, Quan-tum to-to té-gi-tur.
Ve-re panis fi-li-ó-rum, Non mit-tén-dus cá-ni-bus.

11. Nul-la re-i fit scis-sú-ra, Si-gni tan-tum fit fra-ctú-ra,
13. In fi-gú-ris præ-si-gnátur, Cum I-sá-ac im-mo-lá-tur,

Qua nec sta-tus, nec sta-tú-ra Si-gná-ti mi-nú-i-tur.
Agnus Paschæ de-pu-tá-tur, Da-tur manna pá-tri-bus.

Corpus Christi.

331

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

W. HEDWYND.

14. Bo-ne pastor, pa-nis, ve-re, Je-su nostri, mi-se-ré-re,

Tu nos pasce, nos tu-é-re, Tu nos bo-na fac vi-dé-re

In ter-ra vi-vén-ti-um. 15. Tu, qui cun-cta scis et va-les,

Qui nos pascis hic mor-tá-les: Tu-os i-bi com-men-sá-les,

Co-hæ-ré-des et so-dá-les Fac sanctorum cí-vi-um. A-men.

Corpus Christi.

*Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis.*Mode III. Harmonised by
C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J.(First tune.)
Unison.

232.

1. *f* Pange lin-gua glo-ri-ó-si Cór-po-ris mysté-ri-um,
 2. Nobis da-tus, no-bis na-tus Ex in-tácta Vir-gi-ne,
 3. In su-præmæ no-cte cœ-næ Recúmbens cum frátri-bus,

San-gui-nis-que pre-ti-ó-si, Quem in mun-di pré-ti-um
 Et in mun-do con-ver-sá-tus, Spar-so ver-bi sé-mi-ne,
 Ob-ser-vá-ta le-ge ple-ne Ci-bis in le-gá-li-bus,

Fructus ven-tris ge-ne-ró-si, Rex ef-fudit gén-ti-um.
 Su-i mo-ras in-co-lá-tus, Mi-ro clausit ór-di-ne. A-men.
 Cibum tur-bæ du-o-dénæ Se dat su-is má-ni-bus.

4. *p* Verbum caro, panem verum
 Verbo, carnem efficit,
 Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
 Et si sensus deficit,
cres. Ad firmándum cor sincérum
 Sola fides sufficit.

5. *p* Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
 Venerémur cernui:
 Et antiquum documéntum
 Novo cedat ritui:
 Praestet fides suppléméntum
 Sénsuum deféctui.

6. *ff* Genitóri, Genitóque
 Laus et jubilátio,
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque
 Sit et benedictio:
 Procedénti ab utróque
 Compar sit laudátio.

Corpus Christi.

333

Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis.

Melody from *Vesperale Romanum* (RATISBON)
(Second tune.) Harmonised by EGERTON B. HARDINGE.
Unison.

232.

1. *f* Pan-ge lingua glo-ri-ó - si Cór-po-ris my-sté-ri-um,
2. No-bis datus, no-bis na - tus Ex in-tá-cta Vir-gi-ne,
3. In su-præmæ nocte cœ-næ Re-cúm-bens cum frá-tri-bus,

Sangui-nis-que pre-ti-ó - si, Quem in mundi pré-ti-um
Et in mun-do con-ver-sá - tus, Spar - so ver-bi sé-mi-ne,
Obser-vá - ta le-ge ple - ne Ci - bis in le - gá - li - bus,

Fructus ven-tris ge-ne-ró - si, Rex ef-fú-dit gén-ti-um.
Su - i mo-ras in-co-lá - tus, Mi-ro clausit ór-di-ne. A - men.
Cibum tur-bæ du-o-dé-næ Se dat su - is má-ni-bus.

4. *p* Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo, carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
Et si sensus déficit,
cres. Ad firmándum cor sincérum
Sola fides súfficit.

5. *p* Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cernui:
Et antiquum documéntum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides suppléméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

6. *ff* Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilátio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudátio.

Whitsun-Tide.

*Veni, Creator Spiritus.**Harmonised by C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J.*

233.

Unison.

1. Ve - ni, Cre - á - tor Spí - ri - tus,
 2. Qui dí - ce - ris Pa - rá - cli - tus,
 3. Tu se - pti - fór - mis mú - ne - re,

Men-tes tu - ó - rum ví - si - ta, Im-ple su - pér - na grá - ti - a,
 Al - tís - si - mi do - num De - i, Fons vi - vus, i - gnis, cá - ri - tas,
 Dí - gi - tus Pa - tēr - næ dēx - te - ræ, Tu ri - te pro - mis - sum Patris,

Quæ tu cre - á - sti pé - cto - ra.
 Et spi - ri - tá - lis ún - cti - o. A - men.
 Ser - mó - ne di - tans gút - tu - ra.

4. Accende lumen sēnsibus,
 Infunde amōrem cōrdibus,
 Infirma nostri cōporis
 Virtūte firmans pēpeti.
5. Hostem repēllas lōngius,
 Pacēmq̃ue dones prōtinus;
 Ductōre sic te prævio,
 Vitēmus omne noxiūm.
6. Per te sciāmus da Patrem,
 Noscāmus atque Filium,
 Teque, utriusque Spīritum
 Credāmus omni tempore.
7. Deo Patri sit glōria,
 Et Filio qui a mōrtuis
 Surrēxit, ac Paráclito,
 In sæculōrum sæcula.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

335

Ave, maris stella.

(First tune.)

TRADITIONAL MELODY

234.

1. *mf* A - ve, ma - ris stel - la, De - i
 2. Su - mens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri -
 3. Sol - ve vin - cla re - is, Pro - fer

Ma - ter al - ma, At - que sem - per Vir -
 é - lis o - re, Fun - da nos in pa -
 lu - men cœ - cis, Ma - la no - stra pel -

go Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta.
 ce, Mu - tans He - vœ no - men. A - men.
 le, Bo - na cun - cta po - sce.

4. Monstra te esse matrem,
 Sumat per te preces,
 Qui pro nobis natus,
 Tulit esse tuus.

6. Vitam præsta puram,
 Iter para tutum,
 Ut vidéntes Jesum,
 Semper collætémur.

5. Virgo singularis,
 Inter omnes mitis,
 Nos culpis solútos
 Mites fac et castos.

7. *ff* Sit laus Deo Patri,
 Summo Christo decus,
 Spirítui sancto,
 Tribus honor unus.

It is suggested that the 1st, 3rd, 5th & 7th stanzas be sung in unison, the others in harmony.

Feasts of the B. V. Mary.

*Ave, maris stella.**(Second tune, for a choir only.)*

A EDMONDS TOZER.

234.

1. *mf* A - ve, ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,
 3. Sol - ve vin - cla re - is, Pro - fer lu - men cæ - cis,
 5. Vir - go sin - gu - lâ - ris, In - ter o - mnes mi - tis,

At - que sem - per Vir - go Fe - lix coe - li por - ta.
 Ma - la no - stra pel - le, Bo - na cun - cta po - sce.
 Nos cul - pis so - lú - tos, Mi - tes fac et ca - stos.

Last stanza begins here.

2. Su - mens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri - é - lis o - re,
 4. Mon - stra te es - se ma - trem, Su - mat per te pre - ces,
 6. Vi - tam præ - sta pu - ram, I - ter pa - ra tu - tum,

Fun - da nos in pa - ce, Mu - tans He - væ no - men.
 Qui pro no - bis na - tus, Tu - lit es - se tu - us. A - men.
 Ut vi - dén - tes Je - sum, Sem - per col - læ - té - mur.

7. Sit laus Deo Patri,
 Summo Christo decus,
 Spiritui sancto,
 Tribus honor unus.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

337

Ave, maris stella.

(Third tune.)

GERMAN.

234.

1. *mf* A - ve, ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter
4. Mon - strate es - se ma - trem, Su - mat per te
7. *ff* Sit laus De - o Pa - tri, Sum - mo Chri - sto

al - ma, At - que sem - per Vir - go
pre - ces, Qui pro no - bis na - tus,
de - cus, Spi - ri - tu - i san - cto,

Fe - lix coe - li por - ta.
Tu - lit es - se tu - us. A - men.
Tri - bus ho - nor u - nus.

2. Sumens illud Ave
Gabriélis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hævæ nomen.
3. Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

5. Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos.
6. Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.

This tune may be sung in unison to stanzas 1.4.7. by the congregation; leaving the choir to sing the second tune in harmony to the stanzas bracketed together.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

*(Fourth tune.) Ave, maris stella.**Congregation in unison.*

C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S. J.

234.

1. A - ve, ma-ris stel-la, De-i Ma-ter al - ma,
3. Sol-ve vincla re - is, Profer lumen cæ - cis,

At - que semper Vir - go Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta.
Ma - la no - stra pel - le, Bo - na cun - cta po - sce.

*Choir in harmony.**Fine.*

2. Su - mens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri - é - lis o - re,
4. Mon - strate, es - se ma - trem, Su - mat per te pre - ces,

Fun - da nos in pa - ce, Mutans He - væ no - men.
Qui pro no - bis na - tus, Tu - lit es - se tu - us.

*Org.**D. C.*

5. { Virgo singulâris,
Unison. { Inter omnes mitis,
{ Nos culpis solûtos
{ Mites fac et castos.

6. { Vitam præsta puram,
Choir. { Iter para tutum,
{ Ut videntes Jesum
{ Semper collaetémur.

7. { Sit laus Deo Patri,
Unison. { Summo Christo decus,
{ Spiritui sancto,
{ Tribus honor unus.

A - men.

Feasts of the B.V. Mary.

339

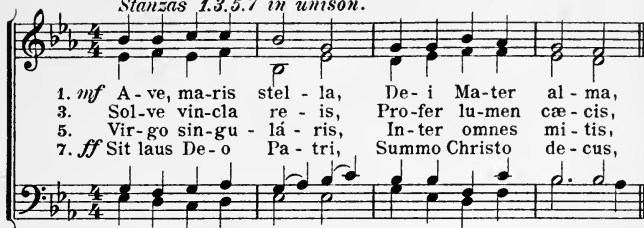
Ave, maris stella.

(Fifth tune.)

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

Stanzas 1.3.5.7 in unison.

234.



1. *mf* A - ve, ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,
 3. Sol - ve vin - cla re - is, Pro - fer lu - men cæ - cis,
 5. Vir - go sin - gu - lá - ris, In - ter omnes mi - tis,
 7. *ff* Sit laus De - o Pa - tri, Summo Christo de - cus,

At - que semper Vir - go Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta
 Ma - la no - stra pel - le, Bo - na cun - cta po - sce. A - men.
 Nos cul - pis so - lú - tos, Mi - tes fac et ca - stos.
 Spi - rí - tu - i san - cto, Tribus honor u - nus.

Stanzas 2.4.& 6 for choir only.

2. Sumens il - lud. A - ve, Ga - bri - é - lis o - re,
 4. Monstrate es - se ma - trem, Su - mat per te pre - ces,
 6. Vi - tam præsta pu - ram, I - ter pa - ra tu - tum,

Fun - da nos in pa - ce, Mutans He - væ no - men.
 Qui pro no - bis na - tus, Tu - lit es - se tu - us.
 Ut vi - dên - tes Je - sum, sem - per col - læ - té - mur.

Pro Gratiarum Actione.

Te Deum laudamus.

Tonus solemnus.

Modus 3 et 4.

*Priest.**Choir.*

VOICES.

235.

ORGAN.

Te De - um lau - dá - mus: *) te Dó - mi-num con -
(M.M. ♩ = 160)

fi - té - mur.

Te ae - té - num Pa - trem

o-mnis ter-ra ve-ne - rá - tur.

Ti - bi omnes an - ge - li,

Accidentals are only placed before the first note they effect between the up-right bar lines. Unless contradicted, they are to be observed within those limits.

ti - bi cœ - li et u - ni - vér - sæ po - te - stá - tes:

Ti - bi Ché - rubim et Sé - ra - phim in - ces - sá - bi - li vo - ce

pro - clá - mant. San - ctus, San - ctus,

San - ctus, Do - mi - nus De - us Sá - ba - oth.

Pleni sunt cœ-li et ter - ra ma-je-stá-tis gló-ri-æ tu - æ.

Te glo-ri - ó - sus A-po-sto - ló - rum cho - rus.

Te Pro-phe-tá - rum lau-dá-bi - lis nú - me - rus,

Te Már-tyrum can-di - dá - tus lau-dat ex - ér - ci - tus,

Te per orbem ter-rá - rum san-cta confi-tétur Ec-cle-si - a,

This system contains the first line of the hymn. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Pa - trem immén-sæ ma-je - stá - tis,

This system contains the second line of the hymn. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Ve - ne-rándum tu-um ve-rum, et ú-ni-cum Fí-li - um,

This system contains the third line of the hymn. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

San - ctum quo-que Pa - rá - cli - tum Spí-ri-tum.

This system contains the fourth line of the hymn. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Tu Rex gló-ri-æ, Chri-ste. Tu Patris sem-pi-térnus es, Fí-li-us.

Tu ad li-be-rán-dum sus-ce-ptú-rus hó-mi-nem,

non hor-ru-í-sti Vír-gi-nis ú-te-rum.

Tu, de-ví-cto mor-tis a-cú-le-o,

a - pe - ru - í - sti cre-dén - ti - bus re - gna cœ - ló - rum.

Tu ad dēx-teram De-i se - des, in gló-ri-a Patris.

Ju - dex cré - de - ris es - se ven - tú - rus.

Te er - go quæ-su-mus, tu-is fá-mu-lis súb - ve - ni,

quos pre - ti - ó - so sán-gui - ne re - de - mí - sti.

Ae-tér-na fac cum sanctis tu - is in gló-ri-a nu-me-rá - ri.

Sal - vum fac pó - pu - lum tu - um Dó - mi - ne,

et bé - ne - dic hæ - re - di - tá - ti tu - æ.

Et re-ge e - os, et ex-tól-le il-los us-que in æ - tér-num.

Per sín-gu - los ði - es be-ne - dí - ci - mus te.

Et lau - dá-mus no-men tu - um in sæ - cu - lum,

et in sæ - cu - lum sæ - cu - li.

Di - gná - re, Dó - mi - ne di - e i - sto

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand, including a half-note chord with a sharp sign.

si - ne pec - cá - to nos cu - sto - dí - re.

The second system continues the hymn. The vocal melody remains in the upper staff, while the piano accompaniment in the lower staves provides harmonic support. The right hand of the piano part features a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand maintains a rhythmic foundation with eighth and quarter notes.

Mi - se - ré - re nostri Dó - mi - ne, mi - se - ré - re no - stri.

The third system concludes the hymn on this page. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue their respective parts. The piano accompaniment in the lower staves includes a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the right hand, while the left hand continues with its established rhythmic pattern.

Fi - at mi-se-ri-cór-di-a tu - a, Dó-mi-ne, su - per nos,

quem-ád-modum spe - rá - vi - mus in te. In te, Dó-mi-ne,

spe - ra - vi: non con - fún - dar in æ - tér - num.

O salutaris hostia.

(First tune.)

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

236.

1. O sa - lu - tá - ris hó - sti -
 2. U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi -

a, Quae coe - li pan - dis ó - sti - um,
 no, Sit sem - pi - tér - na gló - ri - a,

Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a, Da
 Qui vi - tam si - ne tér - mi - no No -

ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um. A - men.
 bis do - net in pá - tri - a. A - men.

O salutaris hostia.

(Second tune.)

E. A. HEDGCOCK.

236.

1. O sa - lu - tá - ris hó - sti -
2. U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi -

a, Quæ coe - li pan - dis ó - sti - um,
no, Sit sem - pi - ter - na gló - ri - a,

Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a, Da
Qui vi - tam si - ne tér - mi - no No -

ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um. A - men.
bis do - net in pá - tri - a.

O salutaris hostia.

(Third tune.)

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

236.

1. O sa-lu-tá-ris hó-sti-a, Quæ coe-li pan-dis
2. U - ni tri-nó-que Dó-mi-no, Sit sem-pi-tér-na

ó - sti - um, Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a, Da
gló - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne tér - mi - no No -

ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um. A - men.
bis do - net in pá - tri - a.

Tantum ergo.

GERMAN.

(First tune.)

237.

1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - mén - tum, Ve - ne - ré - mur
 2. Ge - ni - tó - ri, Ge - ni - tó - que Laus et ju - bi -

cér - nu - i, Et an - tí - quum do - cu - mén - tum
 lá - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que

No - vo ce - dat rí - tu - i; Præ - stet fi - des
 Sit et be - ne - dí - cti - o; Pro - ce - dén - ti

sup - ple - mén - tum Sèn - su - um de - fé - ctu - i. A - men.
 ab u - tró - que Com - par sit lau - dá - ti - o.

Tantum ergo.

(Second tune.)

Mgr. NEWSHAM.

237.

1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-mén-tum, Ve-ne-
 2. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-tó-que Laus et

ré-mur cér-nu-i, Et an-ti-quum do-cu-mén-tum
 ju-bi-lá-ti-o; Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que

No-vo ce-dat rí-tu-i; Præ-stet fi-des sup-ple-
 Sit et be-ne-dí-cti-o; Pro-ce-dén-ti ab u-

mén-tum Sén-su-um de-fé-ctu-i. A-men.
 tró-que Com-par sit lau-dá-ti-o.

Tantum ergo.

(Third tune.)

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

237.

1. Tan-tum er - go Sa - cra - mén - tum, Ve - ne - ré - mur
2. Ge - ni - tó - ri, Ge - ni - tó - que Laus et ju - bi -

cér - nu - i, Et an - ti - quum do - cu - mén - tum
lá - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que

No - vo ce - dat rí - tu - i; Præ - stet fi - des
Sit et be - ne - dí - cti - o; Pro - ce - dén - ti

sup - ple - mén - tum Sén - su - um de - fé - ctu - i. A - men.
ab u - tró - que Com - par sit lau - dá - ti - o.

Adoremus.

Adagio.

A. EDMONDS TOZER.

238. *Unison.* *pp* *Harmony.* ** rit.*

Ad-o-rémus in æ - ternum sanctis - simum Sacra-mén - tum.

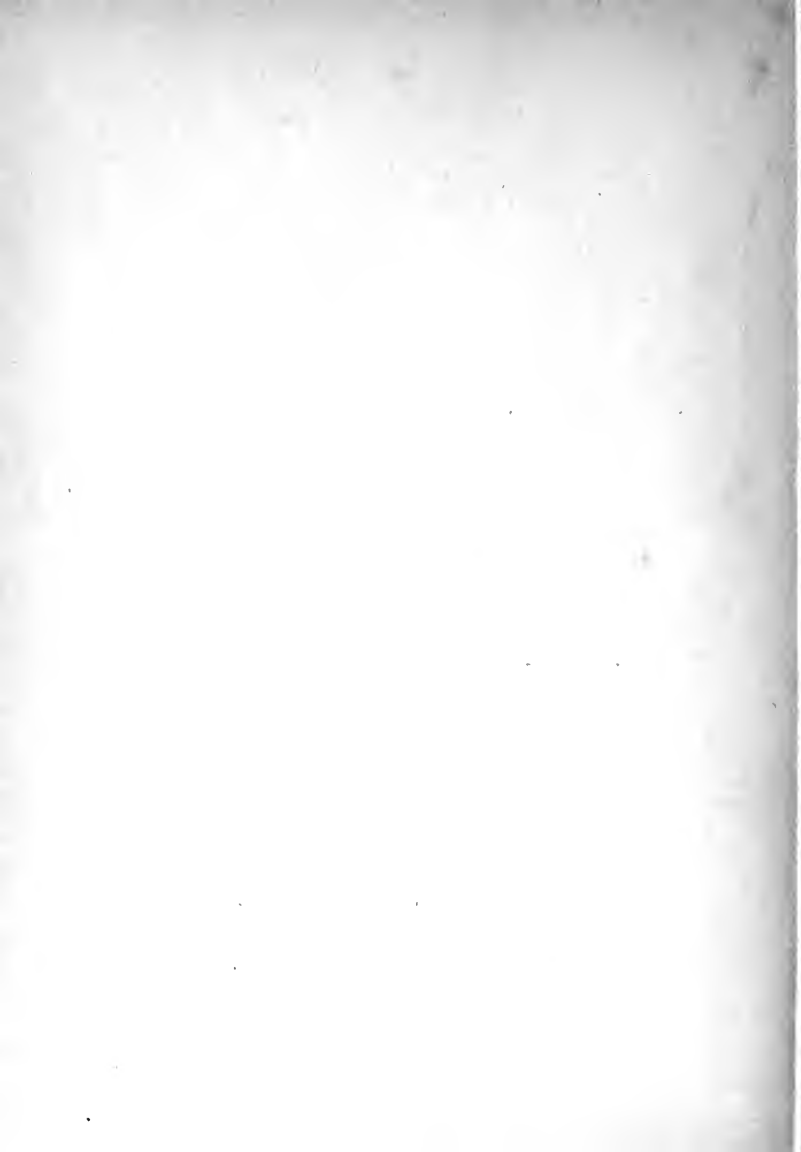
Organ.

I Tone, 1st Ending

Laudá - te Dóminum omnes gentes: laudáte eum omnes pó-puli.
 {Quóniam confirmáta di - a e - jus: et véritas Dó- in æ - tér - num.
 } est super nos misericór- mini manet)
 Glória Patri et Fili-o: et Spíri - tu-i san - cto.
 Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper: et in sæcula, lórum. A - men.
 sæcu-)

J. F. & B. 2725 - * B may be sung by the Trebles if Fis too high. *Repeat*
Adoremus.





Long
S. H. R. 01
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